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At 35

H. I. Bowditch

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE  
OF  
HENRY INGERSOLL BOWDITCH

BY HIS SON  
VINCENT Y. BOWDITCH

IN TWO VOLUMES  
VOL. I



BOSTON AND NEW YORK  
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*Published December, 1902*

TO THE MEMORY OF MY

MOTHER

THE THOUGHT OF WHOM WHILE WRITING THESE PAGES

HAS BEEN MY CONSTANT INSPIRATION

THIS BOOK IS

REVERENTLY DEDICATED





## PREFACE

My reason for giving the following history of my father's life is twofold.

There is so much of historical and political interest in the many manuscripts found after his death, that it has seemed to his children a duty to place them before the public, in the hope that, while reading vivid accounts of the personal experience of an active Abolitionist in the great anti-slavery contest, some may possibly be brought into closer touch with the great events of our nation's history before the civil war.

I have thought it well, moreover, to publish extracts from his private correspondence and journals, in order to give as far as possible the record of a life the true beauty of which could scarcely have been known except to the very nearest.

To the friends who have aided me in the work, and especially for the wise and kindly counsel of Mr. Francis J. Garrison, I wish to express my deep sense of gratitude.

If the book shall prove a help or an inspiration to those who did not know my father, I shall feel

that the work done in the hours of rare leisure has not been in vain. A long-cherished wish will then have been realized.

V. Y. B.

506 BEACON STREET,

July 7, 1902.

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# LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF HENRY INGERSOLL BOWDITCH

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## CHAPTER I

### LIFE IN SALEM

HENRY INGERSOLL BOWDITCH was born in Salem, Massachusetts, August 9, 1808. He was the third son of Nathaniel Bowditch, the celebrated mathematician, and Mary Ingersoll, his wife.

Although not an assured fact, it is supposed that he was born in the house at the rear of 14 Brown Street, where his father at one time resided; but his boyhood, from the age of three, was passed in the house still standing on Essex Street, next to the "Old Witch House," and owned now by Judge Osgood.

In after years it was his delight occasionally to visit the old homestead, which changed but little, and to recount to his children, nieces, and nephews the numerous delightful reminiscences of a happy childhood, surrounded by the sweet influences of the most loving parents, brothers, and sisters.

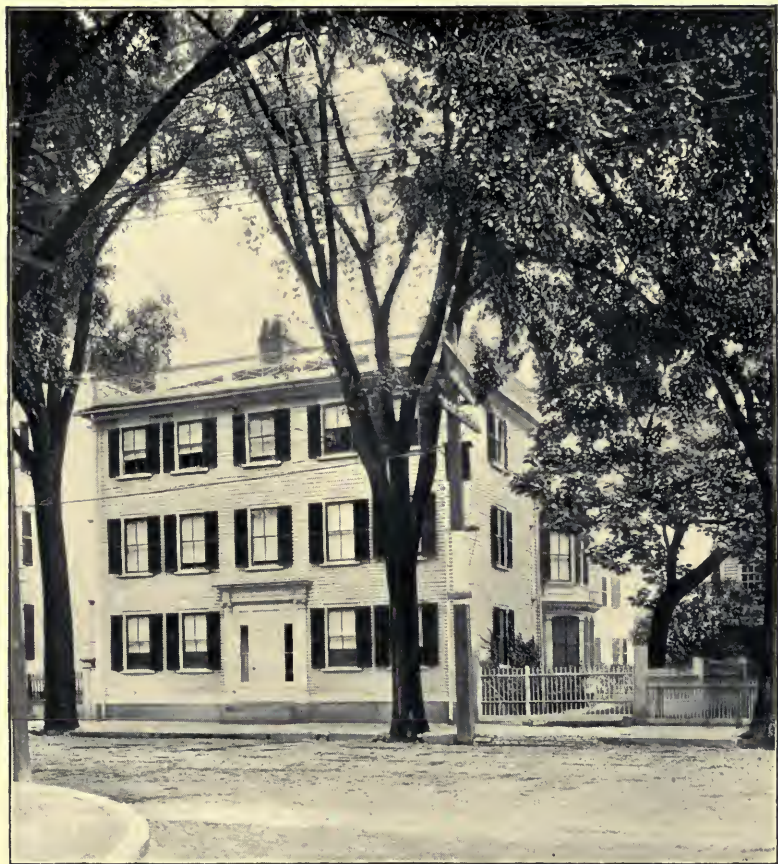
To those who had the privilege of visiting his boyhood's haunts with him in later years, there was an inexpressible pleasure in listening to the stories of an era that is now but a thing of the past. Even the old town pump, which formerly stood at the head of Summer Street opposite his

house, but long since gone, had its tinge of romance, as my father used affectionately to speak of it as the spot near which many a mud pie had been made, and where many a gutter dam had held in check the miniature floods which came from the old spout. The old garden at the back of the house, with its "box-lined" paths and its "Seckel" pear-tree, the dark passageway in the house, through which the children used to scamper to escape the "Bogies," both had fascinations of their own as he spoke of them and their hallowed associations.

There was an aroma about these tales that gave his listeners the same delightful sense that one feels now in stepping into an old house filled with memories of the past, and in imagination notices the odor of rose leaves and lavender preserved in china jars, the relics of a time when Salem was mistress of the East India trade, and her wharves, now rotting away unused, were busy with the loading and unloading of many a noble vessel owned by the old and respected families whose names are still synonymous with honor and integrity.

For us of later generations it is a little difficult to realize how utterly different were the manners and customs of a town like Salem, eighty years or more ago, from those of the present day. The stern puritanical observance of Sunday in the earlier part of the last century was a theme often touched upon by my father. His father held, for those days, perhaps, rather liberal views, and allowed certain liberties to his children, always tempered, however, by the fine trait of respect for the feelings of others. His mother, a woman of great piety without a trace of sanctimoniousness, and for whom my father always felt the deepest love and reverence, had been brought up in a stricter school; and out of respect to her no walks except to and from church on Sundays were ever indulged in, and a very quiet, not to say dull day, with occasional





THE HOME IN ESSEX STREET, SALEM, MASS.



readings from the Bible, was the usual rule. As a special privilege, however, on Sunday afternoons the children were allowed to retreat to a room in the L of the house and pelt each other with dried rose leaves, collected there in heaps by a faithful attendant, an excellent but somewhat austere spinster, Miss Dowse by name.

Doubtless, judging by frequent evidences of exuberance of spirits in later years, an immense deal of pent-up "steam" must have been "let off" in that attic room, the good effects of which were probably recognized by a wise father.

It is doubtful if equal leniency would have been shown for certain other escapades, such as shooting beans from the window over the front door down upon the heads of the unsuspecting and more fortunate companions who were allowed greater freedom on Sunday afternoons; but it is easy to imagine the delicious sense of satisfaction there must have been in thus giving vent by possibly not strictly legitimate methods to bottled-up animal spirits.

Certain it is, however, that with the teachings of both parents my father imbibed that deeply religious sense which was so intense a part of his nature even when, as a young man, he went through the torturing doubts which usually come to every strong nature. At his mother's knee he learned the beautiful prayer which all through his life seemed to give him strength and courage, and to which he continually alludes in his letters in after years. Many of the Psalms of David were a constant source of delight, and he never wearied of repeating to those he loved the beautiful one beginning "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

His children still have the old pocket Bible given him, when a boy of ten, by his mother, who was then thought to be on her deathbed. An old faded flower lies pressed between its leaves, picked when, as a student in 1833,

previous to his return to America, he was walking through Scotland; a copy of Burns, whose poetry he loved, especially those poems addressed to his "Sweet Highland Mary," filling another pocket.

On the margin, near the flower, is written, "Plucked near 'Allan Water' and placed in my mother's Bible, never to be taken from it. H. I. B. in 1833." This Bible was his constant companion on every journey thereafter; and when he was away with his children during a vacation, whether camping on the shores of some beautiful Adirondack lake or floating down the Penobscot in an Indian canoe, or when enjoying the beauties of the Old World, it was not an unfrequent occurrence for him, on quiet Sunday mornings, to take the book from his pocket and read some favorite chapter or verse to his companions with a feeling and tenderness which no one who heard him could ever forget.

With all this religious feeling was combined an intense love of nature and the keenest delight in fun and frolic. As a boy, evidently, there was no lack of love of mischief, although never of a vicious kind, and no one was quicker than he to make reparation if he felt he had wronged or hurt another. He used to tell, occasionally, with a twinkle of the eye, of the impish delight which he and two or three small companions felt in startling an old dame, Miss Hannah Harris by name, the proprietress of a small shop, by putting firecrackers in a pitcher on her counter while distracting her attention, and through the shop window watching the old lady's consternation as the firecrackers, connected by a long fuse, suddenly exploded. It was "so funny" to see her jump! The thought of this deed, however, pricked the boy's tender conscience for many a year, and later in life, when returning to Salem, he entered the shop and apologized to the old lady for his boyish escapade. "La! sir, I knew you

did n't mean any harm," was the old dame's kindly reply, and my father never forgot it as an instance of keen insight into human nature.

There were stories, too, of more warlike character, of fights between the "Townners" and the "North Fielders" who lived across the river, and the "Naugus Holers,"<sup>1</sup> residents near the brewery which formerly stood on the site of the present railroad station. My father alluded to himself as being usually one of the "screamers" on the outskirts of these contests, and not an active participant; for although never wanting in manly courage when occasion required it, these scenes were not to the lad's taste.

He often told of an incident of boyish bravado as a

<sup>1</sup> "Knocker's Holers?" For the explanation of this term I am indebted to the Hon. Robert S. Rantoul, president of the Essex Institute at Salem, who writes as follows:—

SALEM, MASS., September 21, 1901.

I never heard of "Naugus Holers." There is a headland, forming the southerly side of Salem Harbor, known as "Naugus Head." For some years we thought the name might be Indian in its origin, and we associated Naugus with Saugus, like Naugatuck and Saugatuck on Long Island Sound. But this pretty theory was exploded by the discovery of a map, a couple of centuries old, from which it appeared that the headland belonged to one Noggs, and we now suppose the name to be a corruption of "Noggs's Head."

This has, as I conceive, nothing to do with your question.

There was a place directly opposite the present railroad station on its western side, where shipbuilding was extensively pursued in the early days. The present Creek Street, debouching on the side of the station, marks the spot. This has always been known as "Knocker's Hole," and the boys who issued forth on their disorderly raids from this section were known in old times and, doubtless, as late as your father's time, by the designation of "Knocker's Holers."

I suppose the name "Knocker's Hole" was suggested by the incessant pounding of ship-carpenters in this low creek.

curious illustration of how an old custom can be kept up even when stripped entirely of its original significance.

On "Guy Fawkes Day," the 5th of November, he and several other boys, armed with sticks doubtless pilfered from a neighboring woodpile were stamping along the streets and vociferating, —

"Oh, don't you remember the fifth of November  
When Gunpowder Treason was plot ?  
And this is the reason that Gunpowder Treason  
Should never be forgot,"

when suddenly he felt his shoulder seized by a stout official, and they were summarily marched to the door of the Town House, and there told to put down their sticks and not to allow themselves to be seen there again, under penalty of a worse punishment. Naturally they felt aggrieved and insulted, and considered that their rights as loyal boys had been trampled upon, for was it not right still to sing of Guy Fawkes and his wicked plot ?

The boy's loyalty and love of country were easily stirred. With what enthusiasm he and his companions used to look at the old, weather-beaten privateer America as she lay at rest by what was then called Crowninshields' Wharf, after many a victory over the English cruisers in the War of 1812. Shorn of all her warlike paraphernalia, the old vessel was regarded with reverence by the boys of that day, and in the eyes of the young patriots even the water in which she lay seemed honored by her presence. How the boy's heart thrilled, too, when he was taken to a reception given to Commodore Perry, the hero of Lake Erie, and his cheek was pinched by the great man !

The grand old vessel and the brave commander were numbered among the things of the past many years ago, but the boyish enthusiasm which they inspired had its



share, doubtless, in the development of the ardent spirit of patriotism, which was a marked feature of my father's character in after life.

Hints were given, too, of tenderer feelings in the stories he told of well-timed walks to Marblehead ponds to gather handfuls of lilies, and of the special care taken to arrive, as it were by chance, in front of the building where Salem's select dancing classes were held, just as a bevy of bright-eyed young girls were coming from the door.

Mention was made, too, of a trio of sisters famed for their loveliness of face and character, who were adored by all the youth of Salem sixty or more years ago. One of them, a very old lady, the wife of one of Salem's most respected citizens, died not many years since; and the same grace and sweetness of character lasted to the end of her life, and made it easy for the younger generations to understand how glad the boys in earlier days were to let her outrun them in the games on Judge Putnam's farm, and how she, by some mysterious influence, was always found first in "hide and seek," while others less attractive were allowed to remain hidden longer.

The only regret that my father ever expressed, when speaking of his childhood, was the fact that he was never permitted to indulge his great love for music. His father, when a youth, had spent and, as he thought, wasted a good deal of time with idle companions in learning to play the flute, but soon concluded to give it up entirely, and in after life would seldom, if ever, allow his children to have music in the house, a decision which my father always felt to be a mistake on his father's part. In every other way his home was a most happy one, and many charming instances were given that showed the perfect harmony of the family circle.

His father had a method of giving "rewards of merit" by making, with the point of his pen, miniature constella-

tions in ink on the hands of his children, the Big and Little Bear or Orion appearing most often. A special form of approbation for exceptionally good conduct was shown by an infinitesimal ink spot on the end of the nose, and hardly discernible to the casual observer, but the mother *always* saw it. Small promissory notes for one or two cents, made from small paper disks with scalloped edges, and payable in the event of good behavior, were carefully preserved by my father as relics of his childhood, and as proofs of his father's desire to inculcate a spirit of thrift among his children.

One of the favorite expeditions of the children was to the little house in which their father had spent his early life in Danvers, or what is now Peabody, and they never wearied of hearing him tell how he got his first knowledge of the stars through the little window at which his mother used to stand, with him in her arms, watching the new moon as it sank in the west, while she rattled a few pennies in her pocket as a sign of good luck "for her husband away at sea." The house still stands on Central Street, close by the principal "square" of Peabody, the bustling modern town which has replaced the quiet rural spot of those days.

During the years preceding my father's removal to Boston, he attended the Salem Private Grammar School on Green Street, under the charge of Master Benjamin Tappan. It was pleasantly located midway between Chestnut and Green streets, but it was long ago removed and altered into a dwelling-house.

In the edition of March 28, 1885, the Salem "Observer" prints the programme of "An Old-Time Exhibition," and gives the names of several, in later years, well-known men, — Benjamin Peirce, the great mathematician, Henry Wheatland, Henry W. Pickering, and others, then boys, who took part in the exhibition. Among them, my





THE OLD GARDEN AT THE HOME IN ESSEX STREET, SALEM



father's name appears three times, twice in recitations and once in a Latin dialogue. This must have occurred when he was about fourteen years of age.

In a short comment upon a copy of the newspaper sent to him about the time of its publication in 1885, he gives some interesting details, which I cannot do better than quote.

Our cypherer, Ben Peirce, with his huge slate too large to be put in his desk and, consequently, always kept outside, not very free from dust either, but covered with figures . . . the embryo Mathematician and Author showing early his tendencies. A dear, kindly fellow as he always was during life to me. . . .

But of the teachers, I have visions. Awe-ful are my recollections of Abiel Chandler, with his oak ferrule made with a rounded circle at its end of solid oak, just fit to play into the hand of the unfortunate urchin who had neglected his lesson or, from any cause, had not learned and had thereby incurred "old Chandler's" ire. How we pitied "Dick Jenks" every day !

The horror of such tyranny finally drove the older boys into open rebellion and then to make an appeal to the Committee, after a duly appointed procession near the schoolhouse had been inaugurated with all due ceremony. A banner was extemporized, with these flaming words, "Up, Liberty ! Down, Oppression !" The Committee rebuked us, the rebels, but "Abiel" had, soon after, a call to enter into business in Boston. . . . A most lucky change of employment, as we thought, for all future boys. . . .

I must mention also some other methods of punishment used in a school kept by women. I had my lip pricked by one teacher instead of my tongue which she ordered me to put out, because I had been talking, and she meant to punish the unruly member. As I saw the needle descending, I summarily drew back my tongue and the needle entered my lip. Of course, I roared aloud, and, of course, I ran home and complained most bitterly, and was delighted to have the caresses of my loving mother and to watch the indignation of my father, which doubtless I increased by my tears. That punishment was never tried again.

In 1823 my grandfather moved to Boston to accept the position of Actuary of the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company. He selected for his home the house, no longer standing, in what was then called Otis Place, now Otis Street, the land upon which the house formerly stood being now Winthrop Square, at the junction of Devonshire and Otis streets, in the heart of the present business portion of Boston. A charming picture of this old Boston house exists, with many others of similar character, in the "Curtis Collection" of photographs which are preserved in the exhibition rooms of the Bostonian Society in the Old State House.

It is hard to imagine that this homelike, peaceful looking house, shadowed by the branches of a large elm on a neighboring estate, could ever have stood where now the noise and rush of hundreds of heavily laden carts and drays mark the centre of a great city. In this house my father passed much of his life, previous to its demolition by the city in 1858, when the pressure of business demanded a larger thoroughfare from Summer to Franklin Street.

It was a hallowed spot to him always. The family consisted of the father and the invalid mother, already beginning to show the signs of pulmonary disease which several years later proved fatal; four boys, Nathaniel, Ingersoll, Henry, and William; two girls, Mary and Elizabeth, and an older cousin, Miss Elizabeth Martin, always known to the younger generation as "Aunt Libby," the faithful companion of many years, and cherished to a green old age by her grateful family. The home was one which seemed to be filled with sunshine for all who entered it, and my father often spoke of its influence upon his own life.

Immediately following the removal of the family to Boston, my father entered the Public Latin School, then in School Street, and two years later (1825) he entered Harvard College as a Sophomore, being then seventeen years of age. The only facts which throw any light upon his collegiate course are found in a series of "Forensics" and "Themes," composed chiefly in his Junior and Senior years, and in an old diary which was found after his death. In none of these do we find any special evidences of the strength of character and intellectual power which he showed in after years; on the contrary, some of the compositions, although usually neatly written, are amusingly immature in thought, and at times show the not infrequent tendency of youthful minds toward a supposed comprehensive knowledge of life and the universe generally, somewhat startling at first, to the more mature reader, and interesting to the composer himself in after years, when experience has taught him to recognize his own limitations.

The following notes, made on the covers of some of the "Forensics" and "Themes," are amusing. On one, "Trials of having a Part as a College Exercise. Ye who seek College Honors, Behold what a Bore a Part is! Oh, Crikey! April 29, 1828." "A Study of Literature as an Exercise of Intellectual Power! Ten Copies made

during the Process!" On another "Ideas seemed to flow Hard;" and again, "The Deuce take the Subject and the Theme also! June 27th, 1828." Finally, his disgust at the theme and his own views as expressed in it culminate in a vehemently written, "All a Lie!"

The diary was begun in January, 1827, and finished January, 1828. It reveals nothing of special interest, except occasional glimpses of the life at Harvard at that time, and of his visits to the city. In those days the students usually walked to and from the city, even a stage being then considered a luxury! It will hardly be thought a breach of confidence if the opening sentences of the diary are quoted. My father himself, in later years, upon reading the utterances of the young sage, doubtless laughed, and they serve at least by contrast to show his development in after years.

Reflections on the Return of New Year's Day. With the return of this day my thoughts are carried back to the earliest days of childhood, when all was joy. I am reminded of the days that are gone and of the many kind friends who have passed into the tomb. Memory carries me back, and I seem to see Aunt White offering me the New Year's present as the child of the companion of her youth. And can it be that these seeming images are all the creations of my own imagination? Surely never was there a better woman than this. . . . The mild and pleasant Miss Ropes sleeps side by side with her friend. Lovely and virtuous were they both in life. In death they were not divided. . . . There is something peculiarly pleasing in early and long continued friendship. In our youth we are more open and ingenu-



ous than in our later years. We lay open our whole heart to the friends of our youth, whereas this seldom happens with respect to the acquaintances of our later years. Ita finitum est meum *squirtum*, and therefore I will begin.

In the diary appears, neatly written, as an early proof of his indefatigable industry with his pen, a copy of the five books of a Homeresque poem entitled "The Rebelliad," descriptive of a rebellion among the students about that time.

March 25, Sunday.

Dr. Ware preached one of his dry sermons. It put me in mind of spinning glass, where out of a little piece they spin several thousand yards.

I am really nervous this evening, for there is a rascally little mouse gnawing on the wainscot just beside my ear. I have resigned myself to my fate, after having disfigured the wall most terribly by kicking and pounding, but why should I be mad; on the contrary, why should I not rejoice that he is thus able to enjoy himself; or at least why should I not hear with the indifference of a philosopher? But, ah! there he is at it again harder than ever. I must stop my squirt. . . .

Later, the record of a "Dialogue in Latin" with a classmate gives evidence that he was not lacking in this particular form of scholarship.

Previous to his graduation from college in 1828, my father had shown no special taste nor talent which would lead him to choose the practice of medicine for his life work. In after years, when his love and enthusiasm for

his profession were unbounded, he frequently alluded to his reasons for adopting it. He felt himself quite unfit for the study of law or the ministry, and the life of a business man was most uncongenial to him. With a feeling of doubt, almost of indifference, not unmixed with repugnance towards some of the elementary work necessary to all who study medicine, he entered the Harvard Medical School. He often spoke of his sudden change of feeling when, after the sense of loathing at the idea of "cutting up a dead body," the demonstrator of anatomy showed to him, in a dissection, the wonderful arrangement of the muscles of the forearm. His chief instructor was Dr. James Jackson, a noble man, a wise and conscientious physician and excellent teacher, who in those days stood at the head of his profession in Boston. Later he was under his guidance as interne at the Massachusetts General Hospital, and in the spring of 1832, through the kindness of a generous father, was enabled to go abroad to pursue his medical studies. Accordingly, on the first of May of that year, he sailed from New York to Havre in the sailing packet Rhone.



## CHAPTER II

### LIFE IN EUROPE

TO HIS SISTER MARY.

PARIS, June 17, 1832.

I WILL commence again the history that my journal gives of my adventures, and which has been interrupted by my thinking that it could not be very pleasant to you to follow me in the flights of my imagination. In truth, during the voyage, the spirit of romance seemed to have taken possession of me. I did not read a single novel in which I did not discover some resemblance between the situation of the hero and that of myself. The heroines I could find all in Boston, and you and your friends came up often in my recollections under the semblance of the sedate and womanly beauty of a northern clime or that of the smiling and dancing maids of Grenada. But let us resume our story.

May 25th.

At 9.30 A. M. our eyes were first greeted with the sight of the "Land's End" of Old England. I was not in ecstasies, as I had anticipated I should be, for I was compelled to strain my eyes in order to obtain a fair view of it. "Fair!" *En vérité*, it could hardly be called fair by a landsman, for it

looked like a mist on the edge of the far-off horizon. I had heard of the high bluffs of England, and had longed to catch even a glimpse of them, and I was now sadly disappointed. During breakfast we were boarded by a sturdy old pilot from the "Downs" (what associations did the name of this place excite in me!) who left us a paper aged one month; told us many lies, and was quizzed in return by some of the Yankees on board. He told us the cholera was raging very badly in Paris, much to the consternation of my good friends on board. Not many evenings since I was much amused and pleasantly surprised to hear the song commencing with the well-known words "I give thee all, I can no more, though poor the offering be." The tune to which these were sung and the tones of the voice were far sweeter than those I had been accustomed to, but still I was pleasantly reminded by the comparison of the home I had left. . . . I have just left the ladies' cabin, where I have been hearing sweet music for an hour. If the reader will take the trouble to look at the commencement of Horace's "Satires," he will find some sentiment like this; viz., that singers are perpetually humming when their notes are not wished for, but on being requested to do so, immediately begin to make excuses. Such has been the case this evening. We have many fine singers with us, but at this hour, 10 P. M., they are exceedingly troubled with colds. One poor lady, I really pity her, has had a cold ever since she came on board, and moreover it has been

daily increasing, and yet the voice in speaking remains unaltered.

But, my dear Mary, I will cease my extracts henceforth, and will confine myself to answering your letters and giving in general terms the account of my travels. . . . I wish you would keep a journal and tell me by every packet what you have seen, how many calls you have made, what the girls say, and how they do, etc. At any rate, don't forget,  
H.

P. S. Give my love to Mother and tell her to write as often as she can, and that she ought to have written *francs* instead of *sous* when speaking of my miniature, and then perhaps it could be obtained. But good-night; the clock is just on the point of striking 12. I am very sleepy.

The following letter of introduction from Mr. George Ticknor to Alexander von Humboldt is interesting in showing the respect felt for the translator of La Place's work by an eminent man of Boston; it also shows the character of my father's introduction into the scientific society of Paris, a privilege not often accorded to so young a man in those days:—

BOSTON, April 24, 1832.

DEAR SIR,— I have the honour to send you the second volume of the translation and commentary on La Place's "*Mécanique Céleste*," by my countryman, Dr. Bowditch;— and I beg leave to ask your notice and that of your scientific friends of the Institute for it, as a work which marks the extent to which the abstract sciences have been carried in this country. We can show nothing beyond it.

This volume will be given to you by the son of Dr. Bowditch, a young gentleman of talents and disposition which not only make him very interesting to his friends, but promise to render him very valuable to the community. He goes to Paris in order to study Medicine, and I venture to commend him to your kindness as one every way worthy of it.

With the most respectful consideration,

Your friend and servant,

GEO: TICKNOR.

M. DE HUMBOLDT.

In Paris he entered the Ecole de Médecine, and came almost immediately under the influence of the great medical teachers of that day, Chaumel, Andral, and Louis. For nearly two years he walked the wards of "La Pitié" with Louis, for whom, both as teacher and friend, he felt the highest admiration and esteem, amounting to reverence. His most intimate friend among the small American colony there was James Jackson, Jr., with whom he had the special privilege, from Louis, of entering the wards out of the usual hours. Oliver Wendell Holmes and Mason Warren were also his associates, and the names of Bizot and Maunoir of Geneva were often on his lips in after years, — names which are now held high in esteem in their native country, Switzerland.

His father's reputation as a man of science opened to him also the doors of many of the "savants" of France, chief among them being La Place, the mathematician, whose great work, "*La Mécanique Céleste*," was then in process of translation by my grandfather. My father's reminiscences of his introduction and his subsequent visit to Madame La Place, and of her beautiful courtesy to him as a student and in after years, were among the most delightful memories of his life.

## TO HIS PARENTS.

PARIS, June 29, 1832.

I hope I have always been fully sensible of your kindness to me, but I have never been placed in circumstances before that have aroused such feelings within me as I have at present. Never have my emotions of pride at being the son of the translator of *La Place* been so excited before. Your name, my dear father, carries me anywhere, and introduces to the best and most learned as well (I may add) as the most fashionable circles. I have received a call from Poisson and shall soon, Mr. Warden tells me, have one from the venerable Legendre. I dined yesterday at the *château* of Madame *La Place*, whose son is now a Peer of France. I never enjoyed a half hour more pleasantly. Madame is a very lively lady, not appearing to be more than 50, though I think she must be more aged. She received me very cordially, made me sit on the sofa with her, and we talked French for a long time. (It is just four weeks since I arrived; do not you think I must have improved in conversation most wonderfully to be able to talk French with a lady without "feeling red"? but I did so, for I felt as if I was with an old friend, and I talked and I laughed just as if I were at Boston.)

She told me something that I shall keep secret at present, for the sake of exciting your curiosity, and shall wait to hear from you something about it. (Do you understand?) I told her I did not know that

I could ever repay her. "Madame, how can I do so, how can I ever repay you for your kindness to my father?" "By coming to see me very often," replied she.

At the table I was seated next to Magendie, the great physiologist, whom I found very kind and gentlemanly. I had this place given me because M. speaks English a little. I told him with his permission I would speak French when I could, and when I met with a word I could not explain I would then recur to my native tongue. I talked much with him, and in the evening he took me home in his cabriolet and invited me to visit with him in his wards at "Hôtel Dieu." I thought the opportunity was not to be lost, so I went this morning. I found him very pleasant, at the bedside of the patient, pointing out to me cases that were interesting to me and to all, at the present time. *Entre nous*, — no, I won't tell even my hopes at the present time; suffice it to say they are very high. Everybody is telling me of the great advantages I have over *any other* American, so that I can be allowed to hope. I find that my expenses the present month will not quite amount to the sum we fixed upon, and I hope they will not at any future one.

Farewell, my dear Parents, I am at present in fine health and spirits, and may blessings ever fall plentifully on your heads for the unnumbered tokens you have given me of your love and confidence. By the blessing of God you shall never have reason to repent that you have sent me here.

Give my love to all and tell them all that every token given me on my departure holds a conspicuous place in my room. They remind me agreeably of home. Kiss Eliza and tell her to add a postscript to Mary's letters. Do write soon, as it is more than two months since I heard from Otis Place.

Your son

H.

P. S. At some future time I hope to give a more detailed account of matters and things for my journal, but from the present appearances I shall not get to these times until six months more writing to Mary. I forgot to state that the 2d vol. [of the "*Mécanique Céleste*" translation] with your letter was the only book to be seen lying on the grand table in the Salon at Madame's.

The following letter to my father explains the nature of the surprise hinted at by him in his letter of June 29. The bust of La Place, the gift of his widow to my grandfather, remained in the possession of the family for many years, after which, in accordance with my father's wishes, it was placed among his father's books now preserved in the Boston Public Library.

BOSTON, September 16, 1832.

MY DEAR SON, — We received perfectly safe your beautiful bust of La Place, together with the books from M. Legendre, M. Poisson, and M. Warden. You will make my best respects to them when it happens to be convenient to you, but particularly to Madame la Marquise de La Place, to whom you will please present my thanks, and tell her that, after



keeping it in my library as long as I shall have one, I shall finally order it to be placed in the College Museum, with the busts of Washington, Adams, etc. I have concluded to put "Auld Lang Syne" by, and purchase a new secretary fitting to have this bust at the top. I am going on with the third volume, and have now about forty pages printed, and have got fairly "under weigh" and print about ten or twelve pages per week, so that I hope to get it out by the end of next year, or in the spring of 1834. I observe in the July "Quarterly Review" of London, in an article on Mrs. Somerville's book, they speak favorably of my translation and commentary. It has been reprinted, with complimentary additions, in many of the public journals. The seventh edition of the "Navigator" is out. Blunt wishes me to discount \$250 from \$750 and receive \$500 down next month for the edition of 2500 copies, and I have some notion of taking it, for fear I shall not get the \$750 if I have to wait two years.

We have had several cases of cholera in Boston, as Nat will inform you. There has been no panic about it — no more than there would be with cases of autumnal fever; it has been kept off so long that there is great hope we shall not have it badly. My health is very good. Your mother has given a very fair account of herself, to which I have appended a note confirming and giving my assent to what she has said. We trust mainly to Nat's "Omnibus" to give you a diary of all our transactions.

. . . . .



You must have a very interesting time at Paris, with a fine opportunity of acquiring knowledge. By the way, it would be amusing to us to have you state the particulars of *one day's* work, — how you pass your time, how long the lectures are, who lectures and where, etc. I have much curiosity to know the ages and habits of the savants, Poisson, Arago, etc. Are they married or single, big or little, pleasant or taciturn, children or childless, etc., etc. You may pick up much gossip which will be interesting to us.

I have sent also a paper of Dr. Francis's (uncle of Ward) on the cholera in New York, hoping it would be agreeable to you.

Your father,

N. B.

TO HIS SISTER MARY.

PARIS, August 7, 1832.

Although I threatened not to give you any more extracts from my journal, I believe I must break through my determination, in order that you may have some faint idea of the "fêtes" during the "three days." I wish for your sake I had the graphic pen of Irving or of Cooper, and then you should have a description worthy of being read; but as fate has determined otherwise, you must take my feeble account, as that of a brother who wishes the happiness of a sister, and in this letter of circumstance find the pleasure that my story may fail to excite.

You of course know the history of the events

that these fêtes are intended to commemorate. Charles X., the King of France, chose July, 1830, to pass some ordinances which restrained most materially the liberty of the press and freedom of opinion, and for this reason by force of arms was driven from the throne, and Louis Philippe, the present monarch, placed there in his stead. All these events, or rather the active part of these events, happened during July 27th, 28th, 29th, 1830. Many lives were lost and much injury done the public buildings by the fire of the soldiery and the citizens. The graves of those who fell near the Louvre exist now, guarded by a sentinel, and decorated by wreaths of flowers; but the flowers are all faded, and the sentinel paces with an indifferent air over the place where rest the defenders of their country's freedom. They fought and they fell for . . . a shadow that has vanished away.

However, this mode of writing epistles will never bring me to the end of my story of the fêtes. Allons donc.

27th. This, being the first day, was to be devoted to the distribution of food, etc., to the poor. This, according to the "programme," was to be done at the Bureau de Charité of each arrondissement or ward of the city. I accordingly threaded the narrow and crowded streets to that nearest my place of abode, in order to see this distribution. I anticipated something interesting, for I thought of course that I should meet a vast crowd assembled to partake of the bounty of the Government. I imagined as I

passed towards the spot that I could almost hear the rough words and still rougher blows inflicted by one good neighbor upon the other in the struggle for priority. But on my arrival I could neither see nor hear anything so warlike as I had anticipated. There was not even a crowd, and the soldiers of the neighboring casern were lolling as usual on benches or idly resting upon their muskets. I stared about for some time, and at length discovered some individuals coming from a spot near me, laden with bread. I looked in and perceived that it was a *maison des Sœurs de la Charité*, and the sisters in their usual attire were giving alms to the poor and distressed.

I had heard of these “*mères*,” as they are called by their patients, when I was in America, and I find they are nothing less than I had anticipated. This is more than I can say of anything else in Paris.

But, as I was saying, I saw but few persons receiving this charity, and in truth I should never have suspected it was a *fête* day, so smoothly did all things proceed. I therefore soon returned home to study Spallangani.

28th. After eating my breakfast I issued forth with the intention of spending the day in seeing the different festivities, it being the first holiday that I had taken. First, I determined to see one of the sixteen couples married, and for this purpose I went to the church of St. Paul. (The city had chosen sixteen couples belonging to the families of those who had fallen during the three days, to be married on this day in their different wards, and receive 3000 francs

apiece as a dowry.) By paying a *sou* I obtained a chair in the gallery, so that I could look directly down upon the high altar.

Leaving the church, I made a speedy journey to the Champs Elysées, in order to see the fêtes about to be commenced there. I found all full of life, but unfortunately at the same time full of dust. Two large theatres had been erected opposite to each other in the "grand square," and there were to be acted alternately, every half hour during the day, pantomimes. I saw the first two, and was well pleased with one which had a great deal of humor in it, but the other was nothing but a tissue of military manœuvres. Great battles were lost and won in an incredibly short space of time ; soldiers looked fierce and behaved very boldly when advancing to the charge with *unfixed bayonets*. One man was really severely wounded in the leg and was borne off the stage upon the muskets of the soldiery. This second play carried us into Egypt, to the scene of Napoleon's victories, and was very uninteresting. There was nothing but soldiers, soldiers, soldiers. But, thought I, is not all this intended to show the people upon what the Government rests ?

During the short intervals of the plays there were feats of dancing upon ropes, balancing, etc., etc., by a party of jugglers hired by the Government.

Innumerable were the games and exhibitions contrived to amuse the public, and some of them sufficiently curious. Among these were a number of

electrical machines, from which any one might receive a shock. The owners always had a large crowd around them. It was amusing to see the common people arrange themselves, in order to receive a shock, and pay a *sou* for the liberty of so doing. Oh, I shall long remember the many loud laughs that arose from the multitude when any unwary countryman or dame was entrapped into receiving one.

Then having seen all I wished in Champs Elysées, I left the place and went towards the Seine; but the account of what I saw there I must defer until my next, for it is impossible to put it into this sheet.

Thus, my dear Mary, I have been returning good for evil. I have written by every packet and have received, as yet, but one package from home. I feel inclined to scold, but I forbear, supposing that my previous letters will make you all do better. Write anything: when you were at one place and when at another; when you stayed at home and when you went abroad; whom you met; how all the girls do, etc., etc., etc.; in fact, anything, and it will give me great pleasure. I must hereafter have a letter by every packet, as *every* other American has. Give my love to all. If you see Kittredge, tell him to give my love to all in the Hospital, and among the number not to forget Rebecca Taylor, who is the best nurse that ever was in that institution. Tell him also that though I should be well pleased to hear from him, I am so much engaged I shall not be able to return an answer.

Tell father I improve in speaking and understand-

ing French pretty fast. I am now, as I was at first, following Louis and Andral in the wards of La Pitié, having studied the cholera in the hall of Magendie during the past month of its recrudescence. Mother will be glad to hear that I have left the wards specially devoted to this dreadful malady. I attended a medical debating club, whose president is M. Louis, last Saturday, and have been invited to attend every evening that it meets. I was introduced to Louis as the friend of James Jackson, Jr., and he received me very graciously, and said I was heartily welcome with such a recommendation. It is rather singular that Jackson should have been the founder of a French medical club in Paris, but such is the fact. I hear everywhere of Jackson as a man who devotes himself heart and soul to his profession. Tell his father of it, for he is a good man. I love him much.

Good-by, my dear sister, and remember me.

October 6, 1832.

Several packets have arrived at New York without your receiving directly a letter from me, and as it is Saturday night I will finish the week by finishing my account of the three days.

July 29th. After a hurried breakfast I started for the Boulevards through which the king was to pass in order to make his review of the troops of the line and national guards. I found that, although half an hour later than the programme stated the king would pass, I must wait two hours ere his Majesty would appear. By the end of this time I



was thoroughly fatigued. The review was considered one of the most splendid ever known in Paris. The number of soldiers was immense, — reaching nearly from one extremity of Paris to the other, in two lines, on either side of the Boulevard. The king, having passed once through the line, returned in order to make his review. His progress was marked by “vive” from the soldiery but not from the people, who generally kept silence, or cried as one near me did, “Vive la liberté!” After seeing his Majesty and his sons twice, I went towards the Place Vendôme. The Duc d’Orleans, the first son, has not a pleasant face; he has an air of superciliousness, and indifference for the people. He is well made, tall, but looks as if fame does not say falsely when she declares that he is very dissipated. The Ducs de Nemours, the second, and de Joinville, the third son, are both quite handsome and have amiable faces. In the Place Vendôme I saw the queen and the rest of the royal family. The prints that you see of her resemble her very much. King Leopold’s (the King of Belgium) intended bride is “assez jolie,” though she looks as if her beauty would soon fade. The other daughter is absolutely ugly. The king’s sister, Madame Adelaide, looks like a coarse, vulgar, big-mouthed, large-featured, red-faced countrywoman. Donna Maria, whom (you know) they hope to make Queen of Portugal, was allowed to sit with the family under a canopy of crimson and gold. She is a pretty, curly-headed girl, just tall enough to be able to look over

the railing in front of her, at the review which was going on under her window.

Having had my curiosity fully satisfied by looking at these royal ladies a half hour, I left and strolled to the Champs Elysées to wile away the time, before the illuminations should commence. About eight, I first saw the tapers about to be lighted on the Hôtel des Invalides. The Chamber of Deputies was also illuminated, and looked well. Besides these, all the public buildings were covered with lights. The grand dome of the Panthéon looked like a vast hemisphere of fire. But the most beautiful of all was the grand cross of the Legion of Honor, which appeared as if absolutely fixed among the stars, so bright did it appear, and so raised above all the surrounding edifices.

. . . . .

#### TO HIS PARENTS.

PARIS, November 17, 1832.

I have just returned from opening the evening very pleasantly with the "Société d'Observation" (*i. e.*, médicales) of which Louis is the president. It is Saturday night, and I am going to devote it to you.

A week ago, hearing that Madame Somerville was in Paris, I determined to make a call and introduce myself, feeling that, bearing my father's name, I should receive a cordial reception. But I will give you an extract from my journal. I had no letter of introduction to this celebrated lady, and I went con-



fidently as the son of the American translator of La Place. She received me very graciously, and told me that Lafayette had promised to introduce me to her, as she wanted much to send a letter to my father. I passed a quarter of an hour very pleasantly. She is a lady of about the common size, and has a thin, pale, and at the same time intelligent face. There was an air of mildness, amiability, and of modesty with regard to her own powers, which was very pleasant. Her character, as described to me by those who know her, corresponds with her general appearance, being amiable, domestic, and, although possessing an extraordinary mind, seems conscious of how little man can know. She has a pleasant, mild voice and speaks with a Scotch accent.

She intends spending the winter here with her two daughters, who are about sixteen and seventeen, for their education. During my conversation with Madame, a tall stout gentleman entered and was introduced as Dr. Somerville of London, and husband of Madame. He also greeted me cordially, promised what he would do for me when I arrived at London, and of the letters he would give to the first physicians in Edinboro'. After spending a quarter of an hour with them I took my leave. Madame, shaking my hand, said she hoped to see me during the winter.

Madame asked about Professor Farrar and lady, and said she wanted much to obtain the little work Mrs. Farrar has lately written in relation to her visit

to Lafayette. It is of the same character as her "Robinson Crusoe," but I wish you would get it for her and send it to me, if possible. In relation to the letter which she intends sending to you, father, it is to thank you for the present of your translation. She spoke of it very highly.

I still continue well, and generally in high spirits. Once or twice only I have had, since the damp uncomfortable weather began, a fit of blues, and I consider it altogether owing to want of such society as we have in New England. However, these times have been only once or twice, and a night's sleep has generally cured them.

Mason Warren and Copley Greene are my next-door neighbors, and both are equally zealous in the paths that they have chosen. Jackson is not far off, and I meet him every day at the hospital. I find he has altered for the better. He is more zealous, if it be possible, than when in America. . . . If any one seems more, more than all the rest, to have filial piety, it is he, for he absolutely adores his father. I am much pleased with him.

Give my love to all and write often, though my fate seems to be not to receive a budget by *every* packet, as *all* my friends here do.

TO HIS SISTER MARY.

PARIS, December 17, 1832.

I commence this letter to you without any definite idea as to how I shall finish it, but I must have an envelope for mother's, and it is a shame a whole

sheet should go across the Atlantic without a word written upon it.

Sitting a few days since in the café, eating breakfast and occasionally glancing upon the "Constitutionnel" to read the news of the political world, my eye fell upon the name that looked vastly like my own. Egad, thought I, why have they honored me so much as to print me in a French journal, — or is it that the hand of the police is about to seize upon me? I put down my cup and began to read in good earnest, and behold the result.

"Extract d'une lettre écrite à Boston le 17 September.

"J'arrive de l'enterrement du docteur Spurzheim et jamais il n'y avait autant de monde sur une occasion semblable! Le docteur Follen a prononcé un discours sur la vie de son compatriote. Le Président de l'université, Josiah Quincy, était à la tête du convoi avec le docteur Bowditch et le savant J. Pickering, etc., etc."

I presume you will be able to translate the French, but perhaps not the English, for I verily believe Mr. Pickering would find some difficulty in recognizing himself in his French garb.

As I am in a dreadful dilemma for want of anything to write, I will give an extract from my journal for father's entertainment more than yours.

"June 18th. I visited La Pitié and went through Louis's ward with him. In the afternoon I attended a meeting of the Institute and was introduced to LaCroix, Legendre, Magendie, etc., etc. I was not

much pleased with the appearance of the first, for there was nothing about him to mark a savant. He is quite short, thick, chubby I might almost say; he has an intelligent, animated eye, red nose, and a large mouth, which he frequently opens whilst his teeth are closed, thus producing an unpleasant grin. His form, which as I said before was not the most beautiful, was adorned with a huge double-breasted yellow vest, covered by a large blue coat. Both of these garments seemed as if they had been cut when the wearer had much more *embonpoint* than at present, for they hung upon him most woefully. Imagine this little gentleman lame in one foot and possessing a feminine voice, and you have a picture of LaCroix. I took my station almost opposite to him, and my gravity was about upset when I saw him draw with both hands his black silk cap over his head and sound his bell to call the wise men surrounding him to order. Yet this feeling I was sensible was wrong, for his talents ought to have so commanded my respect as to have prevented such ideas from rising in my mind. Moreover, there was an air of kindness and of a *je ne sais quoi* beaming in his singular face, that ought to have subdued any other feeling than that of high admiration."

Now I am finished with LaCroix I will return to something nearer home. Your letters are all interesting, and the more you enter into detail the better. Get as many postscripts from the girls as you can, and I will promise to *try* to answer them. . . .

January 6, 1833.

I wish you and all the good family a Happy New Year. I went to "passer la soirée" a few evenings since at the house of an American friend. We had a very pleasant time, met the Lafayette family, though not the interesting one, as probably her state of health did not allow her to be present. I danced with a fair countrywoman by the name of Miss Fisher of Philadelphia. The style of dancing, in a large company here, is very similar to that of Boston. In fact, a Southern brother commenced in a more vigorous manner, and he soon was the theme of conversation of the French portion of the company. They looked upon him as a kind of specimen of our wild men of the woods. The manner of making a bow here is very peculiar and somewhat similar to the curtsy of the ladies of Boston. The man bends at the middle of his body, as if that were the only joint in his back, or as if a piece of iron had passed up and down the course of the spine preventing any motion of one bone upon another. Hence, when an individual enters a room he must make a little inclination forwards, and on seeing any acquaintance of the lady of the house he makes two or three sudden balancing motions forwards, and after sundry oscillations regains his former bend. I find my stubborn neck is unwilling to give up the New England bow, so that Frenchmen are able to recognize me immediately. Whether it will be ever otherwise I have my doubts.

I have been to the Odeon Theatre once since my abode here, and saw *Le Tartuffe* and *Malade Imagi-*

naire of Molière acted. They were finely done, and the spectator had nothing but the acting to draw his attention. We had but one scene throughout the whole of either piece, and that a very simple one. Mlle. Mars, the famous actress of the school of Talma, played in each. She is now, as she was formerly, the first actress of the French stage. Her manner is very ladylike, her pronunciation very distinct, and some of the best passages were finely emphasized by her. The part of the Tartuffe was also very finely performed. After the Tartuffe came the Malade Imaginaire, and rarely have I laughed so much, so finely was that character performed. Molière gives the worthy brotherhood of medicine many hard rubs, and at the same time, I must confess, some of them are not more than many of my brethren deserve.

Poor Copley Greene has just received news which makes him feel very badly, viz., the great feebleness of his father. I pity him much, for he is in the depths of woe, and I never knew how hard it is to comfort one when about to lose so near a friend as a father. I tried, but my efforts were all commonplace, and I soon perceived their futility.

TO HIS MOTHER.

PARIS, January 27, 1833.

If ever any one deserved to receive a letter from a son, certainly you do, for you have been very kind in writing to me. I suppose ere this you must be tired of hearing me continually thanking you and father



for allowing me to visit Europe. Every day that I stay here makes me more sensible of the great advantages I enjoy. As James Jackson said to me to-day as we were returning from La Pitié, "What should I have done had I not come to Europe?" No one has the least conception in Boston of the power that a person can gain by following Louis. The mind of this gentleman is not a brilliant one, and in this respect differs from that of his friend the eloquent Professor Andral, professor at the School of Medicine. It is an observing and calculating spirit, which examines with the utmost exactness the symptoms of disease at the bedside, weighs the different values of them, under different circumstances. [Louis] is, in fact, what he wishes to be considered, a careful observer of facts, and deduces from these facts the laws which regulate disease. Some may say this has been done before, but I assure you it has not been. However, I will not enter into further particulars with you on a subject which would be more proper for Dr. Jackson, but turn to another quality of this character which you will like better to hear about. He has a noble heart, a delightfully kind disposition. When any of his friends are sick he is among the first to call to see them; he always meets them with a smile, though sometimes to his patients, from his hurried manner, he appears rough. I shall never forget the visit he lately made me. I was slightly unwell and obliged to stay in my room for two days. On the third day I went out, hearing that there was something interesting at the hospital, but not until after his visit.

Whilst I was there he called at my room. I doubt whether any physician in Boston would have done as much, more especially as he lives a mile on the other side of the river. I shall never forget it, and I told him so. He is now delivering a course of clinical lectures, and many students follow him ; consequently I have no opportunity of examining the patients such as I had before. Accordingly a few days since I asked him to allow me to visit his wards in the afternoon. "Ecoutez," said he, "you are a stranger and are to reside here only a short time, and therefore I will grant you what I could not to a Frenchman." Since that time Jackson (who did it before) and I have made our evening visits, and are almost considered in the light of internes ; *i. e.*, so far as our power of examining patients goes, there being but very few who are unruly. There are, I am sorry to say, two "dames d'un certain age," and so abominably nervous and ill natured that should it be my luck to be united to their like, I should be guilty of suicide very summarily.

You may say that this kindness of Louis is owing to selfishness. But say not so again ; for in the same manner he treats all his pupils, all his friends. I shall always love him, and look upon him as one who is to be a renovator of the science of medicine. He marks out a path for himself and his disciples, but if it be followed closely it can't fail of making medicine a little more certain than it is now, and them more powerful in distinguishing diseases. He has roused in me a higher feeling than I had in



regard to my profession. I always looked upon it as one of the noblest in the world; but now I hope I have driven off some of the lower feelings which influenced me while in America, and am prepared to study it as one requiring for a proper acquaintance of it the highest and most laborious exertions of which man is capable. Farewell, my dear mother, and remember the feelings that dictated this letter if you are not interested in its contents. Love to all.

P. S. James Jackson is one of my firmest and best friends, and the more I know him the better I like him. He has been of great service to me in teaching me things which he learnt during the year previous.

TO HIS SISTER MARY.

February 6, 1833.

MY DEAR MARY, — I promised you a letter the last time I wrote, and having nothing to speak about at present but La Pitié and Louis, I must have recourse again to my journal and give you an account of my visit to Versailles in the autumn with Greene and Warren. You must consider this a great favor, inasmuch as were it not for the desire of writing to you I should be now enjoying one of the most beautiful moons that ever shone upon the fair hills of France. However, I have drawn open my curtains and am determined to take at least a transient glimpse at her ladyship, from time to time, when my ideas are not quite so poetical as they ought to be, when writing of the far-famed city of

Versailles. (You will recollect that the moon has a most astonishing effect upon me.)

. . . . .  
I had many poetical ideas, but *malheureusement* (for mankind at large) they were merely "airy nothings," for they all vanished when I attempted to mark them on paper. I was reminded, as I looked down from the gallery, of all the troubles of the Revolution; and those previous to the fatal termination for a time of the Bourbon power in France. Louis and his beautiful queen, Marie Antoinette, knelt before this altar that I was looking at, and the aisles of that chapel, now so deserted, had echoed to the sound of their footsteps. There is a kind of feeling, which it is out of my power to express in writing, that seizes me whenever I enter an old European church famed in story. After viewing this enough, we were conducted through an immense suite of apartments, all unfurnished, but all gilded as before the Revolution. Among them we passed through one that seemed more convenient than the others. It was the apartment (bedchamber) of the queen, from which she fled at the time the Paris mob came to seize upon her. I was abominably angry at being hurried through this apartment in a very summary manner. Otherwise I should have lisped in numbers, for the numbers would have come. As it was, I had feelings when thinking of the fair and unfortunate queen which, as Sterne says, "I could not explain by the supposition of any combination of matter and motion." I was as certain I

had a soul at this time, as Sterne was when sitting by the side of his Maria.

TO HIS PARENTS.

PARIS, March 13, 1833.

I read a few days since the discourse of Dr. Follen upon the occasion of the death of Dr. Spurzheim. It is in some parts beautifully and powerfully written, but the greatest charm about it was the character of the deceased as portrayed by the eulogist in many little though striking circumstances. From the doctor's discourse, I should judge that the great phrenologist was filled to overflowing with the love of his fellow beings, a philanthropist in the widest significance of the term. I am sorry I have not heard him, but I hope to make up the loss by attending a course of lectures on his favorite subject given under the direction of the Phrenological Society. Every day I live marks me more an American than before. There is too much humbug on the part of the police, and at the same time 60,000 troops of the line are in the city of Paris to maintain "ordre publique," or in other words, to keep the people in as much subjection as under the old régime. The affair of the "coup de pistolet" when Louis was going to the House of Deputies is now considered a mere farce, a trick of the police to excite the people's minds in favor of the Government. General Lafayette is neglected, M. Lafitte has lost his all, and recently his mansion was exposed for sale. Among the ministry there is

not one who favored the Revolution, and two of them absolutely opposed it to the utmost of their power. So much for the Government of the citizen King. As for Lafayette, I never approach the good old gentleman but that I almost imagine myself in the presence of a superior being. There is so much mildness, "*douceur*," about him that I wonder how any one can but love him. Yesterday I called upon him to obtain a ticket of admission into the Chamber of Deputies, and he met me, as he always does, with a hearty shake of both hands, and gave me two, — one for myself and one other for another of our fellow citizens, he said. I felt sorry as I looked upon him that he had been so woefully deceived by Louis Philippe, and that he is now in the ministry; but a moment afterwards I felt my American heart beat stronger than ever when thinking that in America, at least, he will always be in a glorious majority. I could hardly restrain myself from expressing some of the feelings which were within when these thoughts flashed across me. He is a great and a good man to whom posterity will give honor. —, perhaps, will say that the granddaughter probably caused some of my excitement. But I assure her that the granddaughter did not once occur to my mind during the interview.

My love to all as usual.

Midnight is fast approaching, and therefore you will excuse my not going beyond the third page.

In the intervals of his medical studies about this time, my father became interested, with several French and

Swiss law and medical students, in the lectures of Jouffroy, the famous philosopher, then in the College of France.

No special mention is made in the letters of his attendance at these meetings, but a subsequent journal, written many years later, gives some details of his experience with Jouffroy, and these, with the fragment of a letter addressed at that time to the lecturer, serve to show how deeply my father was interested in everything pertaining to matters spiritual, even in the midst of his busy medical life.

#### JOUFFROY'S LECTURES.<sup>1</sup>

These lectures were delightful. Week after week a bevy of us young men got from him the highest inspiration. I remember as if it were but yesterday the title of the first lecture I heard from him. It ran in its introduction somewhat in this wise : Gentlemen, I shall speak to you to-day of the Future Life ; of what it must be according to the constitution of the human mind. He was a Spiritualist, as you will see, and taught Natural Religion, and would probably answer as Huxley does, that a "philosophic faith" teaches that at some time "life was given to dead matter." It struck me very pleasantly, the earnestness with which young men followed him and subsequently discussed most freely the high themes thus suggested. The subject fascinated not only the students, but I found at my "pension bourgeoise" young and old, men and women, anxious to hear of them during the courses at the dinner table, and to

<sup>1</sup> Extract from volume ix., Book X., pages 25 to 26, Manuscript.

talk about them with the same freedom they were discussed in the salon of the philosopher. This was a new phase of society such as I had never met in America. Every day I was asked in regard to the subjects discussed, and we had the freest conversation upon them. The dinner was not only a physical repast, but an intellectual feast also, perfectly free of speech and at times very *piquante*, not to say peculiar. I remember one conversation most clearly, because at the time it made a deep impression on me and apparently claimed the attention of all at the table (consisting of old conservatives of the "ancien régime," middle-aged Democrats, young law and medical students, interspersed with variously-aged women). The question had arisen of sublimity and beauty in literature, and various writers had been alluded to as showing more or less of either or both of these characteristics. Suddenly a middle-aged democratic-faced personage broke out with the following, apparently forced from him by the general drift of the conversation : " Well, I find more sublimity and beauty in the Bible than in any other book." A thunderclap on a clear day could not have had more effect, and a law student in terms and with a manner expressive of complete dissent from that proposition said, " Mon Dieu ! Le Bible ! C'est tout passé, ça ! " Instantly, with a face full of fierce energy, the other replied, " Sir, I was a child of the Revolution, and a Bible was put into my hands, and I was told to read or not, as I pleased ; and I repeat that in my opinion the Bible has more passages of sublimity and beauty



than any other book that I read." The vehemence of his manner and his incisive language of warm feeling closed the debate.

This letter, addressed to Jouffroy, was found among my father's papers, with the date 1832 or 1833. On the back of the sheet is a short fragmentary note written in 1890, nearly sixty years later.

DEAR SIR, — If I understand you rightly, you said all religions are merely codes of morals formed by human kind. It is a science, as mathematics, natural philosophy, are sciences. It improves as these sciences do, as mankind advances more in knowledge; it has improved as these have done. You hope that future philosophers will continue to labor in it, in order to bring it more nearly to perfection. Now, I would ask you whether religion can be placed on the same footing with the physical sciences. Certainly all of these latter are vastly better known than at the time Christianity was introduced. The astronomer, naturalist, etc., would smile at the supposition that he knows nothing more than his predecessors eighteen hundred years ago. Does the Christian think this; does he not think — in fact, is he not sure — that the great principles of Christianity have remained always the same? Can you, sir, point out one single feature of the Christian code that has been improved even a little since it was given to mankind by its author?

I think you cannot. If this be really so, then it contradicts your argument that religion is merely a name and must improve as man improves. Yet more,

this is an exceedingly strange result, inasmuch as it ought to have advanced more than any of the others, for during the Middle Ages it was comparatively the only one particularly studied by the monks in the cells of their convents. Again, you said, sir, it was the last (that is, I think you said so), consequently it is the most perfect. According to your theory the religion of Mahomet ought to be the most perfect, for it came last ; and it has blighted by its influence some of the countries which before bowed to Christianity.

I will ask you, in conclusion, to be willing in your next lesson to answer me, for I cannot yet see that your argument holds good. If you will do this, you will oblige one who is seeking after truth, and a constant attendant upon your lectures.

Note written on the back of letter.

PETERBORO, N. H., May, 1890.

I remember as if it happened only yesterday my writing this letter to Jouffroy, the elegant lecturer on Philosophy at the Sorbonne, whom many of our students listened to with the deepest interest as he discussed the highest themes.

Jouffroy answered publicly this letter somewhat in this way : A member of this class writes to me showing loyalty to truth and doubting my position, that all religions are developments of human thought. They all improve. He doubts whether this can be said of Christianity, which was delivered by its founder pure and perfect at his time. I will cite one proof



that I am correct in saying that Christianity *has* improved since it was established. Christianity says, "Servants" (*i. e.*, slaves, as that is the real meaning of δούλοι in the passage), "obey your masters;" and for centuries the rule was obeyed. We in France do not think that is correct doctrine now.

The note here breaks off abruptly.

Whether this reply to his query satisfied the mind of the young student my father never stated in later years.

TO HIS SISTER MARY.

PARIS, April (?), 1833.

. . . . .  
You wonder, in your last, who will be my Valentine. To tell the truth, I had entirely forgotten about valentines and Valentine's Day until you reminded me, but unfortunately it was then too late. Besides, had I recollected, it would have been but very little good, so few damsels, either French or American, am I acquainted with in this great city. I had a very pleasant evening at Mrs. Peabody's the evening before she left, with Mrs. T. H. Perkins and Mrs. Tucker of New York. It seemed like old times. I have been very much occupied of late in preparing some observations to present to a society of French physicians, of which Jackson is a member and of which Louis is president. My object in doing so is to offer myself as a member, Louis and a number of the first men in it having asked me to join. The rule is that one out of three candidates shall be chosen, and each of these three must present three observa-

tions upon the same disease ; *i. e.*, the history of the individuals who have been sick with lung fever, for example. I presented them yesterday, and do not know what will be the result. I merely know that if I am chosen in, it will bring me in contact with a great many of those who are or are going to be the first men in medicine which France or Switzerland (some are Swiss) can produce. If chosen in, I shall be obliged to read a paper occasionally before the society — in French ! You ask me when I am going to England. I will answer this in my next, and will give my plans to father in detail and also my expenses during the ten months that I have been in Paris. You say that you have been arguing with father upon my going to Italy and Switzerland. I wish you may succeed, though father has been so kind to me so far on my life's journey that I blush to ask any further favors. Suffice it to say that nothing would give me greater pleasure than next spring, after having finished my studies, to take a trip into Switzerland and breathe afterwards the pure air and feel joyous under the blue skies of Italy. I believe I am one of Byron's silent poets, who have poetical feeling enough when visiting places renowned in story, but unfortunately are unable to give to the world the result of their inspired moments.

TO HIS FATHER.

PARIS, May 12, 1833.

I have left my letter to Barnard unsealed, in order that you may read it. You will see that I

was rather excited when I wrote it, but I assure you I felt five times as much as I could express. The principal difficulty I feel in writing to my friends is my utter inability to express on paper the thoughts that run through me, and it is when thus writing that I desire most to see you and tell all that I feel. I had a talk a few days since with Holmes, who has been studying with Dr. Jackson, upon what I considered the advantages held out to a student in Paris, especially to a medical student when acquainted with Louis. We had a fight (as he called it) for an hour, and the next day I heard of his having said that either Louis was the greatest man that ever lived in medicine, or I was crazy.<sup>1</sup> I don't think I am quite beside myself yet, and I think also that the longer I remain here the farther I shall be from that state of mind. But you will learn more what my feelings are from my letter to Barnard than you will learn from this. You will think me all extravagance and say that I don't look at any of the difficulties in the case; that my wished-for freedom I never shall see; that our professors will always be elementary; that folks will never lecture unless they are paid, etc. You will say all this, and much I fear it may be the case, and so much is the greater disgrace to Boston, which has sent so many of her young men to France, and so few have remembered on their return the

<sup>1</sup> After my father's death, in 1892, in a letter sent to the memorial meeting of the Suffolk District Medical Society, Dr. Holmes referred to this discussion, and generously added, "He was right and I was wrong." (Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, August 25, 1892.) ED.

reception they met with in its capital. You, when a young man, were received in Salem, and allowed to visit the Athenæum freely ; and you have never forgotten it ; it has influenced your mind and made you one of the most liberal of the citizens of Boston whenever there is any question whether science or money be of the most importance. I want to see everything more free than it is now ; our museums and libraries thrown open, at least at certain times, to the whole public. That is what is done here, and what ought to be done in America. On the contrary, we are rather inclined to follow the example of Old England, and make men pay for everything. A slight affair often alters the whole course of a man's life. The difference produced in Boston by having the libraries open or not may not be very manifest immediately, but who can say that many a young man would not be excited to tread in the paths of learning by being invited thus to enter them, whereas he would continue to plod on, in mediocrity, not knowing better, should the doors be closed upon him until he can produce the sum required in order to obtain permission to partake of what ought to be as freely given as the atmosphere we breathe. I will express my determination that on my return, and when in the course of time I shall perhaps fill some of the places which are now occupied by those older, my grand aim shall be to give to everybody the opportunity of study, and in this way repay to humanity at large the immense debt of gratitude I owe to France. I don't expect ever to rank high

among the votaries of learning, but one spirit, I pray, I may always have, and that is a spirit that never will lead me except to excite those younger than myself to study science, for itself, and afford them every facility for so doing. May such be my feelings always.

During the first year of my father's stay in Paris, he had lodgings in the Place de l'Odeon in the Quartier Latin. He was, therefore, in the immediate vicinity of spots made famous by the terrible scenes of the French Revolution, and it is easy to see how the mind of the young student was influenced by the halo of romance which had already thrown its glamour over the awful deeds enacted there a half century before.

In a letter to his sister Mary, who was about to leave school, he begs her not to neglect her reading, especially of history. He says, —

When you read of the republic, think that I now dine at a house which had until within a few months the motto of the republic upon its portal; that in this same house is the little chamber where Charlotte Corday plunged the dagger into the heart of Marat. Think, too, that I live near the spot where Marshal Ney was shot; that at a short distance is the spot where were beheaded Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, etc. All these things may make the history more interesting.

## CHAPTER III

### LIFE IN EUROPE (CONTINUED)

IT must have been late in the spring of 1833 that my father fell ill with an attack resembling *la grippe*, and which fortunately left no unfavorable symptoms behind.

Soon after this, in the summer, he went to England and Scotland, where, largely due to the kindness of Mrs. Somerville, he was received with great courtesy by a number of scientific men, among these being Sir William Herschel, Professor Airy, the then Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge and later Astronomer Royal, Sir James Mackintosh of Edinburgh, and the famous mathematician of London, Charles Babbage, for whom he soon began to have the strongest feelings of friendship and affection. The description of the wonderful "calculating machine," the invention of this remarkable man, and of the numerous conversations, in which the older man opened his heart to his young friend, are charmingly given in journal letters written many years later to my sister.

His visits to the London hospitals and his attendance upon the clinics of some of the eminent men of this time seem to have made an unfavorable impression upon him, with the methods of his beloved teacher, Louis, fresh in his mind, and he did not hesitate in his letters to make comparisons strongly in favor of the latter.

TO HIS FATHER.

LONDON, August 8, 1833.

Since I last wrote to you I have dined at Mr. Baily's with many scientific gentlemen, and a very





*Pl. 25*





pleasant time I had, I assure you. Mr. Baily is quite wealthy and owns a very beautiful estate in the west end of the city. Before dinner he showed a great number of the original letters of Flamsteed to Abraham Sharp, which throw much light upon the character of Sir Isaac Newton and others who were his contemporaries. Mr. Baily intends publishing them. He read one extract which seems to show Sir Isaac not to have been such a mild and good-natured philosopher as his biographers have generally described him to have been. Flamsteed is speaking of an interview he has had with Sir Isaac. The latter, it appears, wished that the Royal Society, of which he was president, should have the control of Greenwich Observatory. "I told him," observes Flamsteed, "that all the instruments were my own and that I had bought them with my own money," etc. The altercation increased, and "at length he (Sir Isaac) fired and called me all sorts of abusive names, — such as 'puppy,' etc. I made no remark except to remind him of his anger and to beg him to try to calm himself. But this only made him the more angry," etc. So that it appears Sir Isaac was as other men are sometimes, *very angry*. Before dinner, also, your translation was displayed and admired.

At dinner I was seated between Mr. Babbage and Dr. Somerville. "Do tell me," says Dr. Somerville, "can your father laugh with the world?" "Can he laugh *at* it?" says Mr. Baily. "Why, gentlemen, there is no person who can laugh more loudly or rub his hands with more glee than my father. There is

nothing that pleases him more than in his leisure hours to converse and laugh with his friends around him." (I then went through your operation of rubbing your hands, much to the amusement of Mr. Baily.) "Well," said he, "I am glad he has not seen us, for I have no doubt he has a much higher opinion of us from your description than he would have were he to see us face to face. But mind, now, and don't make us too great, for we are all men and nothing but men, after all." But I have written much in my journal about all the great folks, and I must read when I return.

Next morning I breakfasted with Sir Astley Cooper, the first surgeon in England, having received a letter from him to Mr. Babbage. I spent a very pleasant time. Sir Astley has all the manners of a gentleman with a great deal of kindness in showing every one of his preparations to those who take an interest in medicine. I have never seen anything like them before, and was highly gratified with my visit.

After breakfast I went to Westminster Abbey to attend the funeral of Wilberforce, the great and constant advocate for the abolition of slavery. I anticipated a great deal. Writers have often told of the impressiveness of the burial service, and I supposed it would be peculiarly moving when performed in such a place and on such an occasion. When the coffin was about to be borne in at the great door of the old Abbey, and the organ sounded, and the lords of the land opened to let it pass, the

effect was very solemn. It was pleasant to see the mighty aristocrats of England thus reverencing the virtuous dead. Soon the priests began to chant, and they had such an air of indifference that, with all my efforts, other feelings than those of solemnity pressed themselves upon me. The same seemed to be the case with people around me, and soon every one began whispering to his neighbor in order to get a knowledge of the lords who surrounded the grave. I did not wonder at them at all, for no one could have been awed, even at that moment when is heard, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." At the close the organ sounded again very beautifully and solemnly among the lofty arches of the cathedral; almost every one seemed struck with it, and yet a moment afterwards all was finished, and each was saluting his neighbor as if nothing had happened. When seeing this indifference I often think of your quotation, "Toll not the bell of death for me." . . .

I have seen everything worthy of being seen in my profession. There are some men who are an honor to it; others who really are something like a disgrace to it. I followed Dr. — (among others), one of the chief physicians of London, in his visit at the hospital. I had been introduced to him previously. His main object seemed to be to make the students laugh. I was completely disgusted. Such is the case with most of them. They talk much, but know little. There are several splendid museums which I have visited and studied. It is rather

singular that I should have met one of the chief professors of Edinburgh, who is visiting London, at three different museums. We are now on quite intimate terms, and he has given me his card, and a promise to show me everything worthy of being seen at his city, which I shall probably have arrived at in a few days, as I shall leave here for the north on Monday next, 12th. I shall go by the way of Oxford and Liverpool, and shall be gone from London about four or five weeks, and shall return to Paris so as to spend next winter with Louis, always premising that the plan meets your approbation. . . .

I asked to-day of Baring Brothers their account up to my time of leaving France, and you will see the result of the inclosed agrees very nearly with my expenses as shown by my account-book, in which I have put all my expenses, even the most minute. You will find that during the last year I spent \$580, but I have been certainly as economical as I could consistently with your last words, "Spend what you find necessary for the advancement in knowledge of your profession." Under this impression I have taken very many courses of private instruction when I thought it advantageous.

On the 12th of August he journeyed northward toward Scotland, and here for four or five weeks he satisfied to the full his love for the romantic in walking through the regions immortalized by Burns and Scott.

None of his letters from Scotland have been preserved, unfortunately; but in some reminiscences of European

travels written many years later, I have found the following extract descriptive of his journey : —

ALLUSIONS TO WALKING TRIP IN SCOTLAND, 1833.<sup>1</sup>

My journey was taken on foot with my pack on my back, with my mother's Bible in one pocket and Burns's poems in the other ; a singular combination, it may be thought, and yet, after all, not so strange if you think of the varied contents of the two. David with his magnificent Psalms and human frailties, combined with the Sermon on the Mount and St. Paul's eloquence on Mars Hill, are not wholly inconsistent with the homely beauties of the "Cotter's Saturday Night," the perfection of a pure human love felt in all that the poet writes of his "Highland Mary ;" and certainly there cannot be a more complete "confession" (as Wordsworth says), "at once devout, poetical, and human," than the "Bard's Epitaph," when

"Thoughtless follies laid him low  
And stained his name."

Truly Burns and the Bible might be companions of a youth when walking, as a citizen of the world, through the picturesque and famous Highlands or Lowlands of Scotland. You may well believe that after joyously going, under the guidance of Scott, through the Trossachs, and having landed on Ellen's Isle, in Loch Katrine, I made my way to Ayr and Greenock, the land of Burns. How pleasant to walk by the "Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon,"

<sup>1</sup> From volume ix., Book X., page 55 of his Manuscripts.

and to cross the "Brig" at whose "key-stane" Tam O'Shanter's filly lost her tail under the sharp grip of one of the witches ("Nanny" was her name) whom Tam, in his speedy flight to get across the mid-stream, could not wholly escape from! With a certain reverence I went to Greenock to stand by the grave of "Highland Mary," and found no stone to mark it. This so shocked me that I wrote my first newspaper squib for the local paper, complaining (incog. of course) that an American should come thousands of miles to visit the spot made sacred to him by Burns and find no memorial raised by Scotland to the sweet maiden who had so immortalized the land of her birth by the pure love she had inspired in Scotland's bard. The spot where she was buried was pointed out to me by the old sexton who cared for the graveyard. This worthy was a quiet, matter-of-fact person, and received my enthusiasm with a severity appropriate for a grave-digger; but he quite spoiled, for a time, at least, and in his presence, my ardor, for to my simple (as I took it to be) exclamation, "I would give everything if I could only write as Burns did!" he said, looking at me with some curiosity, "Ay, young man, an do ye nae think you might do something better than that?" Like my friend on the Roman Forum who found it a "mere heap of old stones," I decided that the grave-digger and I could not sympathize; but, in fact, he, of all I met, was the only Scotchman who did not love and reverence the memory of Burns. I talked as I walked along the road with



every one I overtook. The Parson and Peasant, all with one accord were proud of the Poet. At one time a farmer and his daughter, driving home from the mill, allowed me to sit between them, and the maiden sang sweetly to me, as we jogged along the winding road, —

“Of a’ the airts the wind can blaw,  
I dearly lo’e the West,  
For there the bonnie lassie lives,  
The lassie I lo’e best.”

Afterwards I took my seat by the drivers of the public coaches. They, too, knew all about Burns, and seemed pleased at my enthusiasm. One of them told me the following anecdote, which, though not to be found in my Cunningham edition of Burns, I doubt not is as true as many anecdotes devoutly believed in by the Massachusetts Historical Society or even the Bostonian Society, with all their learning, about American notable events. At the time this incident occurred, the town was on the point of having its corporation dinner. The old incumbent in office (whether mayor or not I do not know, but we will call him mayor or “mare”) was going to leave and one newly elected was to take his place. Unfortunately, Burns, the night before the celebration, having taken too much “home-brewed ale,” put his horse into his neighbor’s field, who crustily complained of the trespass and had the animal put in the “Pound.” The next day, Burns, to his horror, received a note from the retiring magistrate, stating the facts in the case and



informing him that he must pay expenses. In despair Burns cried out, —

“ Was ever mortal man sae fretted ?  
The maister drunk, the horse committed !  
But as for thee, puir beast, take thou nae care,  
Thou still wilt be a *horse* when he’s nae *mair*.”

And my coachee assured me that the prompt wit of the bard so pleased the magistrates that the fine was remitted, or paid by others, and he was invited as a guest to the corporation dinner !

Now, when I am not sure of a fact, I put the question upon the “ doctrine of chances,” and in this case I summarily decide that the anecdote was exactly true in all particulars ! Who *can* deny it ? It was so told to me ! “ Ergo Q. E. D.”

I was not satisfied with my visit to the unnamed grave of the “ sweet Highland Mary,” and hearing that her nephew, William Anderson, lived at Dumbarton, and that he had the Bible given Mary by Burns, I determined to visit him. I was richly repaid. The Bible was in two very small volumes, the Old and the New Testaments. It seemed that, for a time, Mary had one and Burns the other. I observed that the former was more worn than the other ; evidently Mary had used hers more freely than her lover had used his share. In one of them was a soft brown lock of hair said to have been cut from Mary’s hair after her death. I wanted to buy the two volumes, but found that my funds would fall short if I paid the price set upon them. I am glad now that I was unable to take them, but I

suggested to the owner that I might possibly send for them from America. Had I obtained them, they would not be where they are now; viz., more appropriately placed among the relics at Burns's Monument at Ayr. Subsequently to my visit, they were brought by their owner to the far West of this country, and there remained until finally summoned to their present resting-place by the builders of the Burns Monument. Finding that there was a possible purchaser of the volumes, the owner readily consented to give me a very small part of the lock of hair.

Doubtless there are some who will deem it a very sentimental act on a young man's part to purchase a lock of Highland Mary's hair and carry it about with him carefully preserved in a waistcoat pocket for years. My father himself often laughingly alluded to the terms applied to him by his brothers and sisters when he was thought as a boy to be too much given to dreaming. "Oh, Henry, you are so sentimental!" "I have always been glad that I am so," he would laughingly add.

The fact remains that for twenty-five years the lock of hair was carried in his pocket, and at the end of that time was transferred by my father to a handsome gold seal made specially for the purpose. Later he presented it to one of his sons, who continues to wear it, and prizes it as a precious heirloom.

On the lid of the locket is inscribed, "Highland Mary's Hair. Given to me at Greenock, Sept. 14, 1833, by her nephew, William Anderson. It is part of the lock preserved in the Bible given her by Burns. The Bible and remainder of the hair are now at Burns's Monument at

Ayr. Both are alluded to by Cunningham (Burns's 'Life,' vol. v., page 27).

"Having been carried in my pocket twenty-five years, I now place the relic in this seal. Jan. 25, 1859."

In the autumn he returned to Paris and resumed his work with Louis.

#### TO HIS FATHER.

PARIS, October 29, 1833.

I am now again fairly engaged in studying pathological anatomy and the history of disease. My friend Stewartson and I are the only persons admitted within Louis's domains after the morning visit, so that we can do every and any thing we wish. I go twice a day and make a record of all the interesting cases; and I am sure, with the opportunity given me by my worthy instructor, and his zeal for study influencing my mind, I shall pass the winter very profitably. I am afraid from your silence on the subject that your opinion is rather different from mine. I will put one question to you, and you may judge if I have done rightly. Suppose you had come to France for the purpose of studying mathematics, intending as I did to pass a year in Paris and a second year in Great Britain. Suppose you should happen to fall upon a gentleman very far advanced in the most abstruse points of your science. Suppose he clears up the difficulties which previously seemed insurmountable, lays open to your view what was before all chaos, gives order where there was no order before. Suppose, too, this same man to have a mind which is constantly seeking for

something farther — always earnest to find something that has been previously hidden from men's eyes. Finally, suppose he excites in you a most earnest love of your branch of science ; shows you the best manner of pursuing your studies, and gives you such opportunities for so doing that, before you finish your first year, you find in conversing with men who are to be your teachers in Great Britain, they know not more and oftentimes not so much about the higher mathematics as yourself. You certainly would not think of spending a year in Great Britain when you might have such advantages in Paris. It would seem to everybody like a specimen of the grossest egotism should I say I was similarly situated. But of this I am very certain, that one who is now considered as the first clinical professor in London passed a number of patients as being merely feeble who to me had all the signs of consumption. The gentleman was so very kind, after having passed two wards, as to show a few plain cases of this disease, but I had a great mind to tell him I thought he had left some behind ; that is, I felt as everybody else does, that England and Scotland have retained the names of schools of medicine, but the schools themselves have fallen from their honorable position which they had some fifty or more years ago. Though I have chosen according to the best of my judgment, still I would like to hear your candid opinion of my doings. I am anxious to receive it ; I know not why I have received no letters from anybody from the last packet

— unless they be in London. I have lost them.  
My love to all.

Your son

H.

TO HIS SISTER MARY.

PARIS, November, 1833.

. . . . .  
Tell father I wish he would let me know his opinion about my change of plans, for I feel troubled at thinking that perhaps he thinks I ought to have remained in England during this winter. Thank Heaven I did not. My time would have been worse than wasted. I should have had no hospitals to enter and spend most of the day in, as I have now at La Pitié. Instead of following every day a professor who is allowed by almost every one who knows him to be the first man for knowledge of disease, I should have been obliged to follow one twice a week only (— is thought the chief man in London) who, when I was in London, pointed out to me circumstances as very curious which are mere commonplace things in the wards of Louis. Thrice happy am I that I have trod on French soil, and breathed a French atmosphere; have known Louis. But still I wish father would tell me his opinion frankly. Give my love to mother and all. Tell Anne Greene<sup>1</sup> that though I speak not often of her she is often brought to my mind by the words she pinned upon my needle-case. I went to an American soirée the other evening, and was delighted with

<sup>1</sup> Afterward Mrs. Wendell Phillips.

the sight of American beauty. There were young ladies from the North, the South, the East, and the West. There were the Misses Atherton, with their bright black eyes and rare hair. I should have fallen in love with one or the other of these representatives of Philadelphia had I not steeled my heart against any charms which the daughters of Eve may have on this side of the water (father and Ingersoll will recollect a Wistar party we attended at their father's house). In addition to the Athertons was one fair brunette from New Orleans. There was also a fair blue-eyed lassie from New York who was very agreeable, and last but not least came Madame Otis of Boston. I danced with her the first time she danced in Paris, and she observed that Nat was the last or nearly the last one she danced with before leaving America.

December 5, 1833.

. . . . .

On the evening of the 29th ult. three hours after I had given my letter to Stoddard, which contained my project in regard to a visit to Italy, I returned to my boarding-house and there found ——. I was well pleased to see him, but much more to see the letter he had for me from father. I felt afraid almost to ask the favor, and therefore it is doubly pleasant to have my wishes anticipated. Thank father and mother most heartily for their kindness to me. I doubt not but that I had many able advocates among the younger members of the family. All that I can say is that I thank all who have lent their



voices towards gaining for me permission to visit the classic shores of Italy. I am already half crazy at the thought of the pleasure I have in prospect, and lament only that I have not at present any person in my mind's eye with whom I should be willing to make the tour. . . . I believe I must go alone, as I traveled in Scotland, and then I had no one to disturb me, except when I wished it.

I am living so near La Pitié now that I am obliged to take walks regularly, morning and evening. The Garden of Plants is close at hand, and I generally make it my place for exercise of the body now, as it was for the mind last spring. In these walks I renew my acquaintance with the long-neglected classics, and Virgil with his beautiful hexameters, and Catullus with his songs in honor of Lesbia, have become my companions as in my younger days. Now I meet them with pleasure and find daily new beauties, but in early times I looked upon them as taskmasters and not as the sweet poets I find them now. It is a pity that most of us form, from our school-days' troubles, such unpleasant impressions of the Latin and Greek writers. And it is hard to obviate the difficulty. . . .

My watch and my eyes tell me that it is half past midnight and that it is time I was in bed, so I shall bid you farewell. Write soon. You ought to have told me how Jackson was by the last packet. We have all been in alarm about him because we have only received a mere word in Warren's letter stating he was very sick. Should Jackson be taken away,



it would be truly, as Louis said, when I told of the news, "affreux." He would be an immense loss to his friends and to medicine.<sup>1</sup> The Boston people will know ere long the many good things there are in him.

## TO HIS FATHER.

PARIS, December 13, 1833.

In your last you give me full consent to go to Italy, and be assured that by so doing you have granted me a favor which I felt almost ashamed to ask, though I have always looked with a longing eye towards the country of the "Mantuan bards." I compared my opportunities with those of the rest of the family, and felt as if I ought to keep silence. My desire of visiting Italy, as you before this have seen, overcame all the arguments to the contrary that my reason brought forwards. But I am extremely glad that before my wish was expressed to you, your permission was already in Paris ; for had you granted my request, I should always have thought that you had done so because unwilling to refuse me, and not because you really wished I should go there. All my friends, both those who have been and those who have not, are envying me the pleasure I have in prospect. I am still much engaged with my hospital, twice a day, and gain much every Saturday evening when I read a paper before our society. Conse-

<sup>1</sup> His fears for his friend's health were soon to be realized. Not long afterwards he received the news of Dr. Jackson's untimely death, a loss which was felt deeply by all.

quently I shall not leave Paris for some time to come. In fact, I shall get two full years of study unless by going a month earlier to Rome I can hear the *Miserere* chanted in the Sistine Chapel. Mother must not expect me home before September, unless I go early. You mention that if I wish you will continue my accounts with Baring and Co. from May, 1834. I certainly should like it much, more especially as I may be at some expense on your account and that of the Boston public. You stare, but I say naught but the truth. When in London I saw much of the Babbage machine, and was much pleased as well as astonished at it. Mr. Babbage gave me full liberty to take all the drawings I wished, but unfortunately, having never attended at all to designing, my plans were miserably done and would have given you no new idea upon the subject. Herschel Babbage, the son of the inventor, has kindly given me the projection of one side of the machine, and promises to send me more, but still I think there is nothing like a model of at least one of the component parts (for, after all, where one understands one of these parts one understands the whole). I think I should like to have it presented before the members of the Mechanics' Institution. How can one tell the effect which the examination of such a machine might produce upon the mind of some of our young and intelligent mechanics? It might open trains of thought which perhaps would never come into their minds without. Having a feeling that I should be benefiting Boston at the same time that I should gratify you, I spoke to a mechanic, and

called twice with him in order to see this wonder-working machine, but unfortunately both times something prevented the fulfillment of my wishes. He promised to visit Mr. Babbage after my departure from London, and let me know whether he could do what I wished. I have not yet heard from him, and intend soon to write to ask about it. If I hear, I shall let you know. The compliment which the gentlemen of Boston and Salem have recently paid to you pleases me very much, though were I to criticise the letter as I undertake to criticise Mary's, I should say that in some parts is shown a lack of good taste; but still it is a delight to me to see you live to enjoy your own fame — a thing not often granted to men. It is delightful to see that on both sides of the water you are respected as *the* man of science in our country.

. . . . .  
Tell mother that I am well and no rheumatism to trouble me since enveloping myself in flannel waistcoats and wearing wooden shoes!

Good-by.

Your son.

TO HIS SISTER MARY.

PARIS, February 6, 1834.

I went a few days since to attend the funeral of Mr. Duley, a deputy of the opposition, who had been killed in a duel with one of the supporters of Louis Philippe. You will see the account of the duel in the papers, but I want to tell you what I saw and heard. The corpse was placed in a mag-

nificent car drawn by four black horses dressed in black feathers and trappings, etc. On all sides it was surrounded with troops, which presented a most martial and solemn aspect, as, glittering in the sunshine, they paced along upon their horses. Before and behind the military were immense crowds of people walking, in order to pay their last respects to the memory of one of the most zealous supporters of their cause. The boulevards were crowded to excess where the procession was passing, and from time to time the people broke through the silence with their cries of "Vive la liberté et la république." As soon as this last took place the troops shouted "Vive le roi" and the trumpeters made their trumpets to send forth their shrillest notes. (I will merely state that this was only one of the means the Government used for quelling the rebellious feeling of the multitude. In fact, something much more effectual was placed near the Tuileries, for there were cannon planted upon Place Vendôme and every arrangement made to withstand any popular rising. Even some of the troops of the line had their backs laden with all the requisites for binding up the wounded.) Nothing, however, happened until the arrival of the body at Père la Chaise. Whilst prayers were being offered at the chapel, the people collected about the open grave. Every monument and tree in the vicinity was filled. Many a rich mausoleum will mourn the desolation produced by the funeral of Duley. Sufficient arrangements had not been made to hinder the crowd from pressing

too near, and consequently some very unpleasant accidents happened. Twice did I see two or three individuals pushed into the grave, and once fairly upon the coffin. It was anything but a ceremony worthy of such a consecrated spot as Père la Chaise. I thought often of father's expression, "Toll not the bell of death for me."

At length, however, the grave was filled, and the air rang with "Vive Lafayette," for the venerable old man was seen approaching leaning on two friends, and preparing to pay his last tribute over the grave of the departed patriot. He addressed the multitude in a few words, but so faint was his voice that not one word that escaped from his lips reached my ears. Several other addresses were delivered, but they were little else than appeals to party feelings. After all was finished, the people prepared to receive Lafayette as he descended from the place of interment towards his carriage. He came supported by Arago (father knows him well), and the air of the "city of the dead" was again filled with shouts in honor of the patriarch. But this was not all. The horses were taken from his carriage and he was dragged in triumph by the people, singing the Marseillaise. This was contrary to the wish of the general, and he alighted at the first house he met, and probably would have remained there all night had not the horses and the coachman been replaced to their respective situations. When this was done the carriage drove off "au galop," and the republicans with naked arms and

“bonnets rouges” were left to sing their songs alone.

Soon everything was quiet, and no one would have supposed that anything had happened except from the number of troops seen patrolling the streets. Had Louis Philippe not had 40,000 troops in Paris, perhaps we should have had another “three days.”

H.

TO HIS MOTHER.

February 13, 1834.

I have not addressed a letter personally to you for some time, though I assure you not a day passes without my thinking of you. In truth, this could not be otherwise, for whenever I think of myself, of my own feelings, I am naturally led to think of that one who in early days instilled into me good opinions. I have talked much about you, my dear mother, with one or two friends; and if ever I feel enthusiastic, if ever I feel grateful for my lot in this world, it is when conversing with my few intimate friends upon your virtues. Since I have been in Europe, my character, so far as I can judge, has been materially altered. There were subjects upon which, when in America, I dared not speak, though I thought much, for fear of what the world would say. The idea of conversing with one of my companions on the subject of the relation in which man stands to his Maker, I never could bear. I dreaded the scorn of the world. In truth, in our happy New England, the state of society is such that one is not induced to do so. But since I have been in

Paris I hear such opinions advanced by the common mass of the people that I have been led still more to think and finally to converse upon religion. The same effect has been produced upon most of my Boston friends. Many pleasant conversations have I had with Jackson and Copley Greene during my sojourn in Europe, especially about the time of the death of the father of the latter.

My motto I have taken, and I hope to be able to act up to it. I am sure, if I do so, always to be contented. It is taken from Spinoza who, with many errors, had many beautiful precepts.

“*Beatitudo non est premium virtutis, sed virtus ipsa.*”

Some of the family may think me a parson, a devotee; but no, I am far from it. I am far more liberal now than I was before visiting Europe. But I am old enough now to think a little for myself, and of what I ought to do. I accept, with Burns, the last part of “Jennie Dean’s Grace:” “Lord, help us to lead a gude life, for a gude life makes a gude end—at least, it helps weel.” I go farther than Jennie, and declare that none can lead a happy life without a “gude” one. Consequently I have taken for my motto the maxim of Spinoza mentioned above. How shall I ever repay you, my dear mother, for what you have done for me? How often do I think of your calling us together after church on Sunday afternoons. Had you not instilled into me at those times good feelings, I should not have the



happy ones which now influence me. As I wrote to *one* not long since: "Often, often do I ask that a blessing may descend upon the head of my invalid mother, who first taught me the prayers of childhood." May you always enjoy happiness as you tell me you have had heretofore, and I am sure you will, for you show in yourself an exemplification of the truth of my remarks in regard to the way of obtaining happiness in this life. Father also is another example; for certainly no one has carried to a greater extent the cultivation of his intellect, and father would die had he not some one like yourself to be the confidant of his joys and sorrows. May blessings attend you both, and may the time be far distant when you must be taken from us. At any rate, may never one of us cause your "gray hairs to go down with sorrow to the grave."

Your son

H.

P. S. You may think this a singular letter, but I like at times to write exactly my inmost thoughts.

Either late in February or early in March, my father began his journey southward towards Italy, and we have already learned by his letters how cordially his wishes were encouraged by his father and other members of his immediate family. His two brothers, Nat and Ingersoll, between whom and himself there had always been the warmest brotherly affection since earliest days, gave him substantial and generous proof of their desire that he should make the most of the proposed journey. Their letters to him are filled with proofs of their loving interest in his welfare. A few letters only, written at this time, have been preserved. For the most part they are filled

merely with description of plans and, with some few exceptions, are of no special interest; but the whole trip was one filled with delight to himself. Whether picturing vividly gladiatorial contests in the Coliseum at Rome; whether musing at the temples of Paestum; whether standing in the deserted streets of ruined Pompeii or delighting in the art treasures of Naples, Florence, and Venice, he was every moment laying up for himself thousands of delightful memories which gave him pleasure to the end of his life, and which he never wearied of recalling for the entertainment of others.

In the midst of this holiday trip, however, he did not lose his interest in medical matters, as shown by the following extract from one of his first letters from Italy to his sister Mary:—

But don't think I neglect medicine. At Genoa is one of the largest hospitals in Europe. It contains 2000 beds. The rooms are large and generally airy. The pharmacy is an enchanting spot, for, instead of the smell of drugs, one sniffs up the sweet odor of the orange and lemon trees that surround it, and everything is arranged so neatly that one imagines himself in a perfumer's shop and not an apothecary's. I was introduced to all the physicians and followed them in their visits, and the result was that I was glad to have studied at Paris. There each physician has 200 patients. Some he speaks to, others he remains near perhaps a minute, but the same indefiniteness of ideas in regard to the disease they are treating is manifested that we meet everywhere else save in the wards of Louis. They all have their theories and act up to them. I have

been studying Italian the last two months, and therefore understand almost everything spoken relative to my profession. Moreover the professors speak French.

TO HIS SISTER MARY.

FLORENCE, May 11, 1834.

Three weeks have elapsed since I last put a letter for you of Otis Place into the post office at Rome.

Since that I have been at Naples, and am now just arrived at Florence "the beautiful" (*la bella*). Five times I went to the post office at Naples and five times found it shut against me, and I know not the reason, for I went at the hours that were told me by the persons who knew about the arrangements of the mails. I have since learned that others were treated in the same way as myself. The only reason I can conceive is this. The Government is perfectly despotic, and intercourse is prevented as much as possible with foreigners, especially English and French. But to finish grievances and commence something interesting to you. Though I could tell you much about Rome, I must leave it after having mentioned one very interesting visit I made while there.

Mezzofanti is a man well known in Europe, though perhaps his fame has not yet extended to Otis Place. He is probably the most remarkable linguist the world ever saw. I will mention one fact about which you might doubt, were it not your brother who is telling it to you, and I suspect you will think even he has become an adept in the stories

of travelers. At the Propaganda (an immense college at Rome for the purpose of spreading wide the Catholic creed) are usually men of all nations and tribes. Not long since there was one of our native Indians, so you may suppose that great pains are taken to procure people from all quarters of the globe. Forty-three languages were spoken last year at the Propaganda. Mezzofanti conversed intelligibly and fluently with each man in his own tongue. You may be much surprised, my dear Mary, and unable to comprehend how it would be possible to collect forty-three languages in one spot. I could hardly comprehend it till I considered what I had already met with in my short travels in Europe. In Boston you find Gaelic, Welsh, Irish, and English; four grand languages entirely different from each other. Then go from one county to another in England and you find what the French call *patois*, a mixture of two or three of the languages; now borrowing from this, now from that. Enter France, you think probably that French is spoken throughout. Very true it is spoken by the higher people, but the common mortals in the remote provinces have a language utterly unintelligible to a Parisian. I was very much struck with this in going towards Marseilles, where there is a *patois* used very generally by the mechanics, etc., among each other, which borrows many of its words from the Italian. I could not understand it at all, though when those same individuals spoke French I could understand them well. In Italy I supposed Italian

was spoken everywhere. But no — Siena (a portion only of Tuscany) is the only spot where pure Italian is spoken. In Rome it is very good; in Naples, terrible. Towards the north, I can say nothing from experience; but I presume toward that portion of Italy bordering on France I shall find French expressions; towards Germany, German idioms. Now, Mary, I think you can conceive of forty-three languages being spoken in Rome at the Propaganda. But Mezzofanti does not speak the different dialects, but languages. Two Chinese were conversing with him last year, and after having finished were asked how he spoke their language. “Oh,” answered they, “he speaks the language of the higher class, not that of the people.” Mezzofanti has been of late deeply engaged in the study of our Indian language, and now is burning with the desire to be able to speak the Irish. He says for reading the authors of Ireland, it is the most delightful literature he has ever met with, for in it are found the works of Ossian, which Macpherson has tried to imitate. A gentleman from South Carolina, an English gentleman, and I were introduced to him by a young Irish priest. He was ill, but as he had promised two days before to receive us, we were ushered into his bedroom, and found him in bed. He was pale, but had a very pleasant countenance, and one also of extreme interest. Modesty is his peculiar quality. He conversed very fluently in English and French with me, German with my friend from South Carolina, a little Irish with the priest. He regretted (and I assure

you I regretted as much as he) that neither of us Americans could speak in the Indian language. I thought of Mr. Pickering and longed to have him with us, for I know that both Mezzofanti and Mr. Pickering would have enjoyed the meeting so much. He spoke of Mr. Duponceau's grammar of the Indian language, and said that he feared it was not of much value, for as far as he was able to learn Mr. Duponceau had made many blunders. I of course could say nothing *pro* or *con*, and left the field open for my friend from South Carolina, who by the way was a Nullifier, but losing his office came to Europe, and now says, Nullifying is a bad thing. After remaining with Mezzofanti about one quarter of an hour we left very much pleased, and regretting only that we should probably never see him again. Byron, speaking of him, says, "Mezzofanti is a master of languages, the Briareus of parts of speech — a walking Polyglot and more, who ought to have existed at the time of the Tower of Babel as universal interpreter. He is indeed a marvel, unassuming also. I tried him in all the tongues of which I knew a single oath."

My father's letters from Rome are chiefly filled with accounts of ceremonies at St. Peter's and the Sistine Chapel. The chanting of the Miserere on Good Friday evening made the most profound impression upon him. In a letter to his parents he expressed his feelings thus: —

If any one can hear the Miserere without imagining himself in the immediate presence of the Deity and asking pardon for his sins, he has no heart.



Music is not for him. Never do I expect to hear the like again. It was then that I could almost have bowed before the cross and become a Catholic. Many years will roll over me ere the remembrance of the Miserere will be effaced from my recollection.

When he reached Milan, my father was destined to meet the first great sorrow of his life. He found upon his arrival there letters from his brothers telling him of the sudden and very serious failure of his mother's health, and in the same mail another letter telling him of her death, which occurred on the 16th of April. It was a terrible blow, for although well aware that the pulmonary disease from which she had suffered many years would doubtless end fatally, he had had reason to hope that her life would be spared for years, or at least until his return home, and the news at first completely overpowered him. His warm friend, Copley Greene, who had met previously with a similar sorrow in the death of his father, was a great help to him, but at first it was impossible for him to be reconciled to his great loss.

He often referred to this episode in his life as an instance of the divine effect of music upon him. Weighed down with grief, but rebellious in spirit, he went alone to the great cathedral. As he entered, he heard the glorious tones of the organ pealing through the grand old arches, and saw the people kneeling in prayer. Instantly his whole feeling changed and he knelt with the others, every rebellious feeling gone. The sense of perfect peace which came over him remained with him, and he left the cathedral soothed and comforted. It was a striking illustration of a phase of his character seen often in later life, when, in the midst of crushing sorrow, his spirit seemed to be uplifted and calmed by similar influences in a manner that to many would seem almost incomprehensible.



TO HIS BROTHER NATHANIEL.

MILAN, June 5, 1834.

Your letter of April 18 reached me night before last. It told me dreadful news which, though somewhat prepared for by Ingersoll's previous letter, came upon me so suddenly that for the first evening I was almost beside myself. I had, however, a kind friend in Copley Greene, and he knew too well how to sympathize with me. Now I feel very much better, for I have been yesterday and to-day thinking in relation to mother's life and good qualities; of my duty, and consequently yours, towards the parent that remains. The death of Jackson did me good; that of our dear mother has done likewise, in making me more confirmed in what I consider is my duty in future life. Your letter was a beautiful one, so calming me that, by its contents, I was made for a time a mere child. There is something peculiarly impressive, something dreadful, at the thought of dying away from home; and next is that of losing a dear friend, when separated from her by the distance I am from you. If there has been any fervent wish of my heart, it has been that of tending on mother during her last days, which, since my arrival in Europe and study of her disease under Louis's care, I was satisfied could not be far distant. I had hoped to have smoothed her pillow of death, and to have thus in some measure repaid her for the sufferings she has endured for my sake. Thank God that so

many of our family were allowed to do all these acts of kindness.

. . . . .

Nat, will not the loss of our mother strengthen the ties that bind us together? I have loved to look upon the intimacy that has existed between Dr. Jackson and his two brothers. So let it be with us, and as friends are taken away from us and trials fall upon us, may we find always pleasure in intercourse with each other. Heaven may spare us to grow old together; let us now swear over the tomb of our mother that our love for one another shall be like Jonathan to David, "passing the love of woman." Let the death of our mother prove a benefit to us all; and during our lives may we ever bless the hour that has been the means of uniting us more strongly in brotherly affection.

Farewell now for a season.

Your brother,

H.

Soon after this he returned to Paris and, although nearly all the correspondence of that period has disappeared, destroyed doubtless for certain reasons, with the exception of one letter to his father from London, dated July 31, 1834, we know that, in consequence of that correspondence, which referred to a matter deeply affecting my father's happiness, his father felt it right to ask for his immediate return to America.

On account, however, of the delicate health of a personal friend of the family, who wished for my father's services as a physician, he was detained for several weeks, but in the following September he sailed for home.

## CHAPTER IV

### RETURN TO AMERICA — MARRIAGE

1834-1838

IN order to understand the reason of my grandfather's wish that his son should leave Europe several weeks earlier than had been originally planned, we must retrace our steps a little.

In touching upon this subject, one naturally feels at first some doubt as to how far he is justified in bringing to public attention matters of a purely personal nature, lest by so doing he unwittingly violate a sense of delicacy, and at the same time do injustice to one or more of those most concerned.

In the present case, however, I feel it will not exceed the bounds of delicacy if the simple truth be told, for it serves to illustrate the beauty of sterling traits; viz., strong paternal affection, the keenest sense of filial duty, and, above all, the noble unselfishness of a love between a pure man and woman which, standing the test of years of separation, from a sense of duty to others, enables them to remain steadfast and loyal to each other through every trial.

Upon my father's return from Scotland in the autumn of 1833, he changed his place of abode from the Place de l'Odeon to one immediately in the vicinity of La Pitié. He took a room in the house of a Madame Giroux who kept a *pension bourgeoise* at No. 1 bis Rue d'Orleans,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The street is now Rue d'Aubenton, and the house with its little

and it was in this house that he was destined to meet the young English girl who in after years became his wife.

Olivia Yardley, the daughter of John Yardley, was at that time completing her education in Paris, and was living *en pension* with an elderly relative at Mme. Giroux's.

She was but seventeen years of age when she first met my father, but, from accounts given of her by those who knew her at that time, she was somewhat mature for her years, possessing great sweetness and dignity combined with much gayety of manner at times.

In later years, she often laughingly told her children of her first glimpse of her future husband. The young girl was looking out of her window one day, when the high gate of the garden opened and in stepped briskly a young man, with very blue eyes, clad in a high-collared, plum-colored coat and light blue trousers. The two were not destined to meet, however, until a short time later; but on "All Hallow Eve" they first spoke to each other at the supper table, and soon became friends. Friendship in two such natures, situated as they then were, soon ripened into love.

In addition to the qualities already mentioned, Miss Yardley had others which met with a quick response in my father's nature. Her love of music, her marked talent in playing upon the piano and harp, combined with a sweet, sympathetic voice in singing, all served to strengthen the bond of sympathy between them. In short, the romance of their lives had begun.

Although not until several months later was mention made to those at home of the fact that his affections were becoming engaged, yet allusions in journal letters written garden and high wall in front has, within a very few years, disappeared to make way for a large modern structure.

many years afterwards give ample proof of what was occurring then.

Not long ago, moreover, in looking over my mother's old letters, an envelope was found. On the outside were the words in her handwriting, "Given to me by Mr. Bowditch, Dec. 13, 1833." It contained only a pressed flower, but told its own story.

In February, just before my father left for Italy, they were engaged, and it must have been during this journey that he wrote to inform his parents of the event, for, not long after the arrival of letters telling him of his mother's death, came others from his father and different members of the family destined to give pain to more than one, but which were sent doubtless with the best and kindest intent. The strongest opposition was evidently expressed and, as has been already told, his father wrote requesting him to return to America immediately. In justice to all, we must look at their reasons for adopting such a course. My grandfather knew well his son's impulsive, ardent, and romantic disposition. Miss Yardley was a perfect stranger, and it is easy to understand a father's fears lest his dearly-loved son stood in danger, possibly, of having his whole future wrecked by the selection of one unworthy of him. With the ocean between them, and the means of communication a matter not of hours as at present, but of weeks, almost months, the father felt he must act immediately, firmly, even, as it seemed, harshly. On the other hand, the suffering that was caused by such action is easily pictured.

My father did, however, precisely what he should have done under such circumstances; told the woman he loved exactly what had occurred, and she adopted the course which was consistent with her character. She declined to continue the engagement while there was the least possibility of its causing an estrangement between himself and

his father and family, and by mutual agreement all regular correspondence ceased between the couple, the understanding having been made, however, that once a year letters should be exchanged should their feelings remain the same towards each other.

In all this transaction, in spite of the torturing doubts at first as to his proper course of action, my father was influenced by his intense feeling of duty towards a father to whom he owed so much, and in this feeling he found the unselfish support of the one to whom he had given his heart's deepest affection.

As it proved in later years, this action on their part doubtless served their cause in commanding the respect of those who at first opposed the match, and, as we shall see, ample amends were made by all who had been the cause of pain, even though their action had doubtless been prompted only by the best motives.

My father soon afterwards left Paris for London, intending to return at once to America, but, owing to the illness of a warm family friend, Mrs. Horace Gray, his departure was delayed, as shown in the following letter: —

LONDON, July 31, 1834.

MY DEAR FATHER, — Again I must ask your indulgence. I came to London contrary to your wishes, because Mrs. Gray wished me to go home with her “as physician and friend; she had set her heart upon it.” I quote her words. I could not do otherwise. She thought of leaving on the first of August. I called three days before I left Paris and found the family apparently all prepared to leave, and consequently did not call again, and a few hours only before leaving the city I learned that they were



not gone to London. I still hoped to see them in London by the first, but they have not yet arrived; but yesterday I received the following letter, dated a week back, and consequently I have determined to stay and go home with them.

PARIS.

DEAR SIR,— We were quite surprised, and not a little disappointed, to find you had left Paris before us. We shall, of course, now be too late for the ship of the 1st. We shall probably be in London on Monday and Tuesday. I hope you may delay taking your passage until after our arrival.

Mrs. Gray has seen Louis, and is desirous as well as ourselves that you should go with us, and we hope to add reasons that will be forcibly persuasive to you, and would be to your father if he were here.

Yours truly

H. GRAY.

What course have I to pursue? I asked Dr. Boott, and he said, "Stay." You, my dear father, may say he knows not the peculiar reasons that induce you to request me to return home immediately. Very true, but still these reasons ought not to influence you *now*, for the person you fear is in Paris, consequently we cannot meet. I am not losing my time in London. In the company of the family of Dr. Boott, I am gaining much every day I live there. It is really a second home to me. Not a day passes but that I find sometime work there; and if you doubt the good effect produced upon young minds



by such familiar intercourse with the delightful physician and his family, ask Dr. Jackson what James said. Ask Dr. Channing (the Rev.) whether the purity of character, the nobleness of feelings shown by my lost friend, were not implanted, or at least greatly strengthened and purified by this intercourse. I neglect not medicine. I read and I visit the hospitals. Under the circumstances, do you blame me for remaining? I look upon Mrs. Gray and I imagine my lost and dear mother under similar circumstances. I hear her ask Jackson to wait a few days longer in order to go home with her as physician. I am sure he would answer "Yes." So I have done, and I think I have done rightly. I should never forgive myself, as Dr. Boott said, should Mrs. Gray suffer for want of medical attendance across the Atlantic. She is in consumption, I fear, and not many years will she remain with us on this earth, if my suspicions be just. Ought I then to forsake one so good — so precious to society? Surely not. I have determined to stay and go home with them. . . .

I have done. I make no allusions to —, but I hope on my return at least to prove that I have received no ill from the pleasant intercourse I have had with her, which is now broken by your request.

This is the last letter from Europe that has been preserved.

A loving welcome awaited my father's return home, and he began the practice of his profession with zeal. A letter written a year later to his father shows, however, that, although willing to devote himself to those who had been

the means of bringing so much into his life, he was still unchanged in his feeling towards the one he had left behind.

Saturday eve.

MY DEAR FATHER,—It is for the purpose of preventing the minds of us both becoming ruffled that I now commence a letter to you in preference to having any verbal communication (at first certainly) upon a subject which I know must excite painful emotions in both. It will be painful to you I know; it will be painful to me to hurt the feelings of one who is doing so much for me every day of my existence.

When I left Europe last year, I told you my engagement was dissolved. I said the truth. It shall remain dissolved until the day of my death should a single member of the family at Otis Place but breathe that, by a renewal of it, I am destined to wound the feelings of any one of its members. I have had misery enough a year since at the idea of having alienated the affections of my father, my brothers, and my sisters, and may Heaven defend me from ever undergoing what I then did. Besides, I would be unwilling to bring any other being to unite herself to the outcast from the affections of his family. I should sooner die than thus be the means of bringing misery upon her.

This much having been promised, let me now address you upon the subject for which I began this letter. When we parted I said that, though I should hold no correspondence with her I was leaving, still

I should write one letter every year if I continued to have the same feelings towards her as I had done previously. There was a promise made by the other party to return an answer, but subsequently it was revoked on the perusal of yours and ——'s letters, and after communication with her family; and when I left England I may truly say I scarcely had a shadow of expectation of ever receiving a letter again. On my arrival at New York I put a letter on board the next packet, giving information of my safe arrival. I have never written since until about two and a half months ago, and I have never received any letter from England save the package received a few days since. The answer to mine makes it necessary for me to write this. The last year has taught me much; first, that I never shall forget her to whom I have once pledged my faith. I have been in company the past year, and at times, nay, I have often, very often, enjoyed myself in the society of the ladies of Boston. But is this all that is necessary in order to be willing to stand up before God and solemnly promise to honor and love? Were these the only feelings you had towards our dead mother? There is something more than mere pleasure in one's society that fits two persons for one another. But whatever may be your opinion, I ask you, Could any *arguments* make you forget your deceased wife, who loved you, God knows how dearly? You will answer "No," I am quite sure. Can I then, by arguments, be induced to forget and forswear one who proves by her last letter that her feelings of attachment, though

subdued, are stronger than ever towards him who forsook her? It cannot be. You may, from what precedes, judge of my determinations; viz., 1st. I will remain *always* as I am now, if there continues to be in your mind any doubt as to the expediency of renewing our intercourse. 2d. Think not that any inducement will *ever* persuade me so far to forget my duties as to pretend to devote myself to another whilst she continues alive. A year since I could not have spoken so positively upon this point, but a year has taught me much, and little is known of my character by any one who thinks I shall swerve from this, my fixed determination. This is no idle thought, which will vanish with the hour, it is the solemn, fixed determination of my soul. 3d. If you still have the same feelings which influenced you last year, I pray you tell them frankly to me, and from this moment, at least for one year, you shall not hear me whisper a sound that will indicate that I think of anything save my duties here. 4th. If you have not any of these feelings you will, of course, not refuse to suffer me to have more frequent correspondence with her. 5th. Should you give this consent, I here solemnly promise that I never will think of asking her to come here until, *by my own means*, I can do so with honor to us all.

I have thus, my dear father, written a letter to you, and I have written it coolly. You know my determinations, judge of them. Think me not ungrateful. I am indeed grateful for all the kindnesses that have of late been showered upon me, and no-

thing but duty to her would induce me to speak to you. She asks, "Does your father consent to our correspondence?" How shall I answer her?

As I have said before, it may be strange to you that I write a letter. I can write much more coolly than I can talk, and God forbid that a harsh conversation may ever take place between a father whom I know so well as I do you, and myself. Answer as your conscience dictates, and I will again bow and love and reverence you as much as ever, for I know that, whatever may be your decision, it will be dictated by kindness, and believe me always

Your affectionate son,

H.

Whether the answer to this letter was verbal or otherwise will never be known, but it is certain that not long afterwards all opposition was withdrawn, and every means taken to further the happiness of all. Doubtless the following extract from a family letter of an acquaintance of my father's written the year before was shown to my grandfather, and may have had its share in influencing his final decision:—

"In the hotel where I live, the only persons who speak English are H. Bowditch and two English ladies,—aunt and niece, the latter finishing her education. She speaks French, is learning Italian, draws beautifully, plays on the pianoforte and harp delightfully, and sings divinely. She is altogether one of the most talented, accomplished, and amiable girls I ever met. Her face reminds me of C. White's, only the expression is better. She is lively without being rude or impudent, modest without being bashful, has great sense and feeling without making a parade of it, acute sensibility without nervous agitation,

deep moral and religious feelings without cant or prudery, has a soul for love and sentiment without talking nonsense, and a heart to compassionate and relieve the afflictions of others, and accomplishes a deal without ever seeming in haste or out of humor.

“After saying all this you will think I am in love, but I am not.”

The sweetness and magnanimity of the soul of the young girl after a year of doubt and anxiety is shown in the following beautiful words taken from the torn portion of an old letter, undated and unaddressed, but meant evidently for her future husband's father after his objections to their engagement had been withdrawn:—

“Will you pardon my boldness in addressing you? I am acting from the dictates of a heart overflowing with gratitude. You have made two beings the happiest of mortals, by bestowing your blessings on their engagement. I will endeavor to repay the debt I owe, and at the same time to merit your affection by following (as much as is in my power) the bright example of those who are gone where sorrow is unknown. I allude to Henry's mother and my own.

“Forgive me if I have spoken too freely. I mean not to offend.

You shall find an affectionate child in

OLIVIA.”

Her letters written during the interval of their engagement are filled with her loyal sweet spirit, but a vein of pathos, natural from the fact of the distance which separates them, runs through them all. The joy of the thought, however, of once more being with him she loves seems to quite overshadow the knowledge of the coming separation from home, family, and friends.

During the year previous to their marriage, my father



had the happiness of enabling my mother to assist his father in his translation of the "*Mécanique Céleste*," a task of no small magnitude. Of her pleasure and at the same time anxiety over the work we get evidence in the following letter to my grandfather:—

LONDON, December 22, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,—At Henry's request I have attempted to translate the 14th book of the "*Mécanique Céleste*." I fear when you peruse it you will think it was presumption on my part to undertake it. I am aware that many of the sentences are cramped. I think I should have been able to translate it much better had I had any friend near, to whom I could have applied for assistance. From not having any knowledge of mathematics I have found a difficulty in rendering some of the expressions into English. Some words that have several significations I have underlined and have given the best translation I could to them.

Should my endeavors prove successful I shall feel amply repaid for all the trouble and anxiety the task has caused me, and at the same time grateful to Henry for having enabled me to render some service to one who has shown so much kindness towards me.

With every wish for your continued health and happiness,

Believe me

Yours affectionately,

OLIVIA YARDLEY.

My father's practice was at this time becoming such as to justify the thought of marriage.

When we learn of his elation at the end of his first year's practice over the accumulation of \$75 and his laughing boast that it was equal to that made by one of the



then well-known physicians of Boston, Dr. John Ware, during his first year of practice, we may judge somewhat of the difference between the cost of living in those days and the present.

We may be certain, however, that in the next three years his income had comfortably increased; otherwise he would not have entertained, even then, the thought of marriage.

It was, moreover, the earnest desire of my grandfather, whose failing health had become a source of anxiety to all, that he should have the happiness of welcoming a new daughter to his home; but his wish was never realized, for shortly after he had received the letter telling of the work upon the translation, feeling that he had not long to live, he wrote the following letter, which certainly must have taken away any sting of memory from the young girl's heart, if any were left there.

BOSTON, March 10, 1838.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER OLIVIA,—It was always my hope to be able to meet you with my children on your arrival at New York, and to give you, in the most affectionate and cordial manner, a paternal kiss, as I had to Elizabeth and Lucy upon their entrance into my family. But God in his providence has otherwise decreed, and with submission I bow to his will, believing everything ordered for the best.

Feeble as I now am, I fear I shall never see you, and I write to assure you of my affection and to tell you that I have made all pleasant arrangements for your reception as a sister into our family of love, which, from a recent proposition of my two eldest sons, will, I rejoice to believe, long continue a united household, after I have been removed from it by death.

As a son, I have ever found Henry most dutiful; and

his attentions during my present illness, besides alleviating my bodily pain, have soothed and gratified me beyond expression. His character has always been pure and blameless, and his soul filled with the highest love of truth and virtue. And I feel sure that, in so important a matter as the choice of a partner for life, he has looked for those essential qualities of mind and heart which make the highest earthly happiness the result of this most intimate of human relations.

Convinced then of the excellence of your principles, and feeling, alike by all I have seen of your correspondence and by the constancy of your mutual attachment through the severe trials of time and absence to which it has been subjected, I now give you my parting benediction ; and hoping that you and Henry will long remain blessings to each other, believe me with all feelings of affection

YOUR FATHER.

My father often spoke of the delight it had been to him to feel that he could minister to his father in his last days, and frequently recalled the beauty of his death. Not long before he died, his daughter Mary brought him a sprig of jessamine. "How beautiful!" said he. "Let it always be our family flower." My father cherished the thought, and at every opportunity in after years taught his children and nieces and nephews to love the flower for its sweet associations.

Not long after my grandfather's death, which occurred March 17, 1838, it was proposed that my father should return to England for the wedding ; but from motives of economy the lovers finally decided that they must put sentiment and conventional methods aside, and in their decision they were encouraged by the sound good sense of my mother's father, who consented to the plan that his daughter should cross the ocean under the guardianship

of kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. George Ticknor of Boston, and that the marriage should take place immediately upon their arrival.

Let us pause a moment and think what this step meant. It was more than sixty years ago, when intercourse between the two countries was vastly less than at the present day; at a time when crossing the Atlantic meant a long, tedious voyage, undertaken rarely except by experienced travelers. The young girl of twenty-two was to leave her home with all its hallowed associations, to cross three thousand miles of ocean in the company of comparative strangers, in a sailing vessel, to meet in a strange land the one she loved, after four years of separation. Yet she never wavered. Her last letter from England to her lover previous to her departure, while filled with love for those she is about to leave, is joyous with the thought of meeting him for whom she was about to give such a beautiful proof of courage and constancy. They sailed in June, 1838, and on the 15th of July arrived at New York, where they were met by my father.

On the 17th of July, in the presence of a few friends, the marriage took place at St. John's Church, near Washington Square, in New York, and later my father brought to the loving embrace of all in the homestead at Otis Place his young English bride, who from that time for over fifty years was to be the "crowning blessing of his life."

## CHAPTER V

### THE GARRISON MOB — CORRESPONDENCE

1834-1838

IMMEDIATELY upon his return from Europe in the autumn of 1834, my father took up his abode in his father's home at 8 Otis Place, but opened an office in Washington Street, near the old Marlborough Hotel, which stood nearly opposite the head of Franklin Street.

Although deeply influenced by the events mentioned in the last chapter, he was not one to neglect the duties of the hour, and began his new life with enthusiasm. Stirring events, moreover, destined to influence his whole after life, were then taking place in Boston.

Garrison was uttering his tremendous denunciations of slavery, and the first results of the great anti-slavery movement in Massachusetts were beginning to show themselves.

Not long after his return he witnessed the famous so-called "broadcloth mob," composed of many well-known citizens, who endeavored to prevent Garrison from speaking against slavery. My father's indignation and subsequent action are best described in his own words, taken from a series of papers written many years later at the request of, and dedicated to, a warm family friend, Dr. L. Vernon Briggs, and entitled "The Thirty Years' War of Anti-Slavery."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Volume x., chapter i.



*The Home at 8 Otis Place, Boston*









I returned from European study of medicine and of freedom, which I had imbibed under Louis and also at the audience chamber of Jouffroy. So desirous was I of being free, that for a time I declined to join the Massachusetts Medical Society for fear of being bound by any pledges which I might want to disregard; but I soon found that I was carrying the principle too far, and really losing good influences of interchange of thought with honorable peers. I began my profession at a time not remote from that at which Miss Crandall<sup>1</sup> had been maltreated by the Northern pro-slavery mob. I have little memory of it save as detailed in the papers of the day while I was absent. I needed a blow nearer my own home to arouse in me a hatred of slavery that would bear fruit by its influence on my heart, compelling me to act. That blow came in this wise: On the afternoon of October 21, 1835, having finished most of my professional work, I walked down Washington Street, and at the corner of Court Street found a large and noisy, excited crowd. Looking down State Street, so that I could see the spot where Attucks and his comrades fell in the earliest days of the Revolution, I witnessed a scene of wild tumult such as I shall never forget. Apparently numbers of men were trying to enter the northern door of the old State House. I asked the reason of the mob, as it evidently was. "They are trying to 'snake out' Garrison and

<sup>1</sup> This refers to the fact that in Connecticut, in 1833, Miss Crandall's school, which admitted colored children, was torn down and broken up by a pro-slavery mob.

Thompson to tar and feather them.” “What have they done?” I asked. “The Abolitionists have been holding a meeting in opposition to slavery.” “Then it has come to this,” I said, “that a man cannot speak on slavery within sight of Faneuil Hall and almost at the foot of Bunker Hill? If this is so, it is time for me to become an Abolitionist.” Whilst thus musing, Hon. Samuel A. Eliot, then a member of the City Government, came up from State Street, and I joined him and we walked together towards the Court House in Court Square. I said, “Mr. Eliot, I am not a fighting man, but if you of the City Government want some volunteers I would be delighted to shoulder my father’s old ‘King’s arm’ and shoot some of these ‘*sans culottes*.’” I was surprised at his apparent coolness, and instead of sustaining the idea of free speech he said that the city needed no volunteers, and he rather intimated that the authorities, while not wishing for a mob, rather sympathized with its object, which was to forcibly suppress the Abolitionists. I was completely disgusted, and vowed in my heart as I left him with utter loathing, “I am an Abolitionist from this very moment, and to-morrow I will subscribe for Garrison’s ‘Liberator.’” I ever after kept my word, and now thank Heaven that among the greatest blessings of life I can look upon this mob, and my introduction to Garrison in consequence thereof, as two of the choicest events of my existence.

I returned and met —. I told the story to those around, and expected sympathy with my views

of the matter. Suddenly —— cried out, “I should like to be one of a party to duck Garrison in the Frog Pond.” I became absolutely dumb and said to myself, “——, you have always been to me one of the dearest and most liberal of friends. We shall never be otherwise than loving towards one another, but you shall never hear a single syllable from me on any anti-slavery question until you speak first.” And I kept my word for years, and until he, I found, was falling into the lines of the Free Soil party and began to congratulate *me* on *our* success. I give these anecdotes, as they represent the state of public opinion which for years I, and any Abolitionist, had to contend against. It ostracized me, as it did others, from many fashionable parties. Ticknor’s pleasant literary coteries were no longer accessible. I was unwilling to be treated as Charles Sumner told me that he was treated by Mr. Ticknor, before whom all had to deferentially bow on this subject of slavery in the South. Mr. Sumner told me a year subsequently that Mr. Ticknor treated him so outrageously after his avowal of anti-slavery sentiments that self-respect prevented him from ever after entering that cold, aristocratic, but charming abode. Captain Oxnard, one of my father’s old and respected friends, who had always greeted me with a smile when, as a youth, I met him in State Street, would even stare and scowl without speaking when we met after I had openly declared myself as one of the hated Abolitionists. A brother doctor met me in Green Street. Friends

of the same age and loving one another, he counseled me in the kindliness of his heart to beware of declaring so openly my views, as I felt compelled to do. I heard him with apparent calmness, whilst disgusted at his suggestion that I "never would be successful in my profession if I continued to do as I had done for a few weeks." Looking him straight in the eye, I replied substantially as follows: "It is very kind of you to give me counsel, although I cannot follow it. You will bear me witness that I have never thrust my opinion upon you or any one. I have acted as I have thought rightly for the slave. Now let me tell you that I deem you and others like you, who would repress free speech upon slavery, as men wholly recreant to the principles for which our fathers fought and died at Bunker Hill. Good-morning, my dear doctor." And I summarily left him to his own meditations. What his thoughts were at the time I know not, but I do know that he was subsequently the friend of John A. Andrew, and for many years Surgeon-General of Massachusetts, when the old Bay State was renovated under the stirring events of the Civil War, and our friendship was never marred by my plain speech.

As years rolled by, we had plenty of facts to convince me that I was right in being an Abolitionist; and, although in the eyes of some I was injuring myself professionally, I could not give up the idea that I was bound to avow my sentiments on the accursed system, especially when orthodox and heterodox ministers were either silent or even praised the institution as one ordained of God.

The following letters from Charles Emerson, Harriet Martineau, and Charles Sumner, as well as one written by himself to his former Salem pastor, the Rev. Mr. Brazer, during this period, serve to show that while deeply stirred upon the subject of slavery, his mind was yet keenly alive to other matters whether religious, scientific, or of a purely friendly nature.

TO REV. MR. BRAZER, OF SALEM.

BOSTON, June 27, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR,—I promised to tell you of my progress; I will now try to do so. I stated to you in my first letter to you my want of confidence in the immortality of the soul, from want of perfect confidence in the Bible as a revelation from God. I began soon after, or rather about this epoch, to reason with myself as to immortality, and the consequence is that now I believe most firmly in the immortality of the soul, and that it is my duty, if I wish to be happy in the next world, to cultivate my intellect, refine and elevate my motives of action, in the greatest degree possible here. I said I reasoned with myself or my own nature, and by a train of thought, metaphysical enough I allow, came first to the conclusion that there is nothing in nature inconsistent with the idea of immortality. In fact, all the operations of nature rather proved it to me than otherwise. Secondly, while in this state I was induced to join the Sunday-school as a teacher. I had been longing to have some young children in whom to instil at least a love of nature, but I hardly felt it right to enter a Sunday-school with any feel-

ing inconsistent with it. I thank God most fervently, my dear sir, for allowing me the opportunity of meeting a Sunday class. I have studied human nature at its fountain, and have been delighted with its purity, its nobleness, ay, its divinity. I have worshiped God in the heart of a little child. I have compared that heart with that of Jesus, and I have felt from the depths of my soul the beauty and truth of the character of Jesus. My Sunday-school has thus done me much good. Third, I have considered the yearnings and aspirations of my own soul. I felt that the sympathies, the affections, the business, the routine of this life were not enough for me. There was a something deep in me which nothing on earth could satisfy. God is good; He is just. I never doubted these two attributes of the Deity. I had been able always to trace proofs of them in the flower, leaf, or the little insect, or in any of the most simple of the works of nature. It was inconsistent, therefore, with the goodness of this Almighty Being thus to excite in my mind lofty aspirations for perfection, without giving me an opportunity of gaining purity. I felt that my passions were too strong for me to be able to go far in the attainment of my *beau idéal* of human nature here below; hence it was necessary to have a future life. Fourth, I drew a strong argument (that is, to my mind) in favor of my soul being intended ultimately for an existence of which we have now a very faint idea, from the effect produced upon me by my severest lessons. Though young in years, I have suffered



much. I have known enough of the world's trials, its vexations and its follies; but from the effect produced upon me by my greatest losses, I am sure of my soul being of a different make from anything else I know of, and destined to something beyond a present life. Within twenty-four hours after receiving the news of the death of my dear mother, I was perfectly happy, and my heart caught then a glimpse of heaven, and I was sure that my soul was something certainly more than mere clay. All these considerations have given me a faith (which I trust will never be overcome) in a future life. I make every action of my life now bend as far as possible to this faith. I try to keep it always in my mind. I take Jesus for my model, and believe it to be my duty to imitate Him and excite others to do so. At the same time, my dear sir, I bow to no man. I sign no creeds. I observe no ceremonies save those in which the heart will fully sympathize. I am a radical, perhaps, as to ceremony; for, methinks we should act upon the principle of the gospel, and not think we are Christians because we go to church. I am neither Unitarian nor Trinitarian, but I strive to be a follower of Christ.

H. I. B.

FROM CHARLES C. EMERSON.<sup>1</sup>

CONCORD, July 17, 1835.

DEAR BOWDITCH, — I thank you very much for your frank, friendly letter. I always count it a favor to be

<sup>1</sup> Charles Chauncy Emerson was an elder brother of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and a classmate of my father's. He was thought to be of

invited to pass from the outside to the inside of a man. It is not very common. Most people would a little rather fix for themselves the line to which their acquaintances shall come, within which they do not care to introduce any observer or spy; and yet I think the desire to be known is in a good mind proportioned to its force of thought. They who are wholly occupied with things out of doors are satisfied with the society in which these things are the foundation of all intercourse; but he who has begun to study himself, to search for principles that he may embrace with his whole soul, who, in Carlyle's phrase, looks at a man not as a "clothes-horse" or "patent digester," but desires, ay, yearns to separate from the mob of such them who are living spirits, God's genuine creatures, that he may "wear them in his heart of hearts," he is ready to lay himself open at every point; to throw down all the fences of artificial manners and unmeaning commonplaces, and, as far forth as is possible to him, become known that he also may know.

You appear to think it is more rare and difficult for men to know one another and themselves in Yankee land than abroad. I know we are apt to put faith in the means whereby we are healed or enlightened, and desire that others should apply the same. But the world is rich in instruction and opportunity; they are broad and general as the air. "*Coelum non animus mutant qui trans mare currunt.*"<sup>1</sup> What you found at Paris would have come to you, perhaps not quite so suddenly and forcibly, had you stayed at home. It is part of the growth of the mind; and if Professor Jouffroy had never spoken, some other messenger would have been commissioned to carry the same truth to your door. I do not, however, mean to

greater promise at that time than his brother Waldo, and his early death was deeply mourned.

<sup>1</sup> Horace, Epistles, Book I. Ep. 11.

deny that we of the English blood are prone to be sluggish and unsympathetic, and that a new variety of Man is shown us, much to our advantage, in the livelier races of the French, the Spanish, the Italians. A great change is valuable as exciting to observation and reflection.

You believe in Christianity. So do I. And at this day, when much of the religion in our country is conventional, when faith has almost died out of the forms it once vivified, it is refreshing from time to time to meet with a hearty, unsuperstitious believer. It is not the amount of what a man believes that I care to know in comparison with this, — “that he really believes.” It is the seed of life, faith, — faith in something. For an enlightened mind will fast draw to itself truth from all quarters when once it has taken its station and reposes firm on any principle. It is the “*ποῦ στῶ*” we chiefly need; the larger part of mankind go from the cradle to the grave, and it is all “make-believe,” and they believe nothing, not even their own spiritual existence.

I will not now weary you with a long letter, for I do not feel in the vein for writing, and am too unacquainted with your habit of thought to be able to guide my pen wittingly upon a right track. I did not like to let your letter lie longer without telling you that I was very glad at receiving it.

Pray believe me

Your friend and servant,

CHARLES C. EMERSON.

The following letter, written to my father about this time by Harriet Martineau, who during her stay in America was a frequent and welcome visitor at my grandfather's house, throws such a pleasant light upon the author's character, which has at times been thought to have been rather austere and unsympathetic, that I have thought it well to give it to the public.

WESTMINSTER, December 10, 1838.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — You must have wondered that Miss Jeffrey and I have never acknowledged your kind present of Retzsh's chess game. The reason is that it has only just arrived. It has been left at the door with a little bit of loose paper, without string or seal, which I mention that in case any letter should have dropped out the accident may not be imputed to carelessness of mine. I thank you most heartily for this present. How beautiful it is ; how full of matter for study ! I dearly love allegories, and such an one as this addressed to the eye is a treat indeed. Your remembrance of myself is not the least gratifying part of this arrival. I assure you it is very cheering. I have written to Louisa to tell her what lies here for her, and I have no doubt you will hear from her in due time. My dear friend, I have thought often and much of you all, on the occasion of the death of your parent. I well remember all you said to me about the loss of your mother, and this quickened my sympathy for you now. Here, too, I have my own particular interest. Your father was eminently kind to me, and I claim a right to feel his loss, though I well knew when I left your country that I should never see him again. Among my many recollections of him none are more vivid than those of his conversation with me about death, and about your mother as having gone before him. Allow me to wish for you all that you may ever be able to think of the future life with the same strength, cheerfulness, and simplicity with which he spoke of it to me.

Shall we not see you here some day, or are you so settled down to business that you do not think of moving ? We are glad on other accounts than from private friendship to see here such as you. Have you heard what a favorite Sumner is ? He will be able to tell you more about the English than almost any other American. We like him

much and are gratified to find that he enjoys his travels. If you were to come now you would hardly know your humble servant ; I might match your sister for health (I say nothing about looks, you know). My love to her. My hearing is considerably improved in the least defective ear, and I have no ailment whatever, nor have had for these two years except when fairly worn down with the bustle of my spring life. I attribute the great improvement in my health, dear doctor, to the use of the cold bath every morning all the year 'round. I assure you the quantity of work I get through without injury is enormous, and in our short human life, with society wanting help on all hands, this is no trifling consideration. I do not expect to get much further on with my hearing, but the degree which I have recovered is a great comfort. I am safe in the streets ; use no trumpet in the open air or in shops ; and in the summer I heard larks in abundance and nightingales for the first time for twelve years. I know you will rejoice in all this ; that is why I write so fully about it.

Now, what are you about ? My love to all.

Ever yours very truly,

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

My father always felt a warm regard and great respect for Charles Sumner, which feeling he retained to the end of his life, although at times disagreeing with him. Several of Sumner's letters to him have been preserved, and the following is one of many that show the really warm, friendly nature of a man often misunderstood by those not intimate with him.

EDINBORO', September 28, 1838.

MY DEAR BOWDITCH, — I take advantage of a quiet moment under the hospitable roof of a friend to write you what I have vowed to myself some weeks ago I would write.

I attended the British Association at Newcastle. At the last and greatest meeting, Mr. Babbage,<sup>1</sup> in making some remarks on the debt due to strangers, said that he could not forbear calling the attention of the association and of his audience to the lamented death of Dr. Bowditch, and went on to pronounce a eulogium upon your honored father, which made me rejoice in having been able to claim him as a countryman and friend. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Babbage alluded to you in the most flattering manner, and said that he had been truly gratified by the opportunity of forming your acquaintance. I was on the platform by the side of the chairman (the Bishop of Durham) when Mr. Babbage spoke, and I could not forbear saying to him as soon as he was done how grateful I was for the kind language which he had used with regard to both your father and yourself, and that I should not fail to let you know of it. Now I doubt not that you have already heard of this, either through the printed reports or perhaps through some private correspondent; but I flatter myself that you may not be indisposed to receive a confirmation of it from the pen of a friend who was on the spot at the time. It is not such testimonials as these, I know, that will assuage the grief for a lost parent; but do they not gratify and elevate the spirit, by showing that your bereavement is one in which the world takes an interest; in short, that it is "no fee-grief due to a single breast?" Pardon me for touching this strain. But I cannot write to you without expressing my sympathy to you and your family in your great loss. You doubtless are aware that Dr. Bowditch was on the point of being chosen a member of the French Institute when the melancholy news was received of his death. I was in Paris at the time, and was in the way of knowing something of the

<sup>1</sup> Charles Babbage, the inventor of the famous "calculating machine," an account of which my father gives in his later journals.



proceedings. Sir David Brewster told me that Mr. Babbage hoped to receive an invitation from the American Government to come out and erect his machine among us. He was much chagrined and mortified that his own Government has not taken it up, and would rejoice in an opportunity of giving another country the glory of first erecting it. To erect it would cost some £60,000. I think Mr. Babbage had received some wrong impressions from some of our countrymen, for our Government (and I am sorry for it) would no more give that sum for that purpose than keep a hunting pack of hounds with game keepers, whippers-in, and steppes of earth. I wish that you would remember me to your brothers and Miss Bowditch, and believe me, with great regard, always faithfully yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.



## CHAPTER VI

### CONNECTION WITH THE WARREN STREET CHAPEL

1835-1843

ABOUT the year 1835 my father became an earnest worker in the Warren Street Chapel, an institution which still exists but is now called the Barnard Memorial. It was founded by the Rev. Charles F. Barnard, and was intended as a meeting place for the children of poor parents. His work there satisfied his desire to help others less fortunate than himself, and he never lost his interest in the institution, although later he felt it his duty to sever his connection with it, owing to the intensity of his anti-slavery views, which clashed with those of many of his associates less ardent than he when the question came of admitting colored children to the Chapel.

The following extracts from a journal begun in 1842 are given, inasmuch as they seem to give the keynote of my father's course in after life, not only with reference to slavery but to all questions in which moral principles were involved.

October 18, 1842.

I resume my journal; and by that term I do not mean any daily account of my doings from the rising to the setting sun, but I resume the commemoration of those great periods of my life when, standing upon what I thought the right, I have tried to do my duty. Those seasons in a man's



LIBRARY OF NATHANIEL BOWDITCH AT 8 OTIS PLACE



journey through this world are fit occasions for his commemoration. Usually at these times one may with sorrow think of parting with long-tried friends, but his sorrow is ennobled by the beckoning hand of the Almighty which calls him onwards, assuring him that peace and greater power shall be his lot if, disregarding all minor influences, he rests solely on God and his own conscience. A tranquillity which nothing else gives, steals over him as with solemn earnestness he bids good-by, and leaves them for conscience' sake.

These thoughts are suggested by my leaving the Warren Street Chapel. To this institution I became attached immediately after my return from Europe. I joined it because I thought it was to be free from the usual slavery to public opinion, which decides what shall be taught by our religious and literary institutions. It was devoted to the general improvement of the young and the poor; a blessed object, truly, and to it I devoted my heart. I forsook all; and fought and begged for that; it was to me a paradise. No place seemed to me half so sacred; none had such sweet influence over me, as Sabbath after Sabbath I met the cheerful hearts and warm hands of children. Many times have I visited the Chapel and been made better for the ensuing week. I needed no more stirring sermon than the numerous acts of self-devotion that I saw among the girls and boys there; and if the old folks were not exactly what I liked to see, I gained all I needed from my unreserved intercourse with the young. Nearly a

year since I began to have some doubt about the amount of benefit derived to the community by the whole system of religious ceremony upheld so earnestly by the New England people. I saw slavery throwing its viper folds around us, binding us even at the North by its power; and yet no preacher dared to open his mouth, but the fingers of the money holders were thrust over it for the purpose of checking the free utterance of what he considered the gospel truth. Some priests even were hardy enough to attempt to prove slavery one of God's ordinances and consistent with the mild and loving precepts of Christianity! I looked around and saw intemperance lording it over the land, laying its thousands of victims low in the dust. Yet if any proclaimed temperance, and cried aloud into the ears of those who catered to intemperance that they were verily more guilty than the poor drunkard, then forsooth arose all the money changers and cried, "This is no 'gospel truth.' Preach the gospel and leave abolition and temperance to themselves." Fools that they were! Did they not see that their course tended to the grossest infidelity? . . . As I heard such preachers as these, I cried within myself, "Verily Charity covereth a multitude of sins when it makes peace with the slaveholder and the seller of liquor for the purposes of self-destruction. How is this?" thought I. "Do these hirelings, who have been ordained before the world ministers of the divine Jesus, do these men pretend to say that slavery is consistent with Christianity? Then they or Chris-

tianity must be liars.” I sought within the peaceful doctrines of Christ for anything that tended, in the most remote degree, to sustain slavery or intemperance. I could find nothing. On the contrary, I was led to believe that Christian doctrines fairly interpreted put aside all slavish obedience of one man to another, and bade every human being to stand up a man before his God, and to bow in reverence to no other being. By the same doctrine I tested the cause of temperance, and I saw that the drunkard-maker is as much worse than the poor sot as he that setteth the snare is more base and degraded than he that falleth into it. But, as I have above stated, I heard no priest of my mother’s faith boldly declaring these doctrines. Their temples were made for “worship,” nothing sectarian or worldly was admitted into their holy aisles. Or, if perchance a man among them stood forth a faithful ’mongst the faithless, then these false priests turned upon him, and instead of Christian support and sympathy they stood by and held the robes of those who stoned the martyr. My soul arose indignant, and I vowed extermination to the whole race of priestly sycophants. I seemed called to buckle on the armor of faith in men and, like a good knight, do battle for justice and the oppressed. It seemed to me that I was called upon by a voice from Heaven as Saul of old was. . . . I looked at home at the Warren Street Chapel. I could not help feeling, in spite of my heart which drew me towards it, that it, also, was faithless as the rest. “Should I, could I,

preach against what had always been to me like a pet child; which had sprung up a beautiful infant from a glorious idea, and which had been to me the source of so many pure joys?" My heart sank. I had no one to converse with. I wrote to Mrs. Lydia Maria Child. She thought I had outgrown the Chapel, but that was not a sufficient answer. Supposing she was right, and I had outgrown it; that was no reason for forsaking it. Nay, was it not my duty to remain like an older brother to give at times notes of warning? . . . At this time arose another system at the Chapel—a system which set out with the principle that order was to be procured first, and afterwards, if possible, love. Now we commenced the institution with the determination to overcome all by love, and I was sorely grieved to see the principle altered. I protested, but unavailingly for a time. It was six months since, that on a Saturday forenoon I wended my way to the house of Dr. William Ellery Channing, a great and good man, who now lies in Mt. Auburn. I went in disturbed, utterly uncertain as to what end my present troubled state of mind would lead me. I went to him fearlessly, for I was sure that, though he would disagree with me in my view of the church, still he would listen with respect to the outpouring of an honest heart, and that I was determined to show to him whatever might be the result. He received me gladly. I told him I came to him as to a father to tell him all I felt, all I hoped, feared, and detested. I came to him with the full conviction that although



he might disagree with me in regard to every sentence I uttered, I felt assured he would not blame me, but answer to his best ability the many doubts that had arisen in my mind in reference to what I knew he held most dear. I then reviewed with him all my thoughts which I have detailed above. I told him I could not help feeling that the majority of the churches were a hindrance to humanity ; that the true leaders of philanthropy were outside the church ; that the church was considered a holy thing by the majority, whereas, since it was faithless to humanity, its very reputation for sanctity made it baser than it otherwise would be. I had clung to our Chapel as a resource, but I was beginning to lose hope in that, as it had lost its faith in its first principles, and I felt that perhaps I should leave it, though I said so with much anguish, as my heart was bound up in the youth of the institution. And if I should leave the Chapel I should be much impelled to avow utter hostility to all churches and ministers, until I could find some more faithful servants. To all my remarks he answered most benignantly and calmly. He could not agree with me in my estimate of the advantages of churches. There was too much faithlessness ; nevertheless the evil was not in social worship itself, but in the manner of its ministrations. He had observed this tendency for something better and more natural in the ceremonies of the church : that the idea was developing itself at the new congregation now being gathered by Mr. Clarke.<sup>1</sup> “I want you to go there,

<sup>1</sup> Rev. James Freeman Clarke.

and I think you will find something satisfactory. You ought to leave the Chapel, if you find it unfit for your present state of mind ; but really," he continued, "I think you will find that man naturally tends to social worship."

We conversed about three hours. I wish I could remember all his remarks, but I am sure I never passed so tranquilizing a time with any human being. It was truly the Sabbath to me, and I went out into the balmy air of the spring ; my soul was subdued and so calm that I could scarcely imagine myself the same being that I was at my entrance, when, distracted with doubt, I came to lay my heart open before the only man to whom I could have dared to speak so openly. I never shall forget the quiet remark with which he met an exclamation of mine : "I fear this subject of religion and religious observances will always keep my mind in a turmoil. For many years I was sorely distressed, but at length found peace and rest in the views upon which the Warren Street Chapel was founded. Now I am all disturbed again, and have been more or less so for months, with the prospect of being so still longer." "No," said he, "you are mistaken. True religion always gives quiet and peace. It is its nature to give calmness, and be assured that at some time you will find it so, though now you may be much disturbed." <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The following footnote is found written on the edge of the page of the date of November 20, 1880 : "Never was a truer word spoken. I have my own religion. I go anywhere that I can find free but

I left him and went to Mr. Clarke, but to my heart it was still the same, a mere ceremony. I saw no vivacious kindling up of the philanthropic spirit. On the contrary, that ceremony was destined to become a mere ritual.

But the world wagged on. The first of August came, the anniversary of West Indian Emancipation, and I felt that I should be conscience struck were I to let that anniversary pass by without noticing it with our children. We called them, I well remember, many years ago to see the beautiful Hallé's comet, that was running its majestic race across our western horizon. We talked to them of earthly subjects, and surely we ought, I thought, to commemorate the time when 800,000 human beings were made men and women. I sought for some one to address them, but I found no one. The lot fell, I was certain, on me. I asked permission for the use of the Chapel. It was granted with some opposition on the ground of expediency. I spoke to them on slavery as it arose; on the "Middle Passage" horror; and of that glorious prayer on the eve of Emancipation when the assembled multitudes "knelt and received the Book of Freedom in silence." Finally, I alluded to the slavery of our own country. I did say that I would sooner cut off my right arm than vote for Henry Clay. This event quieted my mind. I felt that perhaps a little seed had been sown, but I heard nothing from any person about

reverential ceremonials and speech. Phillips Brooks is my present ideal preacher, although I believe scarcely a word of his doctrines."

it, save from a worthy old woman, who thought I had better have some more meetings of the same kind. But soon the trouble came up again. I saw again, more vividly than before, that our building was not free, yet I hoped to make it so. I knew great difficulty had been experienced in getting up a certain course of lyceum lectures. I thought that perhaps I should be allowed to have a course of anti-slavery lectures in case I took the whole trouble upon myself.

I therefore wrote the following letter : —

TO MESSRS. BARNARD, EMMONS, WELCH, VOSE, ETC.

October, 1842.

MY FRIENDS, — You are well aware I have been for some time past deeply interested in the cause of anti-slavery. It has of late weighed most heavily upon me, not because I am unwilling to be called an Abolitionist, for every one claims that title now, but because I had faintly foreseen the unpleasant situation I now feel myself placed in. I stand, as each one of you do, somewhat individually responsible for the errors of omission and of commission observable at the Warren Street institution. Since the commencement of the anti-slavery movement, the Chapel has been silent, and I have consented thereto, though for a year past with many severe stings of remorse. I cannot do so any longer. I do not wish to appear to force anything upon you, but I ask that I, at least, may have a clear conscience on this matter. I do feel that the

institution should take some interest in it. Nevertheless, you may not think as I do. I believe that it ought to take an open stand, by allowing meetings to be held by others than our own brethren for public lectures and conversations on slavery, as it has allowed the Washingtonians to meet and consult together on temperance.

To bring the question before you, I ask you to allow me to have from six to ten public anti-slavery lectures delivered this winter. I ask you to allow me the use of the Chapel, on the same terms that the hall has been granted to the Washingtonians. I should prefer Sunday evenings, but I would leave the choice of the evening to your decision. What I ask is a plain "Yes" or "No," as the subject has been too long before me, and my decision too slowly made, for it to be influenced by any argument against the necessity of such a course if we would be true to the children committed to our charge. I am well aware that expediency will say "Nay," but you must know me well enough to be assured that I care not one iota for expediency when it stands in the way of duty, as I believe it does now.

Truly your friend,

H. I. B.

I sent this letter and it was read about a week since to the association. On the next morning the treasurer, John L. Emmons, called and good-humoredly told me that there was really more anti-slavery in the association than he had thought;

that the members would be perfectly willing to let me talk every evening in the week if I wished to do so, but they were unwilling to have others do the same. "Some of our friends," said he, "are quite rabid upon this subject. F——, for instance, would demand his \$300 if we had such a course." I was really thunderstruck to think that my letter had proved how completely we were governed by men who had no claim to a reputation of even decent morals. "Better burn the building," I said, "than to have it, as at present, under the surveillance of such beings." I told him my hold upon the institution was weaker, as of course he must perceive.

I considered this as a refusal, but in a few days I was called upon by the secretary to know what evening would be agreeable to me. I chose Monday, October 17 (last evening), and at seven and a half P. M. I was at the Chapel. I was requested to "explain" my letter. I told the members present that I had supposed it was plain and concise enough; nevertheless, if they wished me orally to explain my views, I was willing to do so. I then recapitulated my state of feeling for four or six months past, and why I felt called upon to make the proposal to them. Mr. Barnard answered that if the association did not see fit to grant the hall, it would be from a sense of duty, and not from any ill-will to me; that he had conversed with many of the sincere patrons of the institution, and they all thought it would be improper to have such a course: that it would be deviating from our plan of a general religious, intel-



lectual, and moral education, so that the young, when they grew old, might choose their creeds; that to make the children Abolitionists would be dealing unfairly with the parents, who had no idea of their becoming Abolitionists; that surely he thought he had preached the doctrine of Human Brotherhood so much that he was almost ashamed, and he thought that would make Abolitionists; that he had voted to allow me the use of the Chapel on August 1st to see how far I would go; that he was satisfied I had, on that evening, gone too far. I had spoken of Henry Clay in terms of disrespect; I had been too sectarian, and, as one connected with the building, he could not consent to such meetings. . . .

I said that the doctrine of human brotherhood might be preached forever, and yet it was all nonsense, for people have no idea of human brotherhood. Our national flags were proofs of this. I forgot to present two arguments *ad hominem* upon this point, which would have proved the amount of good accomplished by eight years' preaching of the doctrine of human brotherhood. Some six years ago, a little colored girl came to the Chapel and sat wherever she liked. I was delighted, but some of the teachers were not, and one came to me and asked me to place the girl in a special seat; in other words, to establish a negro pew. I told her when that was established I should leave the Chapel. I heard no more on the subject. Another incident of more recent occurrence was as follows: A Bible class, under the guidance of Mr. Barnard, was to be



established among the older girls. A new colored girl wanted to join, and some of the white girls declared they would not join the class if the negro was admitted to it. The human brotherhood doctrine had fallen in vain, though often preached upon the ears of these girls. But what decided me to leave the institution, entirely and forever, unless a different régime arise there (which is scarcely to be anticipated), was Mr. Barnard's remarks upon my address on the eve of August 1. By these remarks he condemned almost every address that I have made to the children for the past year, for I have constantly lugged in anti-slavery, as he had the human brotherhood, but I never was ashamed of talking on that theme. "Well," thought I, "the die is cast, and I am an outcast from this institution. I joined it earnestly, and for free expression of my thoughts, but now it appears I must close my mouth and truckle to a pro-slavery institution." "Die first," said my monitor within. "Tear yourself away, if you rend your soul more terribly than you ever yet have done."

Mr. Whiting and Mr. Welch both went decidedly against me. Mr. Emmons I saw was preparing to the same purpose. I stopped him by saying, "My friends, I feel that the time has come when we must part. I could weep at the thought; nevertheless, something within tells me I must, and from love to man I trust I never shall be faithless to my conscience. I have labored with you many years harmoniously, zealously, and manfully. I must cease to

do so. I have always spoken the dictates of my heart ; perhaps at times have given offense to some. Yet I trust that we part now in friendship, and as I always have greeted most cordially those who have left us from a sense of duty, I trust that you also will greet me in our future paths of life, whether in public or private, with the same cordiality as before. I doubt not you will do some good, but my course hereafter must be in another sphere." With these remarks I arose and left the room. I hurried out, beyond measure saddened. The sun of my existence at that institution had been so long bright and beautiful that I could not bear to think it had now fully sunk. I went into the open air. The sweet air, the silvery light of the moon, the sense of entire loneliness, made me cast my thoughts on God, and I became cheerful ; nay, I seemed to rejoice. I had acted from a lofty sense of right. I felt bold and free. The sun arose again as I paced the streets leading to my beloved home, and it shone brightly on another day of my existence. What this bright, clear morning will bring for me, the Almighty alone knows. I stand alone, unshackled by the priestly fetter ; I have suffered somewhat, and feel that I have a right in some measure to claim the sacred name of Abolitionist. God grant that in my future course I may be true always to the signification of this word.

Several months after my father's resignation from the Chapel, he received a very kind letter from the directors, inviting him to be present at the Annual Floral Proces-

sion, in which he had previously taken a most active part, on the Fourth of July. To this invitation he sent the following reply : —

June, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I have received your kind letter of invitation to join with you in your floral procession, and you do me justice when you say that you believe that I still feel interested in the Chapel. My heart has frequently yearned to be as one of you in your exertions to meet the approaching Fourth of July. I have always regarded the floral procession as not merely one of the most beautiful, but most useful of the proceedings connected with the Chapel. Its influence extended far and wide last year, and this year it will go still farther. Crowds of people from the country visit our city for the sole purpose of viewing the beautiful union of children and flowers, and as they view [them] their hearts are moved, and good feeling is the result, at least for a short time. It serves to hallow in some measure a day that in my opinion is unsanctified, inasmuch as we have been unfaithful to our principles of freedom. You perceive by these remarks in some measure my feelings, and how gladly I would assist, could I conscientiously do so ; but at present, as you know, I am unable to join with you in your every-day life in the Chapel, owing to the fact that I have been told I must not speak in the institution, as I have spoken, for the slave. I allude to this in no unfriendly spirit. God forbid it ! I believe that you who differ from me are as conscientious in this

matter before high heaven as myself. You believe my ideas to be untrue ; viz., that we must let the children know the sins of a nation, if we would be true to the principles of the Chapel, which, as I understand them, teaches us to speak out boldly and without hypocrisy everything concerning the temporal and spiritual welfare of the children connected with it. You feel that you must deal in generalities and not attack particulars, even an arch enemy which is stalking in the very midst of us, and which by prejudice arrays one set of men against another in consequence of color. I have left the Chapel because I could not fight against that prejudice, and slavery, its fiendish mother. Now, my friends, I cannot see how I can either publicly or privately join with you to help that prejudice and that infernal slavery. Nevertheless, regarding, as I do, the floral procession as a ceremony truly religious in its tendencies and, if properly conducted on the Fourth of July, capable of doing much service in this very cause to which I allude, I should be delighted to join in it if one suggestion that I will make shall be carried effectually into operation.

I presume you have done this year what was done the past year ; viz., you have requested the Sunday-schools of the country and city to send delegates to join with you in the procession. Give the same invitation to the Sunday-schools for colored children, and do it cordially, so that the unhappy outcasts may feel that you really regard as a *practical* truth the doctrine that all men are brothers, and

born free and equal, and that they may be induced thereby to send some delegates. Do this, and I will join you with my whole heart, and will work, so far as is possible, day and night for you in your endeavor to make the celebration as beautiful and as useful as possible.

I beg of you to understand that I do not wish to suggest anything impertinent, nor shall I feel a whit less friendly with any of you personally should you consider that the plan cannot be followed. If I know my own heart, I have really loved every one connected with the Chapel more since I left than I did before, because I have been relieved of many trials we inevitably meet in conducting any institution, and I have looked upon you as men and women heartily devoted to what you deem a holy and a just cause. I shall therefore be merely grieved that you do not see as I see, — that were you to introduce the plan I suggest, it would be a proud day for the Chapel; but I should have no personal unkind feeling. Decide, therefore, as you would if one wholly indifferent to you had suggested it, and looking to that Being before whom I am sure all men are as children. Place yourselves under the banner for which the blood of the colored man has flowed, of that country whose jubilee of false freedom you meet in some degree to celebrate. Look steadily at the first words that that country uttered when, by its constitution (Revolution), it stood Minerva-like, boldly erect at once before its peers, the nations of the earth; listen to the groans of two million five

hundred thousand slaves that reach us from the South, and look at the cruel prejudice of the North, that even in the houses of the Most High places the negro aloof from his brother Christian; do all this, and then decide. If you say "Ay," I shall be rejoiced, and my heart will swell with pride at the deed. If you say "Nay," I shall be grieved but not offended. I shall retire to the country on that day when flauntingly the boasts go up to heaven for our freedom, when in fact we have our feet on the necks of nearly three million slaves. I shall spend my hours with the wild, free flowers of nature, for I could not bear the thought of remaining in the city while that beautiful but, as I should think it, erring procession was going forward.

I have thus given you my inmost thoughts. Do not think me unkind or impertinent.

I remain,

Very truly your friend,

H. I. BOWDITCH.

To J. L. EMMONS and JAMES M. BARNARD,  
Committee, etc.

The Committee took the subject into consideration, and although I informed [them] that I wanted only four of the prettiest colored children to be with me, and that I should come for the slightest manifestation in favor of truth, still my friends thought that the Chapel would suffer. Accordingly I went away to Spot Pond, and there spent the day on the beautiful pond rowing among the islands and along the rocky shores by myself. It was most beautiful,



and my mind most tranquil, for I felt that God smiled upon me.

The following year a similar invitation was given and a similar reply was returned. Again he spent the Fourth of July in the country.

Amidst all the excitement caused by these events my father devoted himself, however, to his profession as his first duty.

Various translations of the works of his "beloved master Louis," especially those upon typhoid fever and phthisis, and many other monographs upon medical subjects testify to his industry in this direction. He was destined, however, in consequence of his strong convictions about the injustice shown to the negro, to meet with difficulties even in his professional work. About this time he was chosen admitting physician of the Massachusetts General Hospital, a position to which he devoted much time and energy until 1841, when a new law, made by the trustees, excluding colored people from the institution was enacted. This action was so entirely opposed to my father's sense of justice that he tendered his resignation, as shown in the following letter : —

Boston, May 28, 1841.

GENTLEMEN, — A few months since a law was passed by your Board relative to the admission of colored persons into the Hospital. I was sorry at the time, for I foresaw that it probably would lead me to the step which I now feel obliged to take. In my admission of patients until that law was passed, I (with your permission) always regarded the colored man or woman in the same light that I looked upon other men and women. If they were ill, and their charac-



ters made them worthy of receiving the benefits of the Hospital, I admitted them, believing that even-handed justice required me to do so, and knowing, likewise, that I did so with your consent. Guided by this principle, I appeared to meet your wishes until a few months since, when, owing to peculiar circumstances beyond my control, more applicants than usual were made for this class of persons. I admitted them either as pay-patients or as the occupants of proprietors' free beds, and at the request of such proprietors or of their agents. Complaints were made to you, but (by the advice of the Visiting Committee, and afterwards at the full meeting of the Board) you sustained your previous rules. In a few days other complaints arose, and the law of admission alluded to in the first part of this letter was enacted.

I regret very much indeed to be obliged to separate from any who have been so uniformly kind to me, as you all (individually and collectively) have been, and from an institution in which I have ever had the strongest feelings of pride, and for whose welfare I shall never cease to labor; but I *must* leave, for, under the action of that rule, I have been the means this day of excluding a poor girl from that charity, which, as it seems to me, belongs as much to her as to any other person, especially as she came recommended to me by one long connected with the Hospital.

I cannot, you will readily see, consent to do this again, or to remain longer in a situation where I may be obliged to violate thus my views of justice.

I therefore would respectfully resign my office of admitting physician of the Hospital. I will continue, of course, to exercise the duties of the place until a successor is chosen.

Very truly, I remain, gentlemen,  
Your friend,

H. I. BOWDITCH.

TRUSTEES OF THE HOSPITAL.

Happily the Trustees reconsidered the matter, and his resignation was not accepted. Later, in 1846, he was made visiting physician to the Hospital, which position he retained until 1863, when owing to pressure of other duties he resigned. He was then made consulting physician, and remained upon the Board until his death.

In December, 1839, my father's eldest son, Nathaniel, was born in the house at 8 Otis Place. Here the family continued to reside until 1841, when they moved to a small house at 17 Bedford Street, now occupied by a portion of R. H. White Co.'s establishment. It was during his stay in this house that the famous Latimer case occurred, the first event in the history of the runaway slave in Massachusetts. It threw the community into a fever of excitement, and my father gave himself heart and soul to the cause. To comprehend the full extent of his work, however, it will be necessary to devote a special chapter to the subject.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE LATIMER CASE

1842

ON the 21st of October, 1842, George Latimer, a very light mulatto and runaway slave from Virginia, was seized in the street without any legal process by one Gray, the former owner of the slave. He was taken to the Leverett Street Jail, and imprisoned at the request of Gray, the jailor being instructed to hold the man until further orders.

Great excitement followed, and after various threats of violent action on the part of many who wished to free Latimer, the slave was bought by the Rev. N. Colver and immediately given his freedom.

To quote my father's own words: "When the news came, very great excitement arose *pro* and *con* in some of the community. Popular opinion seemed wholly to support the slave traders. Offers were made by some to free Latimer by payments, others wanted more violent means if necessary and feasible. Amid the ferment, which caused some of us great distress, as we saw no means of escape for Latimer and felt the degradation of the State, the 'Latimer Journal' was suggested. It was first proposed by William F. Channing, son of William Ellery Channing. I seized upon the plan, and forthwith it was commenced. The first number appeared November 11, 1842. Its motto was John Pierpont's stirring words addressed by the Fugitive Slave to the North Star: —

'Star of the North, I look to thee,  
While on I press, for well I know  
Thy light and truth shall set me free.'"

The three editors of the "Latimer Journal and North Star" were William F. Channing, Frederick S. Cabot, and my father, all of whom formed the so-called "Latimer Committee," upon whose shoulders fell the chief burden of collecting thousands of names for the monster petitions to Congress and the Massachusetts legislature.

Meetings were held in Marlboro' Chapel in Washington Street, and the headquarters of the Committee, in Amory Hall, at the corner of Washington and West streets, were kept open day and night to secure signatures and to give information.

The Journal was published in tri-weekly editions, and thousands of copies were sent broadcast, in order to arouse the people of Massachusetts to a sense of what a high-handed act of injustice had just been perpetrated by the slaveholder on the free soil of the old Bay State.

On May 10, 1843, the final number appeared, containing an account of the meeting at Faneuil Hall, held in February, 1843, at which Charles Francis Adams accepted the duty of advocating the great petition before the Massachusetts legislature. It also gave an account of the carrying of the petition to the legislative hall (State House), borne upon the shoulders of six delegates, one of whom was my father.

Previous to this meeting, Mr. Adams had written the following letter to the Committee:—

GENTLEMEN,—Since I saw you last evening, I have been reflecting a little more maturely upon the subject we talked of. I have not had opportunity to consult with any one in or out of the legislature, but I feel myself bound, nevertheless, in this as in all other particulars, to state my own feeling with frankness.

I feel very reluctant to appear in such a merely formal affair as this of presenting the petition at Faneuil Hall.

That it takes place at a time when my duty calls me to the House, from which I have never absented myself an hour since I have had a seat there, is not in my mind a very weighty objection. But I do think *my* going down there, one of the three hundred and fifty-one members, to be pointed out as the most suitable person to receive the petition, for merits which are none of mine but descend to me, if at all, by accident of name and birth, would have an extremely invidious character, and would put me in a situation highly unfavorable to myself, as well as to my future efforts in support of the petitioners. I have a general repugnance to a purely voluntary exhibition of myself in any pageant, but most particularly where I know not what to say or do which would not make me appear presumptuous or vain.

Let me then beg of you to modify your plan so far as I may be concerned. Let me retain the honor of presenting your petition, if you shall not consider me unworthy of it, and also the privilege of *doing* what my humble abilities may compass in favor of the great principles of human liberty; but excuse me from a position which I see that I cannot fill either gracefully or with propriety.

I am, very respectfully, gentlemen,

Your servant,

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

Monday, January 30, 1843.

The petition to Congress, containing 51,862 names from Massachusetts, was placed upon John Quincy Adams's table in the Capitol at Washington, and excited great indignation. The immense roll of paper was about the size of an ordinary barrel.

The first signature was that of George Latimer, as a citizen of Massachusetts. The "Old Man Eloquent" bravely and calmly met the storm of words, and "his sharp

wit recoiled upon his Southern assailants." Naturally, however, at that time little was accomplished in Congress, other than to impress the country with the intensity of the anti-slavery feeling in Massachusetts.

My father worked day and night with unflagging zeal for the cause, even going so far as to dispose of some of his slender capital in order to meet the expenses of the undertaking. Later he had the satisfaction of knowing that, in consequence of the efforts of the Latimer Committee, a bill presented to the Massachusetts legislature forbidding the use of the state and town jails for the retention of runaway slaves, was finally passed and became a law.

The tremendous hold which this event took upon him may be realized from the following, written many years after as an appendix to some notes on the Latimer case : —

In closing, I presume forever, all I shall ever write upon this trial, I will write also here what I have never lispd to any one before ; viz., that the excitement I was under was so great at the earlier part of the proceedings, that it seemed to me at times my mind would be perfectly unbalanced if the excitement continued. From the first moment that I became one of the editors of that paper, complete calmness and peace came over me. I seemed transformed, regenerated, as our Orthodox friends would style it, and I never lost heart afterwards. It was a curious psychological phenomenon never to be forgotten by me. Work saved me perhaps from insanity. So then I thought, so I still believe. . . . In looking back upon my connection with the Journal, which



brought much obloquy upon all of us, I regard every hour thus occupied as among the most interesting and most valuable of my life to me as an individual. It was a grand moral tonic which even now, after the lapse of thirty-seven years, yet tingles in my veins. God bless the hour [in which], under the great leadership of Garrison, I became an Abolitionist.

It was during this episode that my father gave an instance of his pluck and determination to espouse the cause of anti-slavery by walking arm in arm with Frederick Douglass, at that time a runaway slave, through the Boston streets. It is hard to realize at this day what such an action meant; and as a proof of the disapproval, to say the least, which my father's course subjected him, the following extract is given from the "Thirty Years' War of Anti-Slavery."<sup>1</sup>

I have only to mention a few facts connected with myself. Only a few days before one of our meetings, a young lady had hoped that I "would never become an Abolitionist," and about the same time Frederick Douglass appeared as a runaway slave. He was at the meeting in Marlboro' Chapel. Of course I was introduced to him, and, as I would have invited a white friend, I asked him home to dine with me in my small abode in Bedford Street. It is useless to deny that I did not like the thought of walking with him in open midday up Washington Street. I *hoped* I would not meet any of my acquaintances. I had, however, hardly turned into the street before I met the young lady who had

<sup>1</sup> Volume x., chapter ii.



expressed her wish as above stated. I am glad now to say that I *did not skulk*. I looked at her straight and bowed in "my most gracious manner," as if I were "all right," while I saw by her look of regret that she thought me "all wrong." It was, however, somewhat like a cold sponge bath, — that Washington Street walk by the side of a black man, — rather terrible at the outset, but wonderfully warming and refreshing afterwards! I had literally jumped "in medias res." But I did not hear until years afterwards, and a long time after Douglass had held office in Washington under the Federal Government, and the slavery of his own race had been washed out in blood, what I was doing for him at the moment when as a friend I asked him to walk home with me to dinner.<sup>1</sup> How little do we appreciate acts that seem trivial or something worse to us, but which to others, affected by such acts, are of inexpressible importance! Beautiful to me seems now the act, inasmuch as it helped to raise a poor down-trodden soul into a proper self-appreciation. And how much I thank God that He led me by giving me a love of freedom, and something like a conscience to act as I did then!

As an invaluable relic of those stirring times, my father left a large "scrapbook" filled with copies of the "Latimer Journal;" newspaper clippings from all parts of the

<sup>1</sup> Many years after, when an assemblage of anti-slavery veterans and hosts of young colored men were honoring Frederick Douglass in a public hall in Boston, he alluded to this incident with the remark, "Dr. Bowditch I greet joyfully here, for he first treated me as if I were a man."

country bearing upon the "Latimer Case;" specimens of the various large posters used; calls for meetings, etc., all carefully preserved by him as interesting historical records. On the fly-leaves in front are written the following words: —

Thank God! The great petition settled the business effectually, and Massachusetts and New England generally rose nobly to the ideas of our fathers when they *believed* in Liberty. If I remember aright, the petitions, as they came, were pasted together at my house in Bedford Street, and huge masses they were, rolled up in their framework of wood. It was one of the eras of my life. I persuaded everybody I could to sign. I induced Whittier to let me have a stirring appeal to read to the county meeting at Ipswich, and "Massachusetts to Virginia" was first read aloud by me at that meeting. Fool that I was! I gave the manuscript to a reporter who asked me for it. Unfortunately, owing to the fact that I was a worker rather than an editor, the poem did not appear, as it should have, in the "Latimer Journal."<sup>1</sup>

The burning enthusiasm of the brave Quaker poet was a constant spur to my father, and doubtless added greatly to his zeal in the Latimer case.

The following letter from Whittier was written in answer to one from my father acknowledging the receipt of the poem: —

<sup>1</sup> The stirring poem beginning

"The blast from Freedom's Northern hills upon its Southern way,  
Bears greetings to Virginia from Massachusetts Bay, etc.!"

AMESBURY, 14th Day, 11th Month, 1842.

DEAR DOCTOR, — Thy letter of 11th instant has been received. From my heart I thank thee for thy kind and flattering notice of my anti-slavery rhyme. As to thy particular request, I feel too deeply on the subject to attempt it in the present state of my health. Protracted illness has shattered my nervous system, and I cannot bear any strong emotion. Any intellectual effort in which the *heart* participates is attended with pain and with distressing and suffocating sensations in breast, throat, and head. I must, therefore, crush down my feelings and remain silent. I rejoice to hear of your great meeting in Faneuil Hall. May the God of the poor and oppressed guide, direct, and strengthen you in your efforts for Latimer's deliverance! If I can in any way aid you, I will joyfully do so.

Where is Pierpont's pen of fire? *He* is the man to make upon this theme the "very stones rise in mutiny." His address on the death of Dr. Channing is one of the noblest things I have ever read.

Thine very truly,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

P. S. There is but one feeling here with regard to Latimer, — that he *must not* be given up. Were I in Judge S.'s place, I would at once resign my place rather than send him back to bondage. By so doing he would win immortal honor. Oh that he had the moral courage to meet this crisis as becomes a republican and Christian. He has now a glorious opportunity to send down his name to all coming time as an inflexible adherent to God's law and everlasting justice.

The Latimer scrapbook is unique, and its value historically increases with each year. It will ever remain as a proof of the indomitable zeal of the three men, William

F. Channing, Frederick S. Cabot, and my father, to whose united efforts doubtless were due the initial steps which led to the final passage of the law in the Massachusetts legislature forbidding the use of our state and town jails for the detention of runaway slaves.

## CHAPTER VIII

### DR. THAYER'S REMINISCENCES — LETTERS AND EXTRACTS FROM HIS JOURNAL

1843-1845

THE following reminiscences by a dear and valued friend, Dr. William Henry Thayer, were made in response to a request that he should give some account of his early friendship with my father and mother. Much that he wrote gives such charming impressions of the life of that period, that I have quoted from them freely.

“At the time I entered the Medical School, Dr. Bowditch was admitting physician of the Massachusetts General Hospital, and spent an hour there every morning examining applicants. It was also the duty of the admitting physician to make autopsies of all patients who died in the Hospital. His students had the advantage of these examinations, and learned morbid anatomy thoroughly. His custom was to devote the entire forenoon to a post-mortem examination, in which we assisted ; and the house physician took notes from his dictation, for permanent record.

“About that time an epizoötic influenza prevailed in Boston, which attacked nearly all the horses in the city. The doctor proposed to his students to make a thorough investigation of the disease. Dividing the city into districts, he arranged to have each one of us visit all the stables in his allotted district, take notes on the case in a

systematic way, and bring him a full report, to be digested. He undertook to make post-mortem examinations of the horses that died, as far as possible, — which was done under all sorts of difficulties. We found pleuro-pneumonia in every case.

“ Dr. Bowditch’s study in Paris, chiefly under Louis, had made him proficient in auscultation, then a recent invention of Laennec’s, for the investigation of chest diseases ; and in the Medical School he gave thorough instruction in this method, and gave his students every opportunity to practice it. Besides the Infirmary patients, we had the inmates of the Chelsea Marine Hospital for subjects for examination ; as Dr. Charles H. Stedman, one of the instructors of the School, was physician and superintendent of the Hospital. Dr. Bowditch also made the autopsies in this hospital, of which we had the benefit. His practice in auscultation led him to become recognized as high authority in diseases of the chest all over New England, and eventually gave him consultations in these cases in many places outside of Boston. Henry I. Bowditch, John L. Emmons, and Ezra Weston, Jr., were assistants of Rev. Charles F. Barnard in the Sunday-school and mission work of the Warren Street Chapel. In those early days the children of Mr. Barnard’s parish had a floral show and sale every Fourth of July for the Chapel. Flowers were contributed abundantly by friends in the suburbs of Boston, and on the morning of Independence Day the children formed in procession carrying flowers to the Common, where they held a sale. The procession was led by Dr. Bowditch on horseback. In those days he made his professional calls on his horse. There was one other Boston physician at that time who made his visits on horseback, — Dr. Enoch Hale, a man of an older generation. About the time I first knew Dr. Bowditch he was working industriously with a microscope in addition to his

other studies. Microscopes had not come into use with pathologists at that time to any great extent. . . . Dr. Bowditch was using the microscope between 1840 and 1850 as an amusement, but he pursued it with his usual zeal. He studied the growth of the snail from the egg to its full development, looking at his specimen every hour of the twenty-four, and making a pencil drawing of the object every time. To accomplish this he got another observer to relieve him for a part of every night. An illustration of his zeal in another direction, and his public spirit, exhibited somewhere between 1840 and 1850, comes to mind now. There was a strike in the Fire Department of Boston — then a voluntary service — and all the companies left their engines. A number of gentlemen volunteered to take their places, among them the doctor, who joined ‘Despatch No. 9,’ whose house was in Mason Street, near the Harvard Medical School. He was made clerk of the company, and did duty at fire for some weeks, until a new department was organized. . . .

“My marriage in 1845 brought me into still more intimate relations with the Bowditches, for they welcomed my wife, who was previously a resident of Keene, N. H., with great cordiality. No. 8 Otis Place became a dear place to us, and there is no room of that period of which I have a clearer recollection than the large parlor, with Stuart’s portraits of Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch and his wife, two exquisite pencil portraits by Gambadella, and an engraving of Guido’s ‘Aurora’ on the walls, and on the mantel shelf a block of wood from Pennsylvania Hall in Philadelphia, with an inscription relating that it was a memento of the destruction of the Hall by a mob excited by a meeting of Abolitionists in it, and a daguerreotype of a branded hand, the hand of a negro slave.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This is a mistake. It was a daguerreotype taken in Boston, at my father’s request, of the hand of Jonathan Walker, a white man,



“In that pleasant house we passed many an evening. Once a week for some time we were there to read aloud some new book. We read ‘The Fable for Critics’ when it came out in 1848 anonymously, although I think the authorship was well guessed at the time. Both families were members of a Book Club of twenty for the circulation of new books. There were no monthly magazines of any account at that time.

“In 1846 the Society for Medical Observation was formed at Dr. Bowditch’s instigation . . . limited to twelve members, who met bi-monthly in one of the rooms of the Boylston Medical School, for rigid discussion of a paper, which was to be a carefully recorded observation by a member, each one read in turn. The members included the instructors in the Boylston Medical School. After some years the society was enlarged, and the exercises of the evening no longer retained their original character of exact observations and close criticism. Dr. Bowditch was very earnest in his attempt to model this society on a similar one to which he had belonged in Paris under the leadership of Louis, and inspired the members with a similar zeal; but the criticism of papers was so keen, although always courteous, that some of the members resigned from time to time.

“Dr. Bowditch was a man of positive character. At its base was a very sensitive conscience, which he always obeyed, and its developments were absolute truth, purity of thought and life, diligence, and kindness. He was a constant worker, and all his labors were stimulated by

who was branded “Slave Stealer” in the South, for helping slaves escape to the North. The letters “S. S.” were translated “Slave Saviour” by my father. This deed was done by a United States marshal. — ED.

enthusiasm, which inspired his pupils and associates with kindred zeal. Systematic and methodical in his studies, he pursued them with untiring ardor to their just limits and practical results. He had a joyous nature, ready humor, and great capacity for fun. When he met you he burst out with some interesting story or suggestion of scientific enterprise, or with some piece of humor which he related with animation; and if in the street, he started off when he left you with a skip and a jump like a young schoolgirl, as if he had some urgent business to attend to. If his story was of something that excited his indignation, it was related with explosive utterances and gestures. Enthusiasm pervaded his life, and if there was nothing to call it out his manner was gentle and quiet. . . .

"I'm telling you his outward life. His inner life, as revealed more satisfactorily in his letters, seemed so much above our ordinary plane that what I can say does not do it justice. His published papers, which I have just been reading anew, carry us upward somewhat nearer the atmosphere which he breathed. . . .

"Olivia Bowditch was well qualified by nature to be his wife. With tastes similar to his (on which agreement loving companionship is most happy), her temperament was fortunately different from his, and her calmness often served to restrain his impetuosity, when it threatened to go too fast; and an expression of indignation, when becoming explosive, she could moderate by a laugh. She was fully in sympathy with him in principle, but always deliberate and self-controlled. In their friendships and interests they were one.

"The entire Bowditch family always celebrated their Christmas festival at the old home in Otis Place . . . the four brothers, two sisters, and their children. It was a lively and joyous occasion. At one of these times, Olivia

Bowditch prepared a gift for her husband, expressing the difference in their natures, and showing her own appreciation of it. She made a drawing of Pegasus harnessed with an ox — intended to illustrate his aspiring nature, continually restrained by her more practical character. I begin to have a vague recollection that this illustration was not original with her; at any rate, she applied it to themselves.

“In thinking of her, I remember with pleasure her charming music, and her performance on piano and harp — later on, accompanying the fine voices of her sons.”

In the letters written about this period to my mother and to a friend, my father alludes to the warm attachment which had sprung up between himself and a patient named Daniel Powers, who was slowly dying of consumption and whose serenity at the approach of death apparently made the deepest impression upon my father, if we may judge by the correspondence between the two men, and the thoughts expressed in letters written at that time.

His first acquaintance with this friend he sometimes alluded to in after years. Returning one day to his office, tired in mind and body, he found a stranger awaiting him. Impulsively he declared he was unable to see any one, when the expression upon the stranger's face instantly made him deeply regret his hasty words. Begging his visitor most earnestly to pardon him for his rudeness, he asked him how he could be of assistance to him, and from that moment began the friendship about which he writes.

In marked contrast to these more serious subjects, his sense of fun is well shown in his description of an expedition made by a large party of Abolitionists to Hingham.

## LETTER TO MISS MARY HUDSON.

BOSTON, Sunday, P. M., June 4, 1843.

Your letter of May 14, my kind friend, and *quon-dam* patient, reached me in safety, and I thank you for it. It is pleasant to hold communion with pure souls, and such kindness of heart as you manifest in all your writings. It is Sunday, and a most blessed day to me is always Sunday, but especially has it been so since, from feelings of duty, I left the spot that I loved, and where I hoped always to meet with young hearts. You may think it strange that the sacred day has become doubly hallowed to me since I left the Chapel, but such is the fact. Now I stay at home and, in quiet, hold high communion with my father's spirit. I study his character and observe his gradual development, whilst I arrange his papers and journals. Now this, I am well aware, may seem to some an improper use of holy hours, but they little know what a divine presence seems to fill my little but dear home when thus I am poring, hour after hour, over his writings. I seem to breathe an atmosphere of heaven ; every emotion of my heart seems tuned to devotion. I could not do or feel so on any other day, for a physician is so much at the beck . . . (I got thus far in my sentence when the bell rang and I was summoned to call upon a pompous lady who wishes to consult me about her cook ! Alas, that we can never rise for a moment from the low earth but that something material will again sink us ! However, I will proceed and finish my letter, as the

message says "any time this afternoon.") — and call of the public that he cannot ever rise, save with much struggling, to the pure empyrean, unless it be during the quiet hours of the Sabbath. On some, nay, I may say, on most Sundays, I am sure to have the "perfect solitude" you speak of, or as I should write it, "perfect tranquillity," for home without my darlings is but half a home to me. As I sit writing on these days, beautiful trains of thought and myriads of sweet feelings come floating up before me. Some, it is true, are rather of a dreamy, reverie character, but they have one hue in the midst of their endless variety. The most prominent feeling is a reverential thankfulness. As I hear the bells tolling for church, my heart goes up with the vocal prayers of my fellow-men in gratefulness to God for my very life, that at these times seems steeped with blessings. Now, I assure you that, although I had very many pleasant hours while at the Chapel, I never once had that quiet self-communion or intercourse with departed saints which has blessed me for several months past. For the present, therefore, I feel that it is well for me to avoid all church-going. How long it will be so I neither know nor care. The Sabbath is now to me what it never has been before, — a day of holy rest. . . .

I have been lately perusing Carlyle's "Past and Present," and have been deeply interested. Olivia does not like him as a writer, nor do I like all his queer phrases and foreign terms; but there is such a manliness and such a pure and simple devotion in his

writings, that I always read with avidity everything he publishes. In the work I allude to, he has the following, with which I sympathize most sincerely : “ Who *dare* name *Him*. Most rituals and ‘ namings ’ he will fall in with at present are like to be ‘ namings ’ which shall be nameless ! In silence, in the Eternal Temple, let him worship if there be no fit word. Such knowledge, the crown of his whole spiritual being, the light of his life, let him keep and sacredly walk by. He has a religion. Hourly and daily for himself and the whole world, a faithful, unspoken, but not ineffectual prayer rises, ‘ Thy will be done.’ His whole work on earth is an emblematic spoken or acted prayer.” Such, in my opinion, was the life of my father, and therefore I never approach the study of it on Sunday that I do not feel as if in prayer. No matter how uncomfortable I feel when I commence, at the end I can say, with Coleridge, “ I arise and find myself in prayer.” Why, then, should I not find my Sundays truly the Sabbaths of the soul ? Well, it is really strange. I sat down to write to you a matter of business, suggested by my father’s papers, and here I am, at the end of the fourth page, not a whit nearer the object I had in view than I was at first, but you are the sinner on this occasion. In my early letters to you, in order to give you a little of my hopefulness, I allowed myself to indulge in a somewhat egotistical strain, with what I had seen and had felt, and now you perceive that I can’t write upon business



even, without flying off in the same direction ; and from being somewhat romantic in my notions when a boy, I now am apt to indulge in dreamy vagaries, and of course my correspondents, to whom I write truly the feelings of my soul, get a good supply of " smoke, mist, and moonshine." However, I believe you to be one of those beings to whom I may dare express whatever is uppermost at the time of writing, and I always do so without the least fear that you will ridicule the honest convictions or dreams of another, even though you may disagree with the writer. . . .

Farewell. God bless you. I remain,

Truly your friend,

H. I. BOWDITCH.

TO HIS WIFE, VISITING FRIENDS IN KEENE, N. H.

BOSTON, July 25, 1844.

I am going to heap coals of fire on your head. Another day has passed, and as yet I have received only one letter for more than a week, and that letter was written on business. . . . Now hark ye, Ma'am ! Let me have, at least, two regular letters by post, and as many private ones as you can contrive to wedge in between the regular lines of correspondence. I go along quite well, taking all in all very happily. The house is my own. No upsetsings of places and things ; no leaving of darned and undarned stockings in parlors ; no huge bundles of work lie hither and thither to my discomfort. I sit



most of the time in the front parlor preparing my book on Auscultation,<sup>1</sup> which I believe I am fairly engaged in now.

The sweet consciousness of having no very great debts accumulating, and the fact that I have paid off thirty dollars of wood bills that have been standing, makes me calm and happy. I have had patients, but as an old doctor of the last century says in his diary, I have "eight patients and never a penny." My honors fall fast and thick upon me. I shall be chief marshal at Hingham, August 1st, where there is to be a great gathering. For a moment, a few days since, I smelt the offer of a professorship; but, alackaday, my self-love deceived me, for upon explanation of the mysterious words, I found my anticipations vanish in "*tenues auras*," as the Latins used to say, I think. I had made such a sweet little cottage for me and my mate. It was situated a little distance from a very pretty country village. A beautiful greensward led up to it from the road, and over the porch was running a beautiful mountain fringe intertwined with the honeysuckle. I saw my little boy and girl sporting on the grass, while the mother was seated in her country home, her promised land, a second Canaan. Her eyes were moved with delight. Then I traveled off and left my village home, and, taking wife and bairns, shut up the little house for a season, and took my way across the Atlantic.

I left her at her father's home while I went to

<sup>1</sup> *The Young Stethoscopist.*

study and to get up to the level of European science for my professorship. Thus in my mind's eye we went over every five years, until the fame of the country school had in imagination been established. I awoke and found it all a dream, yet half reality.

I have had another interview with that pure spirit Powers. I wrote a letter to him before I saw him, and he found it on my mantelpiece. It made him weep, and we are sworn friends. He promises to come and see me once again "before he dies." A most exalted faith, an orthodox faith, yet liberal as the sun. Mysterious is our connection with each other; the glance of his eye goes through me, and I see that he loves me. He told me a friend of his, a clergyman, means to come and see me when he comes to Boston, so that he may know me. How pleasant these God-sent beings, who occasionally flit across my path! Few can understand the delight I experience in meeting such an one. Do you think you can? I expect a letter from him.

I cannot tell you how much good my country visit has done to me. I seem to be living a new life, or rather I am carrying two lives, — one of turmoil and vexation in my professional cares, the other a divine state of existence that hallows and sanctifies every hour of life. A sweet trust seems to have taken possession of me. I walk out and feel disposed to smile all the day. Nothing seems to disturb that equanimity of soul that I gained while worshipping the Almighty in one of "His first temples" near Beaver Brook. The simple ones thought I went to

sketch. I went for a holier purpose, — to pray — to draw in from that pure source that divine spirit of peace that always glides in the waters, and rustles the leaves of the old weather-beaten forest. Thank God that He vouchsafed to me a heart that loves Nature, — that adores Him in it.

TO MISS MARY C. RIGNALL, AFTERWARDS MRS. WHEELER,  
OF BURLINGTON, VT.

Sunday Morning, July 29, 1844.

DEAR MARY, — Since my return I have been in a most placid frame of mind. My visit to the country seems still to hang about me, with its sweet influences. Then, too, though I feel at times lonely enough, I rest contented for two reasons: First, I know that my “Le,”<sup>1</sup> and especially my children, are gaining health for future conflicts every hour that they reside at Keene. Second, I always enjoy to some extent loneliness and quiet. I can sit down and read or write and be alone. Nothing, even of a pleasurable nature, interrupts the genial flow of the soul, upon whatever work I may be engaged; though I won’t tell you why I am particularly fond of this quiet just now, being engaged upon a work which requires quiet.

How beautiful is this Sabbath morn! Sabbath! Day of rest! What coarse, unspiritual, unromantic people our fathers were to prefer the word “Sunday!” In their desire to avoid popery they fell into many extravagances of the opposite character. The single

<sup>1</sup> His nickname for his wife.

footfall of the passer-by does not prevent me from hearing the singing of the birds and that sweet hum of nature to which I alluded in my letter, and which to a listening ear is heard even in the heart of a city. I am getting romantic and solemn, so let us change the scene and have some fun. It will do us as much good, for it will remind us of friends and old innocent frolics.

I send you a note from S——, the “unforgettable person” *what* sews and makes cakes, “does up” muslins, and passes “so many hours of solid happiness” in the duties of stitching. He alludes to a note I wrote to him before I went away, as a voucher for the payment of the bill for carriage hire, and of our gratitude for his kindness. He speaks of “loving” folks in his note, and I cannot but think that you produced a very serious effect upon his heart. What a nice domestic creature he would make, — as playful as Punch, as docile as a lamb, and capable as the most notable housewife in the world; able to make doughnuts or fry griddles, to stew apple-sauce or to roast beef! I really think such qualities should not be lost in retirement.

But to get back to the serious mood. S—— is a good fellow, and a genius in his way, an unique specimen of humanity, one whose wit turns to trifles, but whose soul, after all, is much more capacious than that of thousands who laugh at him; a man overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and who, I really believe, was, to a *certain extent*, sorry that the money for the carriage was paid.

Give my love to Eliza, and take much for yourself. I have had some very sweet letters from my "Le." God bless her! What a lucky fellow I was to meet that woman in an obscure *pension bourgeoise*! Not an hour of the day passes that I do not think it *providential*. I like English women. What they know they *do* know. There is a finish about them. After such a general compliment as that, and which becomes very "*partikalar*" when you consider, Ma'am, that I know but two English women, you cannot expect me to say anything more than

Thine forever in solitary "vidderhood,"

HENRY.

In a letter to his wife he gives an amusing account of an anti-slavery meeting, and its unfortunate ending.

August, 1844, Wednesday Noon.

But I must answer some of your questions. . . . We *went* to Hingham. Started about 9 A. M. Such a medley of "black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray," I have never seen before. Your humble servant appeared at the head of the Suffolk division, followed by four fat black women, and arm in arm with Douglass.<sup>1</sup> There were nearly four thousand people present, in a beautiful grove near the village. Among others I spoke exactly five words in reference to a committee for poor Torrey, in Baltimore jail; but the gems of the occasion were the collation and

<sup>1</sup> Frederick Douglass.

the return home at night. The collation I assisted at as *servant* to the public, quite in accordance with the doctrine "he that is first (being chief marshal) among you, let him be your servant." I perceived during that time that there were some rowdies among the crowd disposed to make trouble. They did so at night. I talked with many very pretty girls, all anti-slavery to their backbones. Saw Mrs. Follen, Susan, and the bright-eyed Mary Cabot. Mrs. Chapman, *id omne genus*, I was also delighted to see and shake hands with. They have been residing at Weymouth for some time past. At 7.30 P. M. we left (that is, Abbie Southwick and I, who had walked from the grove together) on board the General Lincoln to go on board of the Portland, which lay about half a mile off aground. One boatload had previously gone. Finally we were all safely deposited on the huge sea boat, and to my horror I perceived some difficulty in moving. The captain and pilot seemed in doubt whether they could proceed. A fog was gathering in from the east and night was fast hastening upon us. Suddenly the boat stopped and we were aground! The engines were stopped, and the anchor dropped, and in a few minutes we were completely enveloped in a fog bank, and preparations were made for resting until the moon arose. Slowly and heavily and sickly arose my darling Phoebe, and not one ray of hope did she give us. She only served to show how miserable we were. The captain retired to his bunk, the wheelman stretched himself, and all soon became aware that we



were to wait till morning. I would that I could describe the various emotions that arose within me. There were at least three hundred who could not even procure a seat, much less a berth. White ladies with delicate dresses were in close proximity with some of the softer sex, likewise, but of every hue and color. Some of these last, it is true, behaved much better than their whiter companions. Here was a long-visaged Abolitionist by the side of a dapper gentleman whose sense of propriety was much shocked at the proximity, and who had come to Hingham for a *joke*. But the predominant feeling I had, was a sense of the ludicrous. I was laughing for the first half of the night immoderately. Garrison laughed till he cried. I even served to raise the spirit of mirth by ringing the steward's bell, and calling, "All hands to supper," when in fact, nothing either to eat or drink could be found on board. I passed around and watched the groups. In one place Oliver Johnson was spouting like an Orthodox clergyman ; in another a blind man was examining phrenologically all the heads of the company, and producing by his discoveries shouts of laughter ; in another part a number were singing songs, another telling stories ; another party, still more vociferous, were cheering. Down in one part of the cabin sat a couple bolt upright, back to back, sleeping and nodding. Having nothing to lean upon, they determined to be helpmates indeed on that occasion, and slept on each other's shoulders. In another sat a



man the very picture of despair from sleepiness, but unable to sleep from being continually jostled by the crowd ; on tables, floors, under the stairs, upstairs, downstairs, on wood piles, etc., were thrown together a heterogeneous mass of human beings. Meanwhile the night wore on. Finding it impossible for many ladies to get seats, I determined to amuse myself by helping them ; so, therefore, I was engaged from nearly twelve to two or three in raking up all the boards and blocks, etc., and making temporary seats. I received the thanks of several women, and I thought of you, darling, and was blessed through their mouths, for it seemed as though you spoke through them. About the middle of the night I found it necessary to curb the antic spirit of merriment I had helped to raise, but I found it much more difficult to quell than I expected. The very essence of fun seemed to have spread itself over those who could not get seats or berths. I remonstrated quietly, and at length I made a speech about ladies and the duties of Abolitionists, etc. ; all in vain. In despair I rushed into the crowd and caught hold of two or three of the most conspicuous, and told them I was ashamed of them as men and as Abolitionists. This stilled them ; but I stirred up the bile of many, so that, had I been in a more Southern latitude, I should have had several duels on hand the next day. Afterwards some quiet prevailed, but still in the forward part of the boat was speech-making and singing going on all night. About three A. M. Mr. James

Freeman Clarke and Douglass held a discussion on the church. Both were very good and very fair to each other. Among the amusing remarks made during the night there were as follows: A friend from Philadelphia, in despair, had curled himself up underneath the stairs, upon old mats, rusty, mouldy slippers, etc., the very essence of dirtiness. After lying there some time in distress from cramp in his legs, from inability to stretch them, he was thinking of abandoning his post, when one man passed by, and, putting his head down to look at him, exclaimed: "By George, that man is in the most comfortable place on the ship." My friend decided to hold on to the place if any one could envy him for it. Another for whom I had procured a seat (a very low one) was just falling into a gentle slumber, when he suddenly found himself jerked up by his coat collar, and the intruder "begged pardon" and informed him that he thought he was taking hold of a *chair*! Frequently during the night the sleepers were disturbed and jumped, rubbing their eyes, exclaiming, "Have we arrived?" when any rogue chose to exclaim "Passengers will please prepare their baggage for Marblehead, Beverly, Texas, etc.;" and finding their mistake the sleepers would quietly fall asleep again. About midnight the fearful cry of "A boy overboard" was heard, and scampering was made hither and thither. Sure enough, a young fellow, overcome with drowsiness, had fallen from the stern rail. He had his wits enough to swim to the rudder, and received only a wetting, much to my joy, who did not want any

surgery. Towards morning, that is, half past three, I tried to sit down on the wheel box. I had scarcely dropped asleep, ere, *bang! bang!* went the reveille, or morning tap of the drum, to waken the band. At 4.30 I found a berth and slept soundly, and awoke, and was rejoiced at finding ourselves steaming away, as I supposed, towards Boston. Whilst I was gone I understood one of the wittiest meetings of the whole night took place. The cry of "Breakfast is ready" had been tantalizing us all night. Some one from a knot of speakers cried out, "Mr. Moderator, I move that breakfast *be laid on the table.*" "Before that is done," cried Douglass, "I rise, sir, *to a pint* (point) of order." "If we have laid it on the table, Mr. Speaker," cried another, "I move we now take it and *discuss* it." "On this occasion, Mr. President," said a grave, cadaverous looking man, — "on this occasion, Mr. Speaker, I will offer myself as a martyr tied to a *steak* (stake)." A perfect shower of wit, more or less good, was thus kept up for half an hour. "Mr. Speaker," said one, "I move, as we cannot get a breakfast, that we resolve ourselves into a breakfast." The last resolution was this: "Resolved, that we have had a breakfast and feel comfortable." So passed the night. At 7.30 A. M. we arrived at the wharf. Frank Cabot, William White, and I walked up, feeling dirty and rather stupid, but thinking that many would remember the 1st of August, 1844. . . .

H.

## JOURNAL.

Sunday, August 11, 1844.

Thirty-six years ago, on August 9, 1808, my mother bore me. What have these thirty-six years produced of value to repay her for her sufferings at that time, and her anxiety for more than twenty years after? I will try impartially to review what has been the case with my inner man for the last few years. My religious views since leaving the Chapel have been such that I have never been in church but twice during this whole period (nearly two years). I have avoided the ceremonies of Christians because they seemed to me unholy. I never felt prayerful when I entered a congregation. In the quiet Sabbath stillness of my own heart I have communed with God and my sainted dead father, on the first day of every week. These Sundays have been most sweet and solacing to me, and with each return I have felt refreshed and invigorated for the struggles of life.

My connections and friends sometimes argue with me upon the impropriety of omitting these weekly meetings on the score of example. How absurd! Leaving out of sight the presumptuous and vain idea that our example weighs so much as to induce others to scoff at holy things because we stand aloof, I would remark, that if the every-day actions of life, the constant endeavor to school myself to the dictates of duty, is not example enough, why then all observances would be null and void. But it seems to me that the sooner we give up all idea of the effect of

our example, and endeavor to do justly, and to love mercy, the sooner we shall do the world and ourselves good, and tend to make both more Christian. But mark well, I never attempt to gain proselytes. On the contrary, I shrink from tampering with the faith of another, unless that other asks my opinion. I believe services do good to some minds, but to a much smaller class than is usually supposed. Nevertheless, I would defend that class in the enjoyment of their privilege.

My anti-slavery views and connections have been of infinite service to me, and I believe likewise to many others, in that they have made me look deeper than mere dogmas or personal opinions. I can now reverence a man from whose opinions I wholly dissent, if I see evidences of honesty of character and purity of life. In fact, I have found of late that I had a real zest for the company of those with whom I disagreed on the subject of voting, etc. I believe that I am almost the only one in the Board of Managers of the Anti-slavery Society who does not go for disunion. Possibly I may agree with them at some future time, but at present we are at swords' points upon the subject. But we embrace, at the same time that we fight, for we have learned to tolerate differences of opinion where honesty is the foundation.

In married life I have been thrice blessed—blessed first in meeting that dearly-loved English girl who has been, ever since she has been my wife, one of the brightest gems of life. Upon her love

have I rested when trial was on me. Her quiet support has been priceless. Very precious has she ever been to me, passing the price of rubies. My two other blessings have been my children. My boy is growing up stout and hearty, with more the appearance of an English lad than one of our thin American boys. His disposition is most loving, and his tendencies, I think, good. His name is a benediction. My little "Le" reminds me of myself. Heaven spare them both to us, and give us many more as diamonds in our coronet of married life.

In regard to my personal estate : always having been one of the lean kind, I still remain so. Some say that my enthusiasm runs away with my physique, but it is all nonsense. I never hurt myself seriously by my enthusiasm. I can work with power for a time, but a reaction comes, and I rest. At the earlier times of the Latimer case, my neophyte zeal made me almost insane, and I really fear that if I had not had the "Latimer Journal" as a safety valve, my mind would have been seriously impaired. But, thank Heaven, I feel as fresh now as a lark, but a more deadly opponent of slavery than ever. Vermont and Connecticut have both passed laws similar to the Latimer Law, and ere long I trust all the states will go and do likewise. The mass petition which set that ball in motion was my idea, and my mind, time, and body were spent freely upon it. But since that time I have recruited in body, and my mind was never clearer, my heart never more loving than at present. I worship God on the hilltops, by



the running stream or foaming waterfall, with less fervor yet more quiet enthusiasm than when as a lad in college I walked backward into Boston for the sake of enjoying the glory of the setting sun.

There is one most striking difference between me as a man now, and myself as a young student. I have sober hours, long tedious sober hours, when my enthusiasm dies, hope disappears, and I seem laboring for that which satisfieth not. I generally can refer these feelings to the various trials of life, or to physical infirmity, difficult or tedious cares, the want of money for my family, or what may seem most absurd for a wise man to confess, the vile east winds of Boston that chill my whole body. These are my trials, and I thank God I have only one faith, that by effort I can sometimes bring to my aid; viz., that He, the Almighty, never forsakes him that rests upon God's arms. A silent prayer in the middle of a crowded street, or at the bedside of a sick patient, will frequently make me as serene as my father was on his death-bed. But these trials I never had when a boy, nor until after my commencement of a professional life.

How, then, shall we answer the question? Have my thirty-six years of life been of sufficient service to myself and others as to repay the mother of my youth for her toil? I cannot but think that where one hour of wretchedness has darkened my existence I have had ten thousand of perfect delight. If my children can ever say as much, I shall be thrice blessed to have been their father.



## LETTER TO MISS MARY H——

Sunday evening, October 20, 1844.

FRIEND AND PATIENT MARY, —

. . . . .

But I will finish preaching and tell you of one of my patients, to whom, though I have seen him but four times, I have become most deeply attached. 'T is four months or thereabouts since I met a tall, intellectual looking man in my office, on my return from visiting my patients. The first glance at his eye was a talisman that carried me into immediate communion with him, and the rich yet sweet tones of his voice seemed like those of one long lost and familiar. He had an Emersonian head and reminded me of my classmate, Charles C. Emerson. A finely-made brow (over which straggled, with rather a negligent yet not unneat appearance, a full head of hair) arose in full proportion, and combined most harmoniously with his rich blue intellectual and mild eyes and aquiline nose. His mouth was somewhat pinched and his lips were thinned by disease, but they bore the marks of having been of that large and beautiful outline such as true refinement and delicacy of sentiment, connected with intellectual greatness, tends to create. The finest lips I have ever seen on the likeness of any man are those in an engraving of Sir James Mackintosh. This young man's mouth resembled his in some degree. Put such a man as I have attempted to describe into a sombre student's dress, and you have the appear-

ance of the young genius Powers, an Orthodox clergyman, one whom I now call friend, because, forsooth, I cannot help it, for he has been a friend to my soul. "I came to ask you, sir," said he, in a mild yet strangely decided tone, — "I came to ask you to examine my lungs. I do so at the request of friends. For myself I ask nothing. I am sure of being a dead man before the year terminates. I am prepared for that, so do not excite any false hopes; if you do, you will do me mischief." "Ah," thought I, as I scanned his frail figure, "here is a noble, manly being, most heroically struggling with consumption. Sure of death, yet simply and truthfully prepared to meet it. I must know more of you. You are a unique case." To tell a long story in a few words, I will merely say, after having examined him and given my medical opinion, I conversed with him upon the high and holy theme of his faith in the life to come. "How comes it," said I, "that you have this sweet, this strong faith that supports you so much as to make you look thus tranquilly towards your certain end? The natural shrinking from death which all have, until a few hours before its actual approach, you seem to have thrown aside without an effort. Tell me how it is. Do you always feel thus quiet at the thought of the grave?" "Doctor," said he, "I have it always before me. I do not desire to live any longer than I can be of service. I feel as sure of going to a better, a more delightful home, where I shall be able to converse with all the great and good that have

ever lived, as I do feel sure of anything admitting of merely spiritual evidence. You ask me for an example. I will give you one. If my father should write to me that he was coming to take me from here on a certain day I should believe him, and make my arrangements accordingly. I should pack up my trunk, settle my accounts, and prepare for the journey. Just such a faith do I have that my Father in heaven will come for me. He has sent me messages by my many symptoms, and I am now preparing for the journey." All this was said so simply, so candidly, so perfectly without pretence, that I was delighted and astonished. I felt that he strengthened my faith, gave me more manliness, cheered me in my despondency, persuaded me to forget the trifles of the world, and to lean more securely on God. Under these feelings I took him to my heart of hearts as friend. With undoubting confidence I said so in a letter that I wrote to him a week or two afterwards. I was *sure* of him. He told me I was not mistaken, and that the first few lines of it, in which I showed that confidence, moved him even to tears. God be thanked that I have a soul that spurns conventionalisms and mere physical constraints, and dares at such times to dive fearlessly and with a loving faith into the bosom of one who, to the hour of our meeting, has been bodily a perfect stranger to me. How sweet such friendships are to me! Think not, however, that I meet many such in this world. Only two or three times have I had that divinely inspired, unwavering confidence.

What care I whether I ever see him again bodily? He lives in my heart and encourages me daily by his sweet presence there; yet I am ashamed of myself when I think how unworthy I am to have his kindness and affection. What think you of such friendship that feels little desire for the bodily presence, and in fact which seems to give more real delight by its spiritual influence than it can gain by words? We throw a halo around absent friends that we cannot give them when present to our sight. Absence seems to have the effect of death; it hallows and makes beautiful even blemishes. But when absence brings to our thoughts a noble soul, especially one most manfully struggling against what seems to us a dark fate, I confess to you a feeling almost allied to worship comes up within me, and I am thrown into that state in which a human being is when he truly prays.

“Well done! Enthusiast! Dreamer! Transcendental nonsense-writer!” exclaim, I seem to hear, many worthy souls; but fortunately this epistle is not intended for them, but for you, my good friend and patient. You will not laugh, or at least if you do, you will be laughed at in return.

“Le” is now playing some pretty Italian music, and the evening of this Sabbath has been most pleasantly terminated by this to you, while my good wife has been giving us sweet touches on the piano and occasionally sweeter strains (to me at least) of her voice. She sends to you much love.

Truly yours,

H. I. B.

## EXTRACT FROM JOURNAL.

August 9, 1845.

. . . Take it for all in all, this last year has been the happiest of my life. . . . My darling wife has been ever with me, save at present, when she is at London on an errand of filial love, to comfort a sick father. My anti-slavery is rather of the medium stand. I do not take disunion ground, such as that taken by Garrison, for I think that that is giving up the political element of our people, but I would have our representatives protest and retire from Congress ; but our people will do nothing. The Whigs do not care for anything but tariff. Witness the speech by R. C. Winthrop at Faneuil Hall on July 4th. The Republican party is sold to slavery. The Liberty party hugs the Union with death grasp. We shall do nothing but allow our noses to be ground off, and then have Southern bravado for having done the grinding so effectually and deliciously. We are a tame-spirited race, forever like Ulysses' companions, imagining ourselves men, when in fact we are mere animals, soulless, brainless animals. . . . During the past year I have become acquainted with three noble souls, — one, Anne Sever of Kingston, a clear-witted, intellectual, and devoted heart ; E—— P——, a modest flower, but with an eye that was itself a soul, and when you become acquainted with that soul you find it of pure gold, a refined, delicate spirit which does not tell for half its worth until you enter into its sacred depths ; and

finally, Daniel Powers, that beautiful spirit that I met when it was hovering on the borders of the grave, and from whom I drew such sublime faith in the future, and most quiet resignation to apparent evil. I cannot tell how much they have all done for me. I think I have engrafted a part of their hearts on mine, or rather their sweet and noble souls have stimulated my own to fairer objects of pursuit, and thereby I have been made better. God bless them all.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE TORREY AND THE HANNUM-PEARSON EPISODES — LETTERS — EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL

1846-1849

IN the manuscript of the "Thirty Years' War of Anti-Slavery," chapter iv., I find the following note upon the death of Charles T. Torrey, the Abolitionist. My father's letters to James Russell Lowell, and the extract from his Journal upon this subject, are also given.

The Rev. Charles T. Torrey was thrown into prison for simply helping slaves to escape and for being an Abolitionist. He was bold and free in the expression of his opinion in a slave State, Maryland. After his release from prison he made a solemn vow to remember those in bonds as bound with them. He went to Albany and edited a paper, but he was called upon, by a slave who had escaped to Canada, to go to Virginia to help his wife and children escape. True to his vow, he went, was caught, arrested and again confined. He tried to escape and failed, and again was thrown into worse condition. He was heavily ironed in a damp, low-arched cell, and finally on trial sentenced to six years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. He would not



confess that he had done wrongly, in order to get commutation or release. "I cannot afford to concede any truth or principle to get out of jail." In two and a half years, viz., May 9, 1846, he died, slain, as I firmly believe, in behalf of liberty.

## LETTER TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

BOSTON, May 3, 1846.

FRIEND LOWELL, — By private advices we hear that Torrey will die ere many days have passed. He may be dead now, even; cut down by the recreant, craven spirit of this false republic! We have thought of having a public funeral service at Faneuil Hall, and a burial at Mt. Auburn. If this is done, we shall hope to hear from the poets of our land, the true ministers of God and of Christ at the present era. I have written to —, to see if he could be induced to look upon the theme as sufficiently inspiring for his Muse. I fear, however, the *cotton bags* will cover him up, so that neither soul nor body will be perceptible ere long. This, however, is *entre nous*; perhaps it would have been kind not to have said it, but he has fallen a good deal in my estimation; but if he is a true man he has fallen more in his own midnight self-respect. But to return to yourself. May I, as a man, hope to hear from your inspired lips words well befitting the solemn occasion? May I receive from your heart of love and high-souled honor sentiments such as I have, not a few times, obtained from your free-hearted poetry? I trust so.

Let not the occasion pass of raising your voice of solemn warning, and of bright hope likewise. Were I a poet, I am sure that now, if ever, my soul would rise to the magnificence of some of the battle hymns of Koerner! But now we are called, not to the battle of the tented field, but to the more beautiful, more noble struggle for God's right, by the force of the moral, divine nature of men! Oh, then be true to yourself on this occasion, and if, perchance, we have no services at the "Cradle of Liberty," let the American nation listen, through another medium, to the heart-stirring tones of your Muse, who seeks her inspiration not so much from any Castilian fount, however beautiful it may be, but rather from the broad current of time as it rushes onward in its course to the far distant future.

Ever most faithfully your friend,

H. I. BOWDITCH.

In response to this letter, Mr. Lowell sent to my father the poem which was published later, beginning "Woe worth the hour," etc., the manuscript of which is fastened into my father's Journal. The letter accompanying the poem speaks of the poet's sympathy, and of his inability to do justice to the occasion in what he has written.

LETTER TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

May 18, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR, — I thank you sincerely for your lines on Charles Torrey's fate. Their spirit is most beautiful and their effect upon the mind most health-

ful. I fear much, however, that our nation, nay, that every nation is too corrupt, too much wedded to violence, duly to appreciate their lofty spiritual tone. It seems to me likewise that, in your sanguine hope in the Divine Nature and in man, you anticipate less violence than history will permit us for a moment to hope for in the great struggle for freedom that is going on. When has a tyrant lifted, unless forced by blood, his heel from the neck of his slave? Think you that the blood of Lovejoy and Torrey will be a sufficient offering to appease the vengeance of the slaveholders, and that their young lives, full of love and of Christian zeal, will be the seed of "sweet mercy in the oppressor's heart"? Fain would I believe so, if I *could*; but there is a deep, a damning feeling of oppression to all mercy where the slave is concerned, and it pervades all classes. Look at the scorn with which the body of that sainted martyr was spurned from the sanctuary (!) of his brethren, as if forsooth the spurious Christianity of the day were determined to hunt forever the friend of the bondman. The same spirit that excluded Torrey's corpse from the vestibule of Park Street wields the ponderous lash on the rice fields of the South. Everywhere, even in the miscalled though revered "house of God," is the slave crushed. Now, I am afraid that, long ere the mild influences of such a spirit as breathes in your poetry shall have begun to have influence on the world, this country will be deluged in blood. My heart

points to it when I try to put myself in the place of the slave ; history, with her thousand tongues, praises, as the highest of human actions, the noble insurrection of a crushed people. God speed the right, I say, in such a struggle when it comes in this land. Yet what a horrible ending !

Your poetry, my friend, is a harbinger of better hours, but not for this country, as I fear we have missed the great idea of our existence ; and a new cycle of time must pass its round, and a new and lovelier race of beings must settle on this earth, ere man shall truly appreciate the divine doctrine you enunciate in the last line of your verses.

But do not think me wanting in hope. Far from it ; your poetry, though I think it will need another race to consummate it, fills me with hope. Park Street Church violence prostrates me to the earth, only to gain new thought, as in the ancient story, by touching my parent soil. If I see the Devil before me, I always fight ten times harder than if no super-human energy were necessary. As I touched the martyr's lips, and smoothed the dark hair from his youthful and intellectual forehead, I felt as if nerved by the Almighty arm, and I swore with renewed earnestness eternal and undying hostility to slavery. I did it, too, with bright-eyed Hope by my side. Yet at the same time came up in the long distance the idea that slavery must be washed from this nation by blood.

You are perhaps aware that at my request Dr. Channing read your lines at the Faneuil Hall meet-

ing, and that it was voted that they should be published in the proceedings of the meeting.

With respects to your wife, I remain,

Very truly yours,

H. I. B.

## EXTRACT FROM JOURNAL.

May 8, 1846.

To-day and this evening were finished the burial rites of Charles T. Torrey the martyr. He died in Baltimore jail. For some time we have been expecting to have news of his death, and a fortnight ago, at a meeting of his friends, I was requested to write to the physician of the infirmary to make preparations for his body, that it might be preserved for the inspection of those who would like to see his remains. The funeral was to have been held in Park Street Church, but Wm. T. Eustis and others, after battling with the question from seven to ten P. M. on Saturday evening, decided that the services should not be held there. Tremont Temple was opened to us, and there from twenty-five hundred to three thousand people collected and listened with intense interest to the simple tale of the life of the martyr, as portrayed by the brother of the first martyr, Lovejoy. I thought I perceived but one electric current running through that immense assembly. A sober feeling, a sentiment allied to deep suffering seemed to animate all, and it burst out in audible expressions of consent or of delight from the audience. Once they clapped, but orthodox piety

seemed to check such exuberance of soul. The body was visited by thousands; and I carried Natty to let him see the revered face, and teach him to swear eternal enmity to slavery. Like Hamilcar of old, I determined to make the young Hannibal remember, as one of his earliest associations, his father taught him to hate slavery. I think he will remember. I raised the little fellow on my knee, and allowed him to look, and when I took him down he asked to be allowed to look once more. I then told him the history of the good man's life, at which he seemed deeply interested.

The services in the church being ended, we prepared to have a procession, but a violent storm of rain had come on, which prevented many from going. The crowd of carriages was immense. Tremont Street was blockaded for more than half an hour. Finally the body was carried to Mt. Auburn, followed by a long line of carriages. In the evening a meeting was held at Faneuil Hall. It was not crowded, but true-hearted people were there. Letters from Stephen C. Phillips, and lines from James Russell Lowell were read. Staunton was most eloquent. Dr. W. H. Channing was all warmth, and altogether the day was one of the true Sabbaths of the soul. I felt that I was more truly praying than ever I prayed in any church. Meanwhile the gay world passed on. The pride and *haut ton* were neglectful of the occasion. All the great men of respectability stood aloof. Even —— could not be on the committee. We are a great nation of poltroons!



In the summer following the death of Torrey, occurred another of the episodes which stirred the indignation of the Abolitionists.

A slave from New Orleans had secreted himself in the hold of a vessel owned by a merchant of Boston, hoping to obtain his freedom in the North. He was discovered by the captain, who, after communicating with the owner of the vessel, placed the negro upon an island in Boston harbor until a vessel bound for New Orleans should receive him and take him back to his master. The negro escaped to South Boston, but was recaptured, placed upon an out-going vessel, and returned to slavery.

The excitement in the community was intense, and my father naturally took a prominent position in the open denunciation of the affair. In one of the many "scrap-books" kept by him is found an interesting account of the meeting at Faneuil Hall, and of the formation of the "Vigilance Committee," composed of forty members, whose object was to keep close watch upon any person or persons suspected of secreting any slave in or about Boston, for the purpose of carrying him away against his will. Their efforts were also to be directed towards the formation of a National League for Freedom.

To quote his own words:—

The action of Mr. H. Pearson, merchant in Boston, and of Captain Hannum, caused intense excitement in Massachusetts, and more or less throughout the country, not only among persons claiming to be Abolitionists, but through a much wider circle outside of our ranks, even among some who thought that the Abolitionists were too sharp in the denouncing of slavery and its abettors. Slavery was not so bad in the estimation of the latter indi-



viduals whilst it remained South, but when, in violation of all law, it undertook to hide a fugitive, and carry him back into slavery in scorn of Massachusetts rights, then these people began to feel a warm interest in the matter of chattel slavery! It was beginning to show some of its vilest features in the free North, and within sight of Bunker Hill! "This will never do," cried they, "*for the time being*, we strongly protest." Mr. Pearson, fearing and knowing his Southern trade would be ruined if he consented to a slave escaping in one of his vessels from New Orleans, and Captain Hannum, fearing arrest and imprisonment and heavy fines if he returned without the negro after he had escaped from bondage in a vessel commanded by himself, were in a dilemma. They thought to escape detection, but they little knew how keen-sighted and quick-witted in hunting out runaways the Abolitionists were; and so their pretty scheme, though not frustrated, gained for themselves an unenviable reputation, and fairly aroused our people. The Faneuil Hall meeting was a complete success. The two Adamses, Phillips, and Parker spoke to responsive hearts of the multitude that filled the "Cradle of Liberty," and as a termination three rousing cheers were given to the honor of the "Old Man Eloquent," John Quincy Adams, who, though in feeble health, had consented to preside. Boston had made progress since the times when "gentlemen of property and standing" had free scope in mobbing our anti-slavery meetings and defenseless women. How the valuable autograph letters hap-

pened to be left in my possession I do not know. I was from the first on the *qui vive*, and when a slave was in Boston at any time I let nothing but my professional duties prevent me from devoting myself to his succor. As the slave in this instance was on the way back to New Orleans, my only object was to do all I could to pillory Pearson and Hannum as unmitigated sycophants before the slave power, and the meanest of traitors to Massachusetts liberty and laws. In this process I may state that Dr. Samuel G. Howe and I first moved in the matter of the public meeting. The draft of the paper, finally printed as the appeal from the Faneuil Hall meeting, is in my handwriting, deliberately done, modified, as it was in one part, by Governor Andrew in his own chirography. The preliminary meeting preparatory to that at Faneuil Hall was held at my office or at Dr. Howe's, and certainly the first Vigilance Committee's meeting was called by Dr. Howe at my house.<sup>1</sup> Hence it does not seem unnatural that some, if not all, of the official documents should have been left with me.

<sup>1</sup> The first call for a meeting of the Vigilance Committee reads as follows : —

Boston, September 26, 1846.

DEAR SIR, — Permit me to inform you that you were appointed a member of the Committee of Vigilance chosen at Faneuil Hall on Thursday, the 24th inst., to take means to secure the protection of the laws to all persons who may be in danger of abduction from the Commonwealth, and to request you to be present at a meeting thereof, to be held at Dr. Bowditch's house, No. 8 Otis Place, on Wednesday, September 30, at 7.30 o'clock P. M. At this, the first meeting of the committee, it is of the highest importance that, if possible, every member be present and assist in its deliberations.

S. G. HOWE.

That the intensity of feeling was not one of mere local interest, but was widespread throughout New England among those in whom hatred of slavery rose paramount to every other consideration, is well shown in letters written to the committee, of which my father was a member, by prominent men of widely differing temperaments. Gerritt Smith, of New York; William Slade, Governor of Vermont; Samuel Fessenden, Governor of Maine; Hon. William H. Seward, then Governor of New York, and Ralph Waldo Emerson were unanimous in their vigorous denunciation of the act.

The letter from Emerson is given entire.

CONCORD, September 23, 1846.

GENTLEMEN, — If I could do or say anything useful or equal to the occasion, I should not fail to attend the meeting on Thursday. I feel the irreparable shame to Boston of this abduction. I hope it is not possible that the city will make the act its own, by any color or justification. Our State has suffered many disgraces of late years to spoil our pride in it, but never any so flagrant as this, if the people of the Commonwealth can be brought to be accomplices in this crime, — which I assure myself will never be. I hope it is not only not to be sustained by the mercantile body, but not even by the smallest portion of that class. If the merchants tolerate this crime, — as nothing will be too bad for their desert, — so it is very certain they will have the ignominy very faithfully put to their lips. The question you now propose is a good test of the honesty and manliness of our commerce.

If it shall turn out, as desponding men say, that our people do not really care whether Boston is a slave port or not, provided our trade thrives, then we may at least cease to dread hard times and ruin. It is high time our bad wealth came to an end.

I am sure I shall take my share of suffering in the ruin of such a prosperity, and shall very willingly turn to the mountains to chop wood and seek to find for myself and my children labors compatible with freedom and honor. With this freedom I am proportionately grateful to Mr. Adams and yourselves for undertaking the office of putting the question to our people — whether they will make this cruelty theirs — and of giving them an opportunity of clearing the population from the stains of this crime, and of securing mankind from the repetition of it in this quarter, forever.

Respectfully and thankfully,

Your obedient servant,

R. W. EMERSON.

In addition to the letters just mentioned, I have found in one of his scrapbooks the records of the famous meeting at Faneuil Hall in the handwriting of John A. Andrew, who acted as secretary, with newspaper clippings from the various journals of the day, all of which show by their tenor the stress of feeling which guided the actions and words of the whole community at that time.

During the year following the Hannum episode, my father, in giving his assistance to a public "call" for the purpose of nominating an independent candidate for the presidency to support the Wilmot Proviso,<sup>1</sup> appealed to the Hon. John P. Hale for the use of his name. The correspondence between the two men seems to me of sufficient personal and historical interest to warrant its publication.

<sup>1</sup> A measure to keep slavery out of all new territory acquired in consequence of the Mexican War.

FROM HON. JOHN P. HALE.

DOVER, N. H., October 9, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR, — Yours of the 7th instant was received this morning, and I hasten to answer it. I fear that you do not fully appreciate all the embarrassments of my peculiar position at this time, when you ask me to sign the circular which you have sent me. To understand this, we must look over the whole ground; and in so doing, it would be idle to attempt to overlook the fact that my name has been very freely used in very many of the anti-slavery papers as a candidate for the presidency of the United States. How much against my own wishes none know better than those who have been most instrumental in causing it to be done. I repeat to you, however, the assertion, that in the struggles through which I have thus far passed in the politics of my life, nothing has occurred which I would more gladly have avoided, could I have done so consistently with what I believe due to my friends and the position in which they have placed me, than this use of my name in connection with this office. But the fact that it has been done, and the rule of propriety by which I must be governed, relate to affairs as they actually exist, rather than as I would have them. Here then is this prominent fact, that many friends have proposed my name as a candidate for those who would arrest the further extension of slavery, and do what they constitutionally may for its overthrow and destruction. Under these circumstances, I put to your own good sense to determine if it would be proper, or delicate, for me to sign a call for a convention of the people to meet for the purpose of nominating a president to carry out these views. I am anxiously and earnestly desirous, above all things in this behalf, to see your scheme succeed; to see the brave and the true of all parties, of every name, forgetting for a while the petty

differences which have separated them, in the name of a common humanity and a common God, uniting their energies in one determined and well-directed effort against slavery, that foe of God and man, striving together in one mind and one heart, baring their breasts to the storm, and meeting with united struggles every element of opposition. Under the banners of such a host I ever hold myself ready to enlist in any capacity which the best interests of the common weal may require. The platform on which such a movement must be based however, to my mind it appears, must be broader than that embraced by the Wilmot Proviso, which leaves slavery to riot in the consciousness of unquestioned supremacy in the National Councils of the Union, which it now possesses, leaves unchallenged the monstrous anomaly that man can hold property in man, and while Mohammedan and Pagan countries are abolishing slavery and the slave trade, permits the Federal City to remain in infamous notoriety, the great market-place of souls in which men, women, and children are constantly exposed for sale as mere articles of merchandise. Can these outrages, so repugnant to every feeling of humanity, so contrary to the laws of God, be passed by unheeded, and an appeal be successfully made to the moral sense of the nation to arouse itself and rally around a standard, whose motto only declares hostility to the further extension of these flagrant evils? I think the answer to these questions is clearly, "No;" and the league will hardly deserve to be called Holy, which contents itself with merely declaring hostility to the further extension of an evil, which in its present state renders our very name a reproach, and has plunged us in a war of such enormity as defies the imagination truly to conceive of it. You say that you are truly sorry that the Independent movement in New Hampshire has been merged in the Liberty party. Grant that it be literally true as you suggest. Let me ask you what



I and my friends could do? We sounded the alarm, we did all that men could do to warn the states, the nation, of the dangers which beset them, and we shall continue to do so. Whigs and Democrats looked on with indifference, or only asked, the one, what have we to hope, and the other what to fear, from this movement? They were both mainly interested in the preservation of their respective parties, the Whigs encouraging us just so far as they looked for our aid in breaking down the Democracy, and the Democrats cursing us in the same degree that they feared the consequence of our movement; while on the other hand the Liberty party men, abandoning for a while their own organization, and the man of their choice, rallied around me and sustained me by their votes and their sympathies at a time when I and the cause for which I was struggling both were in the greatest peril. Under these circumstances what was to be done? Were we to repel from our sympathies the only friends we had, in the hope of gaining accessions from our opponents? In one word were we to refuse the coöperation of those who were ready to work with us, for fear of the odium attached to a name mainly on account of the manliness, independence, and self-sacrificing spirit of those who had borne it? I think I can anticipate your answer. I have thus written to you at some length, and with perfect plainness. Go ahead in the path of duty which your judgment dictates. If my prayers and wishes could bring you success, success were surely yours; but whether I judge wisely or unwisely, I think I am in such circumstances that I cannot with propriety give my name to the call which you propose to join.

I confess that I do not see anything very bright at present in the prospects of the future. A part of the nation seems to be drunken with blood, and their insane and impious ravings seem likely to silence the voice of



remonstrance which the more sober portion of the community ought to send forth.

Slavery in the mean time at the South is preparing to marshal her forces for the maintenance of her supremacy, and the first notes of preparation have already produced such effect at the North, that the two parties seem running the race of servility to determine who shall be the first to bow down before it and who shall bow the lowest. And old Massachusetts (God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!), will she be true? When the battle waxes hot, and the soldier of liberty is stricken down in the front rank of the host, shall he find a safe resting place, secure from the encroachments of slavery, within the embraces of that glorious land whose pride and boast it is that on her soil the cradle of American liberty was first rocked? We shall see.

Very truly yours,

JOHN P. HALE.

DR. H. I. BOWDITCH.

TO THE HON. JOHN P. HALE, IN REPLY TO THE FOREGOING LETTER.

October 13, 1847.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your frank and full letter. It increases my esteem for you. I did not really hope for your signature, nor, in fact, do I now hope for the signature of any prominent men. I did not know, however, to what extent you felt committed to the Liberty party, and therefore I determined to ask you to join in the call. But pray do not think that I have looked upon Garrisonian abolitionism for ten years past to no purpose, and that I regard the Wilmot Proviso as

the one thing needful. It is of infinitely small importance; nevertheless it is more than our recreant nation will be ready to assume. Bastard sons of noble sires! Nay, I am in doubt whether there was so much nobleness of souls about our fathers, after all; for did they not compromise with slavery, and is it not owing to their compromise that our country is now in its present political, miserable condition? I almost wish that you would let me publish your letter, for I feel that it would do good. I have taken the liberty of showing it to two of my brothers, and to one of them (an old Whig beginning to have some conscience, still a hater of the Liberty party, as the cause of the defeat of Mr. Clay) it has done good. Of course, however, I shall consider it private, totally and entirely so (with the above-named exception), unless your consent is given to the contrary.

And now let me say that I wish all success to the Liberty party. As such I have for years contributed to its support in Boston and Massachusetts, and in helping to get out the call I did so, not from hostility to the party, but from the belief that in the politics of a nation we should avail ourselves of the various events that appeal most strongly to the masses of the people, and, leaving party names to take care of themselves, we should rally the whole people upon a few simple objects. I shrink from the trammels of party political organization. I freely confess that the longer I live the less confidence I have in parties as such. Still they will ever exist, in this present

century at least, until we get a military despotism, and I shall always be ready to help any one that seems to have, as the Liberty party does, a germ of truth in it.

With sentiments of highest respect, I remain  
Yours,

H. I. BOWDITCH.

In 1846 my father returned to the homestead at 8 Otis Place, where he remained to the time of its demolition in 1858. Here he first interested himself in improving the tenements of the poor, to which he alludes in his Journal, a scheme which a number of years later took practical shape in the improvement of the so-called "Lincoln Building," jocosely named the "Crystal Palace," a three-story wooden structure which formerly stood on Lincoln Street, the abiding place of a set of disreputable families. My father took the deepest interest in this plan, often visiting the families, and inducing the children to save their pennies, which they brought to him to be deposited in the banks. Frequently children from these families were invited to his office, where, after collecting their money and bank books, he spent the evening in reading aloud or instructing them. Not long afterwards, the Coöperative Building Society was formed; the fruit, doubtless, of my father's first efforts to better the condition of the tenements for the poor.

He alludes to these schemes in the following extract from his Journal: —

October 31, 1846.

Within two months I have had two proofs of the wisdom of following our impulse to good and trusting to human nature. First, I was determined that something ought to be done about improving

the tenements of the poor. Accordingly, after talking considerably about it, I persuaded the benevolent committee of Mr. Parker's church<sup>1</sup> to take it up. They had a meeting; I was invited to attend. From that arose the meeting at the Warren Street Chapel, which was the source of that held at Masonic Temple, which last chose a committee to appeal to the legislature for an act of incorporation. Second, Every one, on the occasion of the recent outrage by Captain Hannum in carrying off a slave, thought that something should be done, yet no one did anything. In despair, and determined at least to quiet my uneasy conscience, I invited friends to meet me and consult. From that arose the Faneuil Hall meeting and the "Address to the Public," the "Vigilance Committee;" and, I hope, a National League will be the result.

In the midst of his busy professional life and the various periods of excitement from anti-slavery matters, my father found time also, in the four years following 1846, to devote himself to the interesting but laborious work of watching under the microscope the development of the egg of the snail. His delight in observing the gradual changes, and his wonder at the beauty of Nature's processes, were often alluded to in after years. In his work he was greatly aided by my mother, whose exquisite pencil illustrations of the daily growth of the snail are vivid and beautiful proofs, not only of her talent, but of her devotion to all that interested him. This work was well known and respected among scientific men, both in this country and in Europe.

<sup>1</sup> Rev. Theodore Parker.

## EXTRACT FROM JOURNAL.

March 20, 1849.

The world has rolled onward, carrying me with it, always busy, never resting, yet how little accomplished. The great Free Soil movement I entered into with a most hearty relish, and never was I so rejoiced as when Massachusetts, by her popular vote, rejected General Taylor. The triumphs of anti-slavery, in the last hours of the recently-closed Congress, notwithstanding the rampant furies of the slave power, were delightful to me as evincing that slavery is doomed. I still remain a member of the anti-slavery board, but I sympathize less and less with disunion views. Nevertheless, to Garrison and the Anti-slavery Society proper, I believe, belong the honor of ever raising the standard of freedom higher. They do so by their very energy of expression of what I think to be an impracticable plan. People of this country have been united too long, and it has become so much a part of each man's constitution, that no one can think with patience of disunion. In regard to church-going, I have still an indifference to the subject. . . . Skepticism seems prevalent upon all subjects, and men hold on to forms, thinking them most real, or at least that reality must greatly depend on them. When I go anywhere I attend W. H. Channing's<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> William Henry Channing, son of Francis D. Channing, a man of great eloquence, and a prominent member of the famous "Brook Farm."

services to the "Associationists."<sup>1</sup> My confidence is in that idea of coöperation which is brought forward by the Socialists. A dawn of a new empire is seen in that beautiful thought, and did I not believe in the main doctrines of the "Associationists," I should feel that this world was a God-forsaken spot.

In June, 1849, he had the pleasure of accompanying Agassiz upon one of his trips about Vineyard Sound and Buzzard's Bay. Freed from the strain and turmoil of city life, the trip was one in which my father could satisfy to the full his love of nature and of science.

EXTRACT FROM JOURNAL.

OFF GAY HEAD, VINEYARD SOUND.

Tuesday, June 26, 1849.

On Saturday night at ten P. M., at the invitation of Captain Charles Davis, of the Steamer Bibb, U. S. Surveying Ship, I set sail on one of the pleasantest excursions I have ever had. The Bibb is an iron steamer, with every comfort and luxury on board, and engaged in the coast survey. The excursion was made especially for the purpose of dredging around the Vineyard Sound and Buzzard's Bay, and for discovering what evidence there is of animal life in the depths of these waters. Agassiz and I are the sole guests, for, although Professor Pierce, Ingersoll, and Charles Mills were invited, they have been unable to be here, and therefore have lost some of the finest hours of life. During

<sup>1</sup> A body of social reformers largely influenced by Fourier, and out of whose efforts the "Brook Farm movement" grew.

Saturday night we had a fine run ; and although unaccustomed to sea life, and troubled occasionally by a dream, I arose early, refreshed, and found that we were running with fine even sea along the interior of Cape Cod. We had sunk two or three dredges, but without much success ; and finally, after doubling the cape, we arrived off Nantucket about four P. M. I was much surprised at its appearance, as in fact I have been at the aspect of all the towns along the shore, Chatham, Truro, Holmes' Hole, and Edgartown. There was a much more substantial aspect than I expected. As the houses spread along the shore to a great distance, and as they were white with green blinds and well kept, they gave an air of activity and energy on the part of the inhabitants which I had not anticipated. Huge ships loomed up, evidently intended for long whaling voyages, and neat boats were seen lying on the beach, even of the rudest portion of the land. Our captain, finding it necessary to send a boat ashore in order to communicate with other captains on the station, I took advantage of the opportunity and went ashore and called upon my father's friend, Mr. Mitchell. He told me that I resembled every year more and more my sainted parent. Would to God that I might imitate him more in soul and noble intellectual exertion. Sometimes I long for what seems unattainable, — that to his name I may be able to add somewhat of fame.

I was able to stay but a short time, and returned and spent the rest of the day and evening in micro-



scopical observations of the various beautiful objects our dredges had brought up, although by no means so rich as those procured yesterday. I had also a fine talk with a young midshipman, Jones, who, by his enthusiasm in his profession, proved that even the profession of arms may be ennobled by gallant enthusiasm. We remained at anchor during the night, and at four A. M. the anchor was "piped up" by our boatswain, and we had a fine run down to Holmes' Hole. Here our first lieutenant, Rogers of New York, quitted us to return home for a season, in order to bring his wife to the station. The few words he let drop in reference to her showed that they were united most perfectly. After breakfasting we weighed anchor, and prepared for a thorough dredging of the Sound; and a most perfect day of exquisite scientific delight I experienced. Agassiz found several new specimens of mollusca and microscopic objects, ova, etc., without number, and of surpassing beauty. He literally skipped with delight, and his round, open, benevolent face sparkled with pleasure as each new treasure came to view. All the buckets on board ship were put in requisition, and in one we had crabs and shell- [fish] of every form, jumping and creeping in every way; but the fairest and most unique object for Agassiz's heart was a live *coral*. He had never seen it. It had never been seen in Massachusetts. It was certainly a most beautiful creature. Perfect in its outline and tints, we could see it, after watching it, project the most delicate

tentacles, which spread over the surface of the solid material a perfect mass of velvet. It was quite fragile, and needed a frequent change of water. But though this was interesting, everything was almost equally so. The hours flew by as rapidly as thought, and were constantly loaded with beauty that spoke to me of divine workmanship, like the Hours in Guido's "Aurora."

My whole being harmonizes with nature : perfect health, a clear, transparent, balmy atmosphere, and pure, scientific research into a new world of the Almighty, and all in company with such a man as Agassiz. He was kind to me as an old friend, and I called him to the microscope frequently, and frequently heard him exclaim : "Qu'il est beau !" and once or twice he called his assistant to make drawings of what I had displayed.

We dredged five or six times, and I was struck with the variety we found. In some parts the whole bottom seemed composed of living creatures, shells of all sizes, but of one or two chief species. For example, by calculation we decided that we drew up on one occasion five thousand specimens of the *Crepidula Fornicata*. On another place, on the contrary, we found but two specimens, but they were both new to Agassiz.

In the afternoon we landed, and had a most pleasant walk around Gay Head, a very peculiar point which crops out with streaks of various colored clay to the ocean. A Salvator Rosa might make a magnificent picture of its rough side, beaten by dashing

waves, and worn down by the rains of centuries. At times the points arose in somewhat Alpine aspect, but sublimity is certainly not a feature in our coast. In the evening we studied the phosphorescent aspect of the water, and found the water teeming with little shrimps and *medusæ*. Agassiz had two years ago seen the phosphorescent powers of the former, and he showed me the nervous system, which he told me was the phosphorescent part of the frame. It was red, and is excited to action by being disturbed; hence seen in the wake of ships. Analogy suggested to me a fanciful idea: that we may see an illustration of the same influence of the nervous power in man and the lower animals, in the bright eye of the cat, and the flashing of the same in man and woman when under the influence of passion, either of love or anger. How beautiful and how fascinating the human eye!

AT THE WHARF AT EDGARTOWN, MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

Wednesday Morning.

We as usual had a most delightful trip yesterday. After weighing anchor from Gay Head in Manomet Bight, we stood out a little towards the sea, and under the influence of its swell I came very near losing my breakfast; and after dredging once or twice in nine or ten fathoms, and finding little to interest us, we returned to Buzzard's Bay and there spent the day. The wooded island of Naushon looked beautifully afar off, and the main shore, dotted here and there with pretty villages,

the fresh and pure air, the bright day, health running through all my veins, the presence of a thoroughly scientific man, as Agassiz is, all combined to make me sincerely happy. We found, during the day, several new species of *medusæ* of exquisite formation, new and undescribed ova, unknown even by name to Agassiz. I studied under his care the cell's development; and in the ova of the young shrimp saw cells nucleated and nonnucleated, and in fishes in one serial course of growth. In fact, two things I had forcibly impressed upon me; viz., first, that nature is teeming with life, and second, that it needs educated eyes like those of Agassiz to discover it. He did not seem to touch anything without finding something curious. The most uninteresting waters became prolific of beautiful forms under his touch. Then, too, his extreme kindness and open-hearted frankness in calling us to partake of the views he was seeing! He did not seem to enjoy [them] until he obtained some companion. He was engaged in showing me the cells of the *corda dorsalis* of a young shrimp when a cry of "Man overboard" met our ears. We were lying at Edgartown and it was about ten P. M. We ran to the bow of the vessel and found that it was but too true. A youth about sixteen years old, and the sole support of a widowed mother, to whom he had transferred all his month's wages before the sailing of the boat from Boston. He was one of those attached to the engine, and had come up to cool himself in the fresh evening air. Lolling

on one of the ropes near the bow, he fell, and sank to rise no more. He was not found until next morning. I was pleased at the thought of how readily everything yields to the calls of humanity. We all ran; the sailor bustling and energetic, the quiet and calm officer of the man-of-war, the earnest scientific man, with sympathy in his countenance, the curious boy — all were there in aid of humanity. For hours the sailors dragged, and the curious looked on. Finally one by one dropped away and all was over.

A boy fishing from the wharf this morning raised the body. Poor mother!

EDGARTOWN HARBOR.

Thursday Morning, June 28, 1849.

We lay here at the wharf all day yesterday, and a most delightful day we had of it. In the morning we took a walk along the shore and met with ill luck. We were seeking worms, and Agassiz seemed to have an unerring instinct in discovering them. We, however, found but one, as the tide was too high. On our return, we studied the ova of a fish which we found in great quantities by the side of the vessel in the early morning before the wind rose and disturbed the surface. I was able to trace an ovum from the earliest form up to the perfect animal, and the cell development was perfect. In truth, my microscope revealed what Agassiz's drawings and lectures had revealed before. The whole forenoon was spent on these. In the afternoon we examined the different parts of the *medusæ*, some species of

which were very beautiful. I saw cells everywhere. I saw cells alone contract without fibres. I saw fibres, some of which certainly seemed composed of cells *en rosaire*. This Agassiz had never seen before. By the bye, Agassiz has discovered no less than two new genera, and six new species of the *medusæ*.

But the various episodes of slight talk that I had with the chief guest and Captain Davis and lieutenants! "Humboldt's 'Kosmos'" (said the first), "all admire. It is eminently suggestive, as are all his works. It is great in its noble generalizations. It is not weak in any of its details. Every man should attempt to do thoroughly one thing, to become acquainted with one genus, as it were, as a term of comparison. I should have no opinion on the *mammalia* in comparison with what would be given by others. It may seem immodest, but it is true that ——'s opinion of the *radiata* is of no weight. If Mr. Peirce were not a modest man, he would say that Sir John Herschel should have no opinion on a high theoretical point in mathematics. The continental observers would not think anything of what he might say. On practical astronomy he is the highest authority. The same rule holds good in art and morals. A man should study the Venus as the highest illustration of one genus, viz., physical beauty; the Madonna of Raphael as another genus, moral beauty. He should study the Hercules for physical strength; the Apollo, for intellectual strength. Having studied these thoroughly, he will find himself much better able to judge of all works



of art. So it is with character. Study the lives of men remarkable for peculiar traits, and you will be able to judge of men in general much better." I asked him if he had ever seen Laura Bridgman. "No, because if I once went to see her I should spend three months in studying everything about her; for the same reason that when going to England I did not turn aside to see the Leyden gallery, for if I had done so I should have been detained there six months." I asked him about studying by experiment the principle of life. "We are not prepared to do so. We must study all forms and development of forms before we can approach to understanding this. If any naturalist would visit the Mammoth Cave, live in it a year, trace all the different changes in the life of the sightless fishes, etc., there, and then bring them up to life and observe the effects, we should have the most perfect illustration of the influence, or otherwise, of physical agents on man, and the naturalist would immortalize himself. The earlier one publishes a book the better." Speaking of Portia, he said, "Oh, how glorious a character,—bright, kind, earnest!" Thus passed another day (most fair) of my life. . . .

In the steamer Massachusetts I returned to New Bedford, and by railroad to Boston. I spoke with him about my paper presented to the Academy. I told him I understood it was to be submitted to him, and that I hoped that no feeling of friendship would prevent exact truth in regard to me. He said that



the only way truly to raise the standard of science was a rigid subjection of every paper to the criticism of those acquainted with the subject, so that any one would judge of his own rank by their decision. There are, or should be, two ranks of men of science. First and highest was the class of discoverers of great laws, such as Schwann. Owen has never added anything really great to science, though an indefatigable worker. His "Odontography" was only an improvement of others' ideas. Men must work and do something, otherwise no one is considered a truly scientific man. He seemed to think our men too much disposed to look to England. The Continent thinks nothing of their reputation in England. We do not value our own sufficiently when a thing is well done. Dana's book on "Zoöphytes" is the finest in the world; yet he doubts not that any one having occasion to quote on zoöphytes will quote some continental or English observer.

## CHAPTER X

### WILLIAM AND ELLEN CRAFT'S ESCAPE — SHADRACH'S RESCUE — RENDITION OF SIMS — LETTERS

1850 – 1851

IN 1850 the Fugitive Slave Law was passed, an act which exasperated the North to the highest pitch against the horrors of slavery. The enactment of this law and its consequences gave a tremendous impetus in the next ten years to the almost inevitable result, — the Great Rebellion of 1861. My father's journals and letters written during this period reflect not only his own deep sense of the infamous nature of this kind of legislation, but that of all who worked with him in denouncing both the law and its supporters.

Up to the very last days of his life my father spoke in no measured terms of what he deemed the perfidy of Daniel Webster, who, at the last hour, after giving assurances of his efforts in behalf of liberty and the defeat of the bill, suddenly astounded and disappointed all those who were anxiously awaiting the effect of his words in Congress by telling the North that "they must conquer their prejudices" and accept the measure. From that time forward, no argument or excuse could convince my father that Webster had done other than prostitute his "God-like intellect" for sordid ends; and ever after, the least attempt to eulogize the memory of the man would bring forth a blaze of indignant protest against what he

deemed the worship of intellect at the expense of morality, — a protest which, once heard, could never be forgotten.

In his “Thirty Years’ War of Anti-Slavery” he thus expresses himself : —

In 1850 the whole country was aroused by the various encroachments of the slave power and the opposing protests of the anti-slavery animus which was rising generally in the North. It was not, however, strong enough to prevent the adoption of the infamous Fugitive Slave Bill introduced by Mason of Virginia, and the absolute humiliation of Webster in his 7th of March speech, hoping thereby to gain the presidency. This great *intellect*, devilish in its [lack of] morality, was almost worshiped by most people in the North. . . .

At the time of preparing for his 7th of March speech, he wrote to his intimate friend, J. T. Stevenson, Esq., to know “how far he could go in behalf of freedom and be sustained by the North.” The reply was, “Take the highest ground in behalf of freedom;” and when the hour for Mr. Webster to speak had arrived, Stevenson said to my brother (J. I. B.), at his office in State Street, “Oh, how Webster is giving it now to Southern insolence!” So entirely had Webster deceived and wheedled even his best friends! His speech was a mighty downfall for him and to most of them, shocked as they were by it. His support of the “Compromise Measures,” the Fugitive Slave Law, his telling us to “conquer our prejudices,” and support all those damnable proceedings, aroused in us all the utmost distress

and opposition. We were prepared to do almost anything but tamely submit to the carrying back of the slave, but we had no organization to meet such an event.

A meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, Charles Francis Adams presiding. Fred. Douglass, Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, and others addressed it. Daniel Webster, from the steps of the Revere House, had told us we must obey a law that was to punish severely with fine and imprisonment any one helping a slave to escape. Samuel Eliot (my old companion in the walk up Court Street at the time of the Garrison mob), M. C., voted for the infamous statute. I wonder what his descendants think of him in comparison with the noble "Old Man Eloquent's" doings in those days? Excitement was everywhere, both North and South; but slavery ruled the hour, and our Northern representatives and senators, with few exceptions, bowed before it.

In his Journal, many years later, he again alludes to what he deems Webster's treachery.

I see that one speaker lately in his eulogium upon Webster has made him out to be like a great Hebrew prophet—a would-be leader of a great people who forsook his counsels and preferred civil war. If that were indeed the case, I thank God that, for humanity's sake, to all time our Northern souls preferred even that to a vast slave empire, when, as Calhoun once said to Everett, "We intend to sell our slaves if need be at Bunker Hill."

The first important episode following the enactment of the Fugitive Slave Law was the escape from Boston of William Craft and his wife Ellen, in which my father took an active part. He thus describes it in his manuscript.<sup>1</sup>

#### WILLIAM AND ELLEN CRAFT.

In 1850 the romantic escape of William and Ellen Craft occurred. The story of their escape from the South is full of dramatic romance, almost incredible at first thought. These main facts are undoubtedly true; viz., she was a delicate, almost white, quadroon girl, with simple ladylike manners, when I met her after her arrival at the North. She was evidently tinged with some high blood of the South. He was a tall, manly-looking person, with a deep but sweet voice, and though quite dark enough to pass for a slave, had a certain self-poised dignity about him, and Caucasian rather than Negro features. During their escape, Ellen passed as the invalid young master, who needed a stalwart negro to assist her on her journey. Personating these two characters, they reached Boston, and having done so, prepared their little home. He worked at his trade as a cabinet-maker. Everything went well and safely till one fatal morning news came that the minions of the Fugitive Slave Law were preparing to lay their fangs upon them. Instantly all of us Abolitionists were alive. I went to his shop and found him prepared, according to the principles of Patrick Henry, to have "Liberty or Death" to his pursuers if need

<sup>1</sup> *The Thirty Years' War*, chapter v.

be. He determined that he would not fly! He consented that I should take Ellen to Brookline, to the house of a true Abolitionist (Ellis Gray Loring) who I knew would open his house and his heart to the panting fugitive. Ellen, however, was above the common run of person. She gained courage from the circumstances and bold behavior of her husband. It was Saturday night, but we anticipated trouble during the following week for William. Ellen, of course, was concealed where she was; but Craft was at his bench with his plane and saw, and the addition of a heavily loaded "horse-pistol" upon the bench with his tools of trade. He declared that he would shoot any one, law officer or not, who should attempt to lay hold of him to carry him again into slavery. I must say that I admired his pluck and gloried in it, while at the same time I feared that courage would be of no avail against the bloodhounds of the slavery-ridden South.

It was understood that warrants were ready. Still no attempt was made. It seemed as if there was prudence, if not a little cowardice, on the part of the officers; or, perchance, there was a certain respect for the manliness thus displayed.<sup>1</sup>

The week passed without interruption. On Saturday evening I said to him, "Well, it is of no use

<sup>1</sup> Sometimes a secret humanity on the part of the officer induced him to give notice to his victim. The story is told that one officer called on a slave and told him that he had a warrant for his arrest, and that he should come the next day at a certain hour, at which the runaway would be prepared to be taken! Of course the slave had several hours thus given him to fly towards the North Star.

for you to stay on defense here to-morrow, for certainly the writ will not be served on Sunday. Let me take you in my buggy to where your wife is, and you can spend a quiet Sabbath with her." I would say that during the week my brother William had given him a fine revolver. "Doctor," said Craft, "I will go with you provided you will use this pistol" (putting a small one into my hand at the moment) "upon any one who shall propose to arrest me. I shall carry my pistol and revolver, and shall certainly use them if necessary." Here was a contingency I had not thought of, but I thank God that, though not a little shocked at the idea of my possibly killing a human being, I remembered the saying, which, though not intended probably to be quoted on such an occasion, I deemed most fitting in its application to me; viz., "to do for others what you wish done for yourself;" and feeling that if I were Craft I should glory in slaying any one who attempted to make me or my wife a slave, I replied instantly, "Yes, I accept your proposition." I thought it possible that it might be the last meeting the two would have in this world, and I wanted them to spend the Sabbath as a day of rest from their toil. Fortunately no interruption occurred. We drove over the Mill-Dam (now Beacon Street), and the only person we saw was the toll man at the toll house, situated just below Charles Street.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Public Garden did not then exist. The Back Bay was then composed of water and swamp land, across which the Mill-Dam ran connecting Beacon Street with Brookline. Beacon Street extended only a short distance beyond Charles Street.



Carrying the small Craft pistol (now in the "Memorial Cabinet" <sup>1</sup>) in my right hand, I drove with my left. Craft's hands were occupied with his "blunderbuss" and revolver, one in either hand. Together we might have shown a pretty smart fight, and my little pistol loaded, as I subsequently found, with three buckshots, would have done its share. Thrice happy am I now that we had no call for defense, for after paying the toll man we met not a soul on our way to Brookline.

Leaving Craft happy with his little wife, I returned to Boston. Of course all my movements in regard to them were done with the greatest secrecy. I told Craft that, as he was determined to stand his ground at his shop, I would drive out on Monday morning and bring him in to town.

The drive seemed to me quicker than ever before, and "Fanny" (dear old animal, how I learned to love her!) never went more gallantly than on that journey. I arrived nearly at the end of the Mill-Dam when I saw a man tramping cheerily along towards me, and apparently munching an apple with great satisfaction, and to my surprise I found it was Theodore Parker. He, too, had been informed of the danger, and immediately had driven out in a carriage, and had ordered William and Ellen to be sent to his own house in Exeter Place. There they remained until they finally took refuge in England. For two weeks Mr. Parker "wrote his (my) sermon

<sup>1</sup> A Memorial Cabinet made in memory of his son, to be referred to later.

with a sword in an open drawer under his (my) ink-stand, and a pistol in the flap of the desk, loaded and ready with a cap on the nipple." On their leaving Boston he gave William a sword, and told him of his manly duty to defend the life and liberty of Ellen ; and he gave them both a Bible.<sup>1</sup> These facts show how our people generally were gradually being "wound up" to deeds to which they were all unused. Rootlets, in fact, they were, to prepare us for the civil war, of the near approach of which we were all unconscious.

But all through the North the work went bravely onward, and stirring towards liberty.

The following letter was written in response to an invitation to dine with Mr. H. W. Torrey's club, during the foregoing episode.

Boston, October 28, 1850.

FRIEND TORREY, — I thank you for your invitation to the "Club," but, pardon me, I cannot attend any convivial meeting until the slave hunter has been driven from Boston. I should be ashamed of myself, and traitor to my highest principles, if I did not spend every leisure hour in plotting how that infamous law, prepared by the late Congress, can be defeated. I go, if need be, for open resistance ; and for my support I appeal to that God to whom our fathers appealed in the dark hours of the Revolution. I am amazed that such men, as some whom I know, can for a moment consent that that tyrannical law should be executed in Boston. Samuel A. Eliot

<sup>1</sup> *Vide* Appendix (b.)

and Daniel Webster have done more towards demoralizing this community, in regard to all law, than has ever been done before. They have made thousands appeal to that higher law of nature and of God, which tells us that man's liberty should not be dealt with in a trifling manner. As I find that many who are loudest in defense of the proposition to sustain the law know nothing of its wicked and tyrannical provisions, I send you a few copies of it, with the appeal adopted by the fugitive slave. Will you give them to the gentlemen present? I shall thus be with you in spirit, and much more effectually shall I be present at the convivial table than if I should appear in person. Let them read thoughtfully, and with minds duly sensible of the importance of human liberty, a jewel of much higher value than human life. Let me beg of all my friends to consider the appeal as coming directly from William and Ellen Craft. Let them bring up before them the image of a delicate, refined woman, one capable of taking her station by the side of any female in our land, one who, even in her delicacy, performed an act of heroism in her escape from Southern bondage equal to anything heroic ever done by any of our forefathers; an act, the necessity of which, should cause a blush of shame to tingle through the cheeks of the degenerate sons. Let them imagine this young woman kneeling and begging them to read thoughtfully and prayerfully that appeal and that accursed law, and then determine whether she shall be spurned from the land of Samuel Adams and of

Warren. Still further, let them go with me to the dwelling-place of her husband ; let them scan with me his tall, well-knit, and finely-proportioned form, his perfect Caucasian features, sable though they may be, and let them hear, as I have heard, the simple narrative of his life ; of how from earliest years he dreamed of the far-off land of liberty ; let them listen to his struggles to arrive here, and then observe his steady and calm deportment, and stern resolve to die rather than to flee ; let them not, however, suppose that William Craft would deign to kneel to any poltroon of Boston, or elsewhere, who doubts whether the law of Congress should be set at naught. He has stronger arguments, for all slave hunters and their abettors, in the revolver that is always in his hand, and bowie knife that rests over his heart. Let not my friends think that this is mere bravado on the part of William Craft. Conscious as he is that he stands, perhaps, upon the verge of a bloody grave, he yet remains tranquil like a May morning, with a gentle smile to greet friends, and a dagger to fight down all foes ; with no tremor of soul, he sits prepared, like an old Roman, ready for any fate, a willing sacrifice if need be in behalf of his oppressed race !

But enough. Ask me not, my friend, to attend any convivial meeting when we ought to be dressed in mourning at the thought that Boston has fallen so low as to have allowed the prowling slave hunter to have polluted, even for one night, her soil. Farewell. Heaven lead you and all others to think less

of party and more of the sufferings of the poor slave.

Faithfully yours,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

Written on the back of this letter are the words, "Will Mr. Torrey read this letter aloud to the club? I wish no concealment of the reasons of my absence." The note was not read, however, as shown by the pencil-written words: "That very afternoon of the day the club met, the rascals fled, so this letter was not presented."

The following extract from his Journal relates to another episode following the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill.

SHADRACH'S RESCUE.<sup>1</sup>

February 16, 1851.

Time has flown fast and far since I last wrote. To-day will ever be held as a holy day in my calendar, for another slave was rescued from the fangs of the slave hunter by a deed which combines in itself much moral sublimity and bold expression of personal courage with a Falstaff-like degree of absurdity and cowardice. At one o'clock the news came to a poor but quiet and industrious negro, that the boy who had grown up under his own eye at Norfolk, Va., and who had, like himself, fled from slavery, had been arrested and was then before the Commissioner, George Ticknor Curtis. The hour (as he told me) had come; he was doomed to rescue his friend or die. Accordingly, being faithful in all things, he

<sup>1</sup> Extract from the *Thirty Years' War*, etc., chapter v., page 59, "Shadrach's Rescue."

spoke to his master, John L. Emmons, (God bless him !) and said that he felt that he must go and see if the story were true. Emmons bade him Godspeed, and the truth was soon proved by sight. With his own eyes he saw his friend seated between two officers. He returned and said to his master : " Farewell, you may never see me again," and returned to the court-house, prepared at all hazards to rescue the youth. He found a number around the door. They were laughing and jeering, though colored, and his heart sank within him. " My friends," said he, " this is not the time for laughing or talking, but for acting. Will you follow me and rescue him ? " " Wait a little," said they. " So it has always been with you " — " wait a little longer." " Now is the time. Let us go." Finally he succeeded in getting two or three to promise to follow, yet they had no plans. They had, however, a leader who was quiet and calm and full of faith. Unarmed, he felt that he was to lose his life or rescue his friend. The means would come as he wanted them. At length the court was adjourned till Monday, and the slave was remanded to the custody of the deputy marshal, Riley. The company was about departing and one of the lawyers was leaving, when the door was suddenly burst open, and in rushed the negroes in numbers, our friend taking the lead. The marshal seized him, and two more fell upon him. They wrestled together and the negro was victorious, and seeing the sword of the marshal, which was lying in the chair, he drew it, and beckoning to the prisoner said, " Fly,



this moment ! ” The poor wretch, unable to understand, stood motionless, his knees quivering. “ Depart, go this way,” said our friend, motioning with the sword and keeping off the officers with it. “ Give me my sword,” said the marshal. “ Be silent ! stand off ! ” said our hero, again waving off his antagonists.

The minions of slavery crouched and fled, and, others having come to the rescue, the poor creature was dragged into liberty by his victorious friends. Our poor hero was the last to leave the room, and forcing his way through the crowd he finally got his young friend down into Court Square. Then leaving him in the care of friends, he quietly entered a neighboring shop, laid the sword on the counter, and asked the shopkeeper to allow it to remain until called for by its rightful owner. Then returning, he followed the crowd, saw his friend safely out of town, and quickly returned to work as if nothing had happened. I saw this man this evening. My office was honored by his presence, for whenever a self-sacrificing hero comes under my roof my house is ennobled ; but it was not safe for him to remain, so we hired a cab, and now he is out of reach of the devilish tools of the diabolical Fugitive Slave Law. So may it always be. Let some bold friend be ever ready to sacrifice life, if needed, to the holy cause of liberty !

Written in pencil below : “ Shadrach’s rescuer has never been seized by the minions of the law.”

Great excitement ensued. Telegrams were sent to the President to know what was to be done. He



issued a proclamation calling on all well-disposed citizens, and directing the military and civil authorities to prevent all such deeds hereafter. The Secretary of War and of the Navy sent orders to their subordinates to assist. Mr. Clay called for information on the subject, and made a furious speech. My dear and honored friend, [Lewis] Hayden,<sup>1</sup> was tried, and although eleven of the jury were for conviction, one obstinately refused to agree, and after a time the whole prosecution was dropped, in deference, I think, to the silent but firm conviction of the community that Massachusetts was not yet reduced to sufficient subserviency as to be willing to convict so great a man engaged in so humane a work, although, in being so occupied, he broke the letter of the law. But we were soon to have evidence of the tremendous power of the slave interests.

EXTRACT FROM HIS JOURNAL, APRIL 8, 1851. THE  
RENDITION OF SIMS.

The times are horrible. For the last week I have been living in a fiendish state of existence. Now my heart has been wrung with anguish at the thought of the suffering of the poor wretch confined as a fugitive, and then my indignation has been aroused at the damnable deeds of lawyers and clergymen in this city. It is a city without God, and yet impiously calls itself Christian. Four or five days ago

<sup>1</sup> Lewis Hayden was one of the participants in the rescue, and his house at 66 Phillips Street was used as a place of refuge for a short time.

news came that a slave had been arrested, and that efficient measures had been taken for his security. I visited the court-house, and found that a chain had been drawn around it, and numerous police officers were behind it, besides several hired agents, miserable scoundrels, who, for three dollars a day, were devoted to the cause of slave-catching in Massachusetts. One of them . . .

Here the Journal breaks off abruptly, and begins again : —

April 13, 1851.

I had written thus far when I was interrupted; and events have pursued each other so rapidly since that I have had little time for quiet thought, much less for quiet action; and now on this beautiful Sabbath morning, in the quietness of an early hour, I sit down to write out at least the closing event of the great drama which has been just finished, with disgrace to the honored name of Massachusetts. Suffice it for the present to say that the committee, after having tried all legal, and perhaps some illegal, means for the possible rescue of the ill-fated Sims, had most of them retired to rest on Friday night in almost complete despair, save that their "trust in the Lord" kept them from being wholly cast down. A few of the devoted ones determined to keep watch during the night. Wearied in body and soul, I lay down at home. At three A. M. I was summoned by Kemp. I knew not the object he had in view, but feared that a small band of ardent but rash men were about to attempt a rescue. I determined to be there,

and, whatever happened, would act according to my best judgment. It was a clear, cool morning, and as I threaded my way to the court-house everything was as silent as the grave, but on arriving at Court Square I found a different scene. There, by the light of one gaslight, I saw assembled an armed force of one hundred policemen and about the same number of volunteers in behalf of slavery. The first body was armed with a straight, double-edged, pointed Roman sword. The latter had less conspicuous but not less deadly weapons. The former marched and countermarched with the quiet, staid demeanor of a drilled military company, and the hoarse sounds of the officers as they issued their orders fell harshly on the morning air, while the occasional whistle of some one of the volunteers revealed a careless soul, although the distinct view of his features and general figure was impossible while he paraded in the shade of the city "barracoon," as the court-house had been called. High up in the third story of the building was the light which dimly shone from the window of the devoted victim. I found my friend Kemp in Court Street. I whispered to him: "It would be madness and folly, nay, downright wickedness, to attempt a rescue, and thereby cause a vain loss of human life." "I did not ask you to come out for that," he replied; "I am not so much of a fool as to needlessly throw away my life without the remotest chance of doing good. I sent for you because I thought you would like to view the last scene. Cluer and I and a few others have spent the night at

the anti-slavery office, and finding that they began to muster at three o'clock, I conclude that they will remove Sims this morning." We walked around and met several of our friends, and I was struck with the combination. Arm in arm with me was one of the noblest of men; shrewd, prudent, cautious, and yet bold and self-sacrificing, — Kemp; a chair-painter by trade, but a genial wit and bold leader for any cause requiring clear-headedness and boldness. He would have made a most witty boon companion. Even in the darkest hour, when every one felt sad, Kemp, even in his reproofs of the submissiveness of the committee, would convulse us with laughter. Near him was the gentle artist, Furness, born of a noble parentage, sensitive, and shrinking with horror at the sight of what was about to take place, yet possessed with that courage and self-sacrifice which was required of all the true lovers of the slave. Occasionally, as we slowly paced the sidewalk, we heard the well-known voice of Cluer, the earnest, sarcastic, inelegant, yet devoted Scotchman, mingling with that of his younger companion, Rogers, who, with all the warm zeal of a young heart, had for years given himself up to the sacred cause of human freedom. Anon we came in contact with Theodore Parker, that Martin Luther of our times, with his stalwart, strongly knit frame. He said little in the undertones of his deep, manly, *revolutionary* voice, but we felt that he, too, was stirred to his utmost depths. Phillips, the elegant and accomplished debater, the scholar, the true-hearted, was

not there. If asleep, we knew he was dreaming of the cause, for day after day had we walked by his side. The great leader, Garrison, was likewise absent, but we needed not his presence to convince us of his devotion. Probably neither of them had so kind a friend as I had in Kemp. I had forgotten to mention [William F.] Channing, the zealous and ever-active and sagacious. He, with a few more like those already named, and some apparently indifferent spectators, were all that had congregated about to witness the last act of humiliation of Boston and Massachusetts.

Judge Shaw and his brethren of the Supreme Bench of the State had bowed beneath the chains. Our sheriff Eveleth had quailed before Southern tyranny, and now it seemed appropriate that Boston police, with our city marshal,<sup>1</sup> should consummate the atrocious deed.<sup>2</sup>

After walking about some time and watching the manœuvres, I determined to summon one more to the spot, in order to make him swear, like the young Hannibal, eternal hostility to the system of slavery. I went home and aroused my son Nat, and he witnessed, with all the warm feelings of his young heart, the whole deed. Soon after my return with him, and a quarter after four A. M., the police formed into a hollow square, with double file and closely

<sup>1</sup> Note written on edge of page, dated August, 1852: "Within two years both have lost their offices. Retributive justice!"

<sup>2</sup> Note on edge of page March 5, 1853: "Thank God, Devens, the slave hunter, and Lunt, District Attorney, have gone likewise from office. So perish all political traitors."

locked ranks. They then marched to the eastern door of the "barracoon" and halted. A line of police was then extended from the door to the square. Marshal Tukey appeared and spoke to his men, reminding them of their duties, etc. Within five minutes the City Watch, with their weapons, came up and formed another double file around the hollow square, and the volunteers with closed platoons arranged themselves in a long line leading into Court Street. Very soon there was a noise as of an opening of doors, and the two main doors were swung wide open, while the prisoner, closely guarded by officers, approached. It was still quite dark and I could not see, but friends who were near told me that tears were streaming over his face, though he walked without faltering on his course toward his Georgia home, the land of whips and of servitude. All was silent till he was fairly enclosed within the ranks of the armed men and the word "March" was uttered by the rough voice of the Commander. Tukey and Devens, City and United States Marshal, were there. Of the former, I think it possible that it may be said that, acting under orders from the mayor and aldermen, he was compelled to do what to him was a disagreeable duty.<sup>1</sup> The latter has no excuse. Fighting against his own conscience, he has overthrown all his better emotions in order to keep himself in office. May God give him peace!<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> July, 1852. I question now if I was well informed.

<sup>2</sup> [In spite of his feeling about Devens's action at this time, my



## THE MARCH.

At half past four the three hundred strong began their slow and regular tramp. Instantly a shout arose of "Shame!" "Infamy!" from various voices, while others hissed. The troops turned into Court Street, and proceeded down State Street. Natty and I, with Channing and Kemp, preceded them, and as they drew near the spot where fell Attucks, the colored man shot down by the king's troops on March 5, 1770, we pointed out to those minions of slavery the holy spot over which they were treading. Gloomy and silent those wretched men passed on, sacrilegiously desecrating by their act this martyr stand of the Revolution. All along Court Street we continually saluted their ears with our words of contempt. "Where is Liberty?" says one. "She is dead!" cried another.<sup>1</sup> Still they tramped on.

father, in later years, changed his opinion when he learned that just before the war Devens offered \$1800 for Sims's freedom, and that he later, as Attorney-General in Washington, made Sims a messenger in his Department. — ED.]

<sup>1</sup> In the *Thirty Years' War of Anti-Slavery*, many years later, he makes this note in speaking of the event: I felt perfectly free in the use of sarcastic epithets loudly uttered. On one occasion the marshal stepped up to me from behind and said, as I stood upon the sidewalk, "Dr. Bowditch, you would do well to be more careful of your speech. Every word you have uttered this morning has been officially noted." I instantly retorted, "Marshal Tukey, you may do your worst, and then we shall learn that men cannot utter their honest opinions under the brow of Bunker Hill. It has come to this, has it?" And I did not heed him, but whenever I saw reason for contempt or horror I uttered aloud my thought, and all others did the same.



Ever and anon there was no sound of human voice, and the regular beat of feet upon the pavement struck wildly on the ear. Once I turned around, when halfway down State Street, and afar off in the west, resting on a line with the spot above alluded to, I saw a glittering planet. The morning was just dawning and all inferior stars had disappeared. I looked at it with delight. I took it as the emblem of blessed hope which was beginning to spring out from the very depths of my sorrow. A sweet, peaceful confidence in God seemed to steal over me, and I prayed, "God help me." We at length arrived at the end of the wharf. A body of police was there who drove back, with drawn swords and quite in the Austrian style, some of our friends who tried to go on board of a vessel adjacent to the brig Acorn, which had been fitted up for the reception of the slave. The main body, still in hollow square, marched down and went upon the deck of the vessel. The scene at this time was most solemn. All was silent save an occasional exclamation of disgust which was given. All the sails lay unfurled and ready for sea. Immediately the rattling of the jib halyards commenced, and the white sail arose that was to carry back the poor wretch into bondage. But the wind of the Almighty could not be depended on. The steamer Hornet lay alongside, and instantly, certainly within two minutes, the two piratical vessels were moving. The last words the slave uttered were, "And is this Massachusetts liberty?"

## THE PRAYER.

As the vessel glided away a stranger and a clergyman got upon some article of merchandise and proposed that all friends of the slave should join with him in religious services for the departing missionary of liberty. With my whole heart I sprang towards the spot, and there, with heads uncovered, under the broad expanse of heaven, and with the light of morning just breaking over the water, that stranger offered a prayer that touched all our souls. We felt the need of prayer; nay, we felt that on that only could we rest. For a week, night and day, we had labored in vain, and now that all was finished, we fled to the God of justice and humanity. Under the arms of the clergyman were clustered the rough Presbyterian, the rigid Catholic, the liberal Unitarian, the youthful skeptic, and all influenced by one and the same spirit of prayer. After we had finished, a hard-featured man, whom I had seen working at all times for days before, but who never seemed like one given to prayer or praise, begged that we might sing. Spontaneously, then arose Bishop Heber's "Missionary Hymn." We then walked up State Street together, and stopped on the spot where Attucks fell. Afterwards we adjourned to No. 21 Cornhill.<sup>1</sup> I was chosen chairman. (Shall I confess it? I never felt so blessed as when that true band thought me worthy to preside over their deliberations.) I had addressed

<sup>1</sup> The anti-slavery office.

them at the wharf in a very few words, much as follows: "Friends, let me say what is uppermost in my thoughts. From the very blackness of the deed just consummated, I gain a lofty hope that the last slave has been carried from Massachusetts. Those who have engaged in this wicked work are in their hearts now already half converted, and ere long will be with us." I then alluded to the effects which the light of the planet had produced on me. When at the office, I said, "Friends, we have met to devise some suitable plan for celebrating this dreadful event. If I may be allowed to express my inmost thoughts, I would say that we have naught left us now but to pray." I struck a chord which vibrated in the hearts of all. A committee was chosen to make arrangements for religious services in the evening.

So terminated (we parted at six A. M.) one of the most remarkable, and at the time one of the most damnable, deeds that have been enrolled upon the history of Massachusetts.

The historian of the country, in tracing the influence of slavery, will not fail to note, as a significant landmark of progress, the fact that a poor slave was carried under the custody of three hundred men, through State Street, with its historical associations; but he will likewise note the fact that none dared carry him save at that early hour, while trampling over Massachusetts laws. It was done, likewise, by Boston police, headed by the city marshal.

Fastened into the leaves of his Journal, in the midst of the account of the return of Sims to slavery, appears a

newspaper clipping, taken from "The Commonwealth," of the date Wednesday, September 24, 1851, containing the following quotation from the "Boston Courier," and marked by my father.

"If a physician is eagerly running about town to help break the laws; if we hear of his offering money to a jailor to let one of his prisoners go free; if he is secretary of noisy political meetings; if he makes speeches in the streets, we do not ask him to come and see us when we are sick. He has too many great irons in the fire, and we cannot afford to run the risk of having our small one burn."

On the opposite page of the Journal are written these spirited words, typical of his character:—

I insert this communication. The passage marked alludes to me. It explains well enough why I am not favored by a certain class of my fellow-citizens. I have made two solemn vows: 1st, I will live or die in Boston, and practicing my profession here or nowhere. 2d, I will always have an opinion on any subject, and express that opinion when and where I choose. Any who think to prevent me from doing either the one or the other, I think will be mistaken.

## EXTRACT FROM HIS JOURNAL.

April 20, 1851.

All has been quiet since the ill-fated Acorn sailed with the unhappy slave aboard. I am free to confess that anything but a Christian spirit has existed in my bosom in regard to her. I believe that I have not been alone, however, in the wish, which,

in spite of holier thoughts that should have inspired us, has been at times uppermost in the minds of a vast number of men and women in Massachusetts. Twenty-four hours after the Acorn left, one of the severest storms ever known commenced its havoc on our shores. Hundreds of people were overwhelmed in their cellars; goods were destroyed, railroads washed away; the lighthouse on Minot's Ledge was utterly annihilated. Amid all these things a silent, sometimes half-expressed, at others boldly-avowed, wish has arisen; that the accursed bark and its wretched crew might be cast away or founder wholly in the open sea. I could n't help feeling sorry that, as yet, we have no news of disaster to her. I strove against it; but whether I would or not, the horrid thought insinuated itself, even while endeavoring to overcome all vindictive feeling by revolving in my mind the divine principles of forgiveness, alluded to by some early philosophers, but first fully brought out to man by the directions of Jesus when he said: "I say unto you, Forgive your enemies and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." This morning I awoke uncomfortable with thoughts similar to the revengeful thoughts above alluded to. Soon I had an experience such as I have never had before, and I record it as marking, I trust, an era in my existence. I have at various times, when in professional trial, mentally exclaimed: "God help me to cure, or give me peace in case my efforts are in vain." This morning, however, while the spirit of

revenge was uppermost in my mind, I reverted to that scene where the dying Christ calls on his Father, and my Father, in tones of deep pity : " Father, forgive them ; they know not what they do ! " And with the thought arose immediately that of prayer for help and guidance by His divine love. And I did pray vocally, and sweet peace, such as I could not have otherwise obtained, stole imperceptibly over my soul. I ceased, a better and wiser man. In analyzing the effect produced by this simple act, I recognize that the only result is a sensation of entire trust in the Almighty, and a quiet belief that, by his mysterious power, good would come even from the crucifixion of thousands of holy martyrs, and that he could educe out of the atrocious deed just committed, and even from the very wickedness of Sims's persecutors, fountains of eternal good to the human race. God grant that the peace I am sensible of having gained under the sweet influences of prayer may not be lost upon me, but that in all future trials of life I may be enabled to look heavenward and find consolation and an immortal hope.

TO MISS MARY RIGNALL.

Boston, April 9, 1851.

Your letter struck a chord that had been vibrating in my own bosom ever since this first news of the arrest of Sims. I felt almost from the first the utter powerlessness of man, and my heart would at times (when I was near the court-house or in my own closet, or while briskly threading my way through the



crowded streets) arise in prayer to the Crucified One who, eighteen centuries since, spoke to the world those holy principles which the accursed fugitive slave law is now striving to root out of the hearts of our people. Some of those moments of secret longings for the dear Christ have been most precious to me. Yet I have never prayed vocally. I "rest in the Lord," for he will do justly; but I have no faith that any prayer of mine can influence that Divine Being. . . .

I feel, in my heart, that we know not what a day may bring forth. I am not disposed to be superstitious, but I know that with the strong expressions used at the meeting last night, clashing against Southern influence, led onward by Northern [illegible], we may have a struggle that may end only with the sacrifice of life.

John W. Browne says, "Slavery needs a sacrifice, and it can never be driven from Massachusetts save by the blood of a victim." I feel not as he does; I hope for peace, and trust in the God of peace. Nevertheless I bide my time, and I shall go if necessary from the court-house to the prison ship or cars, and bear my testimony against the unholy deed, come what may. God bless and keep you. I am glad of the opportunity of writing to you. It has enabled me to express what I have often wished, to one in whom I had confidence, my faith in the dear Father God and His Son Christ. Some men call me infidel. You will not think me so.

Let me now ask one favor which may seem to



you strange, or at least inappropriate. I feel that these hours are a revelation of myself to myself. I would willingly do good with them to my children. May I ask you therefore to preserve this letter with that I wrote years ago from the country, and when I am gone, and the voice of their father no more can reach them, let these words, written on one of the great occasions of his spiritual life, be seen by them. And may God grant that they may be encouraged thereby to trample under foot all low and petty considerations of worldly interests, when these latter clash with their sense of duty to God and to humanity.

Again I ask God's blessing on you,

Ever most truly yours,

H. I. B.

## CHAPTER XI

### PARACENTESIS

MY father's journals are so filled with the exciting incidents of his anti-slavery work that, were it not for the enduring proof of his industry in other directions, it would be but natural to suppose that his professional work suffered in consequence. That it did not was doubtless due to the fact of his intense love for it, and his determination that all other calls upon his time must be made of secondary importance; to his ability to rest by change of work and thought, in whatever direction, and lastly, to his remarkable power of concentration, which he inherited from his father.

As an instance of this trait: at the breakfast-table it was a common occurrence for him to take up the morning paper, and in a moment to become so absorbed in some article which interested him, that ordinary attempts to attract his attention were useless.

He often pursued work, requiring the closest attention, at the library table, undisturbed while members of his family were talking, laughing, or singing about him. Even the noise of children playing happily near him seemed to give him pleasure when writing or reading. At the least sign of discord, however, all work was at an end, and the malefactors were given to understand that permission to remain near him was only upon condition of good behavior.

At this very period (1850), a turning point in the his-

tory of slavery in America, he was endeavoring to persuade the profession that the operation of *paracentesis thoracis* (tapping of the chest to remove accumulations of fluid) was not only necessary to save life in many cases, but was attended with little or no danger if carefully done.

From the time of Hippocrates, opening of the chest wall in such cases by means of an incision was known and practiced occasionally ; but it was not until the middle and latter part of the last century that the operation of aspiration of the chest, by means of a small tube and suction pump, was introduced. The success of the operation, its comparative simplicity, and its almost universal use at the present time, is largely due, according to the testimony of eminent professional men on both sides of the Atlantic, to the untiring zeal of my father, who called the attention of the profession to the operation as frequently performed by himself after 1850. He forced his opinion upon the medical world for years, in the face of the inevitable strong opposition that is sure to meet every reform, until satisfied that the profession at large were convinced of the truth of his views. Eminent surgeons in Boston, with the exception of John C. Warren, whose name my father always mentioned with gratitude and respect, looked upon the operation with marked disfavor, not to say distinct opposition. He even had to fight the opinion of his beloved and revered former master in medicine, Dr. James Jackson, who believed that all pleuritic effusions would eventually be removed by natural processes, provided there were no serious complications. One of the most prominent practitioners of Philadelphia stated that "he would as soon send a bullet into the chest as plunge a trocar into it."

With my father's confessed lack of ability and desire to practice surgery himself, it was difficult for him to convince others of the correctness of his views, although for

several years he had been trying to persuade his surgical associates, not only to operate much more frequently, but to adopt a simpler method than that in vogue at that time, which caused not only intense suffering, but was attended with much danger to life. Doubtless his zeal would have carried him to the point finally of performing the first operation himself, had not a friend and fellow practitioner, with an instrument of his own, after consultation with my father, successfully aspirated the chest of a patient suffering with chronic pleurisy. To Dr. Morrill Wyman of Cambridge, Mass., my father always gave the credit of having performed the first operation by this method, and in after years he never failed to refer to this fact with his characteristic love of truth and generosity when, after repeated operations and medical papers upon the subject, his name became associated with paracentesis as the inventor.

He never claimed that he was the first to suggest the idea of removing fluid from the pleural cavity. In his published papers he refers to the fact that Trousseau, in the forties, advocated the measure, and that Messrs. Hughes and Cock, of London, published cases in 1844. Up to the time of Dr. Wyman's case, however, the operation had been done by the usual surgical incision. Dr. Wyman's aspirating trocar left no wound, and gave comparatively little pain for a few moments only. It remained for my father to convince the medical world that the operation was an innocuous one, to be performed immediately in any case where distressing symptoms occurred, and not to be left "as a last resort" in extreme cases.

During his life he aspirated the chest over 300 times, without a single fatal result from the operation, in most cases giving infinite relief. To his persistence in giving to the profession his results, it is not too much to say that at the present day hundreds of lives are saved and thou-

sands are relieved from great suffering. From having been a strictly surgical procedure, before the invention of the aspirating needle and suction pump, it is now one of the simplest operations and, with a few precautions, can be performed by any medical practitioner.

My father was never one to quarrel about priority of claim in such matters. He was singularly free from petty jealousy, and more than ready to give credit to another when credit was due. His sole desire in this matter as in others was that truth, as he believed it, should be given to the world, and to that end he worked body and soul.

In writing an article entitled "Diseases of the Pleura" for Pepper's "System of Medicine" of 1885, Dr. Frank Donaldson, of Baltimore, gives ample credit to Dr. Wyman and my father, and alludes to them as the "suggester" and "utilizer" of "Thoracentesis" and as "benefactors of the race."<sup>1</sup> In a note upon this article, my father writes, "I give thanks for my life, if that be so, to the Being who governs all, and by whose laws I have been led and enabled to work."

A few years after my father had given his views publicly, Dieulafoy of France published similar results; but for reasons best known to himself he ignored completely the published papers of my father, made claim to the invention of aspiration, and placed his excellent instrument before the world as the first of its kind. My father never contested this claim in print, and only occasionally alluded to it, among those most intimate with him, with an air of amusement. It remained for others to assert his claims, as shown by the tribute given him by his warm friend, Professor William T. Gairdner, of Glasgow,<sup>2</sup> who was one of the first to cordially greet him in Europe and take interest

<sup>1</sup> *History of Thoracentesis*, by F. Donaldson. Pepper's *System of Medicine*. 1885, pp. 586-597. Lea Bros., Philadelphia.

<sup>2</sup> Later Sir William T. Gairdner of Edinburgh.

in the operation which my father earnestly advocated. In the touching memoir which Professor Gairdner wrote, after his friend's death, for the "Edinburgh Medical Journal" in April, 1892, he uses these words:—

"The writer was thoroughly attracted at the time (1859) not only by what appeared to him an eminently noble personality, but also by the narrative of successful results in the treatment of pleuritic effusions by the method of what was then called 'Suction,'<sup>1</sup> although under the more pretentious name of 'Aspiration' it came, many years later, to be made a 'boom' in Paris, without the slightest reference to the first employment of the method in America. Dr. Bowditch was even then, although in the prime of life and vigor, by no means a young man, and the steady, persistent, and indeed brilliant work he had done in connection with this subject deserved a better fate than to be lost sight of amid the struggles for *éclat* of a young French hospital physician, not at all careful as to what had been done before him. Dr. Bowditch made converts in Edinburgh in those days, and at least two of the hospital staff began to use thoracentesis by suction from that time onwards. One of the two is the writer of these lines, and Dr. Bowditch has been known to say that Dr. Budd of King's College, London, and the present writer were the first in this country to adopt the improved procedure."

<sup>1</sup> "Dr. Bowditch always attributed the invention of this and the appropriate instrument to Dr. Morrill Wyman of Cambridge, Mass., who performed his first thoracentesis by suction in 1850. But neither Dr. Wyman nor Dr. Bowditch seem to have cared to put in a claim of priority, although at the date of a most interesting and lucid letter to the author of this notice, bearing date May 22, 1862, no fewer than 150 operations had been performed upon eighty-five persons, and with remarkably favorable results. See *Clinical Medicine: Observations recorded at the Bedside, with Commentaries*. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1862, Appendix, p. 717. Dieulafoy's first publication on the method of aspiration appears to have been in 1870."

Not long after the operation performed by Dr. Wyman, my father began his investigations upon the relation of soil moisture to consumption, a work upon which he was engaged for ten years before he published his results, and which made him famous in the medical world. This will be referred to more fully in a subsequent chapter.



## CHAPTER XII

### LIFE AT WESTON — THE WHITTIER SUN-DIAL

1851-1856

IN 1851 my father purchased a small farm in Weston, Mass., very near Auburndale and Riverside, the now well-known lovely resort upon the Charles River.

The house was a typical specimen of the old-fashioned New England farmhouse, charmingly situated in a large, undulating field dotted here and there with fine old shag-bark, oak, and chestnut trees, and with a foaming brook rushing through the meadow behind the house, on its way to join the river not far distant.

Around this lovely spot cluster many of the happiest recollections of his whole family. The term "dear Weston home," given it by one of his children, and transcribed in the big family Bible as the birthplace of his youngest son, was ever a synonym of the peace and happiness of a country home, away from the turmoil of city life.

Unfortunately my father was unable to retain the place, which became very dear to his heart, more than three or four years ; but during that time, in the summer, he brought his family there and went to the city each day, returning for the night.

It was his delight to work upon the old house and its surroundings, whether in making a trellis over the porch to support a new vine, a seat fashioned out of roots and gnarled branches, placed under some tree, or a rustic fence along the edge of the road. All this gratified his love

of mechanical work, and gave additional charm to the place.

Within the house, his efforts to make the home more attractive were ably seconded by my mother, whose love of country life was, if anything, even stronger than his. With her own hands she papered, simply but tastefully, the walls of the low-studded rooms; and throughout the house evidences of her skill gave the interior an atmosphere of a charming home never to be forgotten by her family or friends.

Delightful to his children are the memories of the picnics under the big chestnut, in the wood opposite the old house; of their running to meet him in the evening in answer to his whistle, "Lift my lady over the lea," as he came from the train; of the archery tournaments on the lawn, in which the family of Dr. John Ware and others took part, the big straw target with its canvas face and golden "bull's-eye" being the chief attraction to the children. A vivid picture still is "Johnny Stimson," a thin, cadaverous old man, who lived not far away in a shaky old house, with a rude, open fireplace, tall iron "fire-dogs," and a musty garret filled with shagbark nuts.

"Johnny Stimson" had a sense of humor, as shown by the following anecdote. My father was busily engaged one day in making a rustic fence near the road as the old man passed by. "Makin' a fence to keep the hens eout, Doctor?" said the old fellow. "Two-legged hens," replied my father rather absently. "Where'd ye ever see a four-legged hen, Doctor?" chuckled Johnny, as he went along the road. Poor old Johnny! He ended his days in the almshouse long ago.

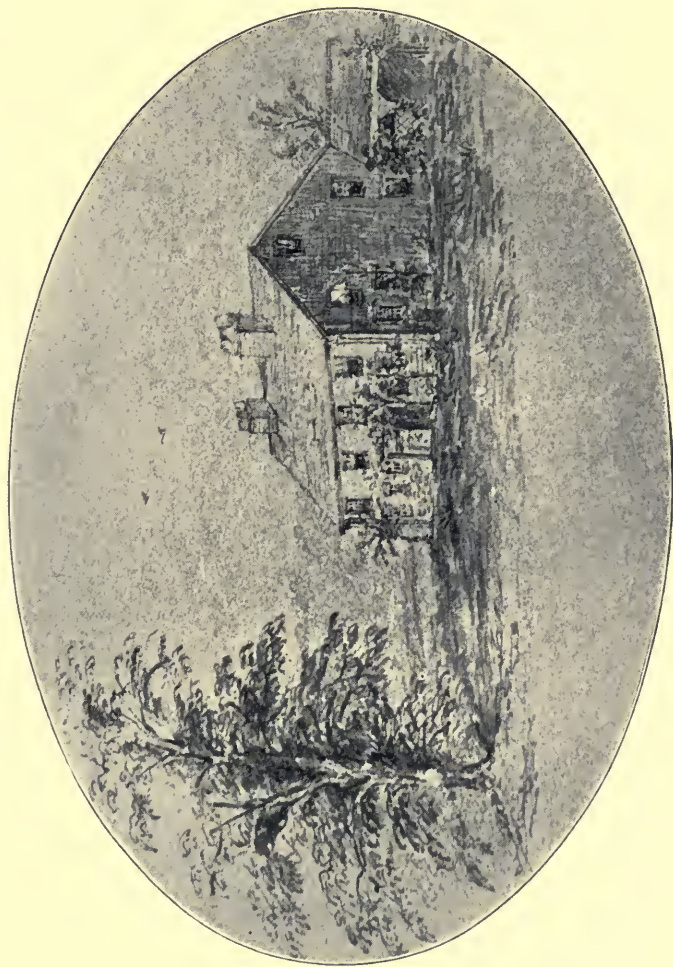
Pictures arise of the fat mare "Fanny," her generous back spanned almost horizontally by the sturdy legs of one of the youngest children, as they jogged along the country road in a family party; of the calf whose fasci-

nations lured the youngest member of the family to a nearer acquaintance, his advances being repelled by a violent kick in the stomach; of that same obstreperous animal, whose desire to get back to her food more quickly, ended in dragging one of the children, clinging conscientiously to the other end of the rope, across the lawn on her stomach, in spite of the screams of the family to "let go;" then arises the ludicrous scene of my father seizing the lamp one evening, and rushing out upon the lawn, hoping thereby to lure a stray bat from the parlor, leaving my mother and aunt in the dark, calling to him in helpless terror to bring back the light.

On Sunday afternoons my father used to come out from Boston on the one Sunday train of the "Boston and Worcester," afterwards the "Boston and Albany" railroad, to Riverside. Here it was one of the pleasures of his elder children to meet him in the flat-bottomed boat, made especially for them by a boat-maker on the Housatonic River, an exact copy of the one belonging to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. After rowing down the river, the family would gather under the old shagbark-tree, and my father would read aloud some selections from Mrs. Barbauld, or, possibly, one of his favorite Psalms. For many years afterwards he used, even when in the city, to continue these Sunday readings; but in these observances there never was the least trace of austerity such as he had been accustomed to in his early youth.

These and many other memories recall the happy life at Weston, the beginning of my father's custom of spending a few months of each year in the country.

It was at "Brookside" that my father spent part of his convalescence from a severe illness following a wound to his finger, received when attending a case of blood-poisoning. Fortunately no bad results were left from this illness other than a stiffened joint of the middle



"BROOKSIDE," WESTON, MASS.



finger of his right hand. This "stiff finger" was jocosely made by him the scapegoat of many a subsequent accident at the table or elsewhere. The overturning of a tea-cup, or the upsetting of a water-pitcher, by some carelessness on his own part, was usually attributed to his offending member, much to the amusement of his family. The mild expostulation of my mother, "Now, Henry!" when he had been guilty of some unusual carelessness, was usually met with "*Mrs. Bowditch*" (with an accent on the title, a puckering about the nostrils, and a mischievous twinkle in his eye), "it was my stiff finger!"

It was in consequence of this illness, too, that my father decided to abandon certain branches of his profession, and devote himself to a specialty of the lungs and heart, with which his name became afterwards associated; thus fulfilling the prophecy of one of his fellow practitioners, made just after his return from Europe, in 1834, that he would be the one to follow in the footsteps of his old master and friend, Dr. James Jackson.

In 1856 my father with great reluctance sold the farm, to which he and his family had become so deeply attached, to a friend, whose descendants still retain the place comparatively unchanged, although the old house has been "modernized," and the foaming brook has been partly walled up for purposes of farm drainage.

In 1852 he came into possession of an old silver sundial, formerly owned by Dr. Waterhouse of Cambridge, a professor at Harvard. My father, after placing the dial upon a large copper disk, on which were engraved the signs of the Zodiac, asked his friend, the poet John G. Whittier, for an appropriate verse to be engraved upon the copper. In response Whittier sent the exquisite lines now well known in his books of poems, and recently placed upon the chapel at Mount Auburn.

The dial, with its setting, was placed upon a solid ped-



estal made from the trunk of a tree, and remained at Weston until the place was sold, when it was brought to Boston.

In later years, while staying at Mr. John M. Forbes's beautiful island, Naushon, in Buzzard's Bay, he rather impulsively presented the dial to his friend and generous host.

His letter to Mr. and Mrs. Forbes, although written several years after this period, gives such a graphic account of the life at Weston, and the history of the old dial, that I have inserted it here.

[Autumn of] 1866.

MY DEAR MR. AND MRS. FORBES, — You ask of me a poem on the occasion of the transfer of the Whittier Dial Plate to the greensward in front of the Mansion House at Naushon. You ask for an impossibility, and therefore ask in vain; but instead I will, if you please, give the following —

*True History of the Origin of the Whittier Dial Plate and its Accompanying Dial; their joint wanderings and trials and their future hopes.*

Some eighteen years ago I was the fortunate possessor of a few acres about twelve miles from Boston, at Weston, on the line of the Worcester Railroad. It is a quiet country town, with but little life among its inhabitants, but within its borders are some of the loveliest of nature's quiet nooks. In one of these our homestead was situated. We had woods, land, and arable land, in sufficient quantities to make us feel that we owned something which could not all be seen at one glance. The house had been built about one hundred and fifty years, and resem-



bled that described by Ik Marvel in the opening chapter of the "Reveries of a Bachelor." Its rafters were of solid oak, and its huge fireplace could still contain the grand old logs like those around which our fathers in ancient days used to gather during the cold winter evenings, before the modern gas and furnaces had banished the cheerful blaze, and driven away all the poetic associations that cluster around the idea of the family hearth.

The ceilings were low, but the rooms were sufficiently capacious. The walls of the ample kitchen, when we first took possession, were blackened by time and smoke, and the large hooks upon which the good wives among our predecessors had hung the crooked-necked squash, or dried the sweet marjoram, catnip, and other herbs of savory smell or medicinal nature, still retained their firm hold. So firm were they, indeed, that it was in vain to endeavor to remove them, and we were forced to let them remain, quiet mementos of the past, and fit companions of the place, though useless now. A quaint old well-stoop with its worn water-bucket greeted the visitor the first moment he came within sight of the dwelling. If thirsty, he found delicious and cool water. The house, as was usual a century ago, faced the south; and from its somewhat dilapidated porch we could see our little brook sparkling like a thread of silver light, and hear it rippling over its pebbly bottom. I cannot tell you how sweet was the influence of this little stream at all times, when just rising from bed we snuffed the sweet morning

air from our windows, and listened to its gentle notes. So, too, on Sundays, we could hear pleasantly the distant sounds of the village church bell mingled with it. How at night it spoke peace to us who had fled from the turmoil of city life ! It even seemed to mingle with and make beautiful our dreams. A short walk from the house, and on our estate, through a wild wooded path, brought us to a waterfall about ten feet high, which at times, after a sudden shower, roared and tossed itself into a thousand picturesque shapes ; and yet it was in miniature, for so narrow was it that even at its wildest tumult there was no real danger or difficulty in crossing and recrossing, if only a little caution were used in stepping from stone to stone. But the trees on the place were many and beautiful. One magnificent and perfectly symmetrical white pine stood erect in the wood at some distance from the house. Under its wide-spreading branches could gather parties of a hundred people and get shade from noonday sun or shelter from rain. Near by were two which we named Paul and Virginia. They were tall and slender, from forty to fifty feet high. Paul was straight and firm, and had the rough bark of the common pine, while round it, and fairly encircling it with a spiral embrace, was a delicate white pine which we named Virginia. In earliest years they had evidently been united, and death alone now could separate them. The house was situated on one side of a level greensward of about two acres. On the opposite side, and in full view, just on the edge of

the road in which were growing these just described, arose a majestic chestnut-tree, with a stem over twelve feet in circumference, branches shooting out on every side, some of them perhaps rather shorn of their beauty and symmetry by the frequent stoning of the village schoolboys as they passed it and sought to gather the nuts with which it was annually covered.

But more beautiful than all the rest was the lofty and well-proportioned shagbark-tree, which stood just beside the house and slightly shading it, and just on the edge of the bank below which our brook ran. How pleasant the spot at its foot on some fair, warm summer morning! There we could sit hour after hour talking, reading, and working, listening to the sound of running waters, the song of birds, the hum of bees, and those other thousand voices that are heard by the listening, reverential ear when amid the perfect quiet of nature's works. It was just the place for the reading of the magnificent Psalms of David.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.  
He leadeth me beside the still waters.

"He restoreth my soul."

It all came naturally; and I well remember the day and hour when nature so led us.

I have thus narrated the characteristics of our home, in order that you may see how the thought might readily have come to me to have in some form a perpetual reminder of that Supreme Being before whom we must all bow, at one time or another in our lives, in utter submission. I sought for an old dial

to place in front of the house, and determined if I could I would persuade Whittier, with whom I was well acquainted, to give me some motto that would silently touch the hearts of the children that were then growing up around us. I remember the significant motto placed years ago on an old dial at Venice, "*Horas non numero nisi serenas.*" I liked it. It suggested pleasant, serene thoughts, a little stoical perhaps, but nevertheless useful to all who, while living through the wild tumult of daily life, hardly comprehend the idea of serenity in connection with it. So, after much inquiry, I heard that among the old things left by the celebrated Dr. Waterhouse was a simple dial reported to have been brought by the doctor from England, and one of the descendants said it was up in the garret of his house, and that I was welcome to it. I accepted it joyfully on its own account, and also because of its possessor. He was, as you know, an eminent man in his day ; a physician educated at the best schools in Europe, a personal friend of Jenner, the immortal discoverer of vaccination. Dr. Waterhouse was even styled by Jenner himself "the Jenner of America," because he was one of the first, if not the very first, to urge vaccination upon the inhabitants of the New World. He was, on his return to America, a professor in the Medical School, and a practitioner of medicine in Cambridge, Mass., where he died full of honors in 1846.

Having procured my dial, I wrote to Whittier my wishes, frankly stating that I knew that true poetry

came only from inspiration ; that I wanted him to come and see our pleasant home ; and for fear he would not, I had to describe its beauties and its benign influence upon us. I spoke of the matter above alluded to, and said if his Muse ever led him to a thought upon the theme suggested, I wished he would let me have it. I waited patiently for months, only occasionally suggesting that I had not forgotten my original wish.

One day I received the following, which is the inscription on the plate placed this day in front of the halls of Naushon : —

“ With warning hand I mark Time’s rapid flight  
From life’s glad morning to its solemn night ;  
Yet, through the dear God’s love I also show  
There’s light above me by the shade below.”

The lines seem to me, if possible, superior to the old Venetian motto. This latter, though suggestive of serenity of soul and bright hours, is perhaps remarkably suggestive of a stoical indifference to all others. It is essentially heathen.

Whittier’s, on the contrary, would lift us towards heaven even by means of the shadows of life. It hints at least that the great, the divine laws of compensation hold good even in suffering, if we will but ever keep a simple faith in God’s bounteous loving kindness ; so that just in proportion to the amount of shadow will appear brighter light and warmth, if we will but open our eyes and hearts to its genial influences.

I deemed the matter worthy of the best plate I

could get made by the best artist I could employ. Accordingly I called on Hammatt Billings, whose taste I deem better than that of any other artist in our country for such a purpose, and asked him to engrave the motto and Whittier's initials.

The design was all I could have wished. I had it engraved on a brass plate. I regret that the signs of the Zodiac have not been cut deeper, but if examined attentively each will be found well outlined.<sup>1</sup>

Since you have consented to receive the relic, I have had inscribed below our original design the following : —

“ Transferred to Naushon  
Sept. 1, 1866.”

So much for its history.

I planted the dial in front of the homestead, and there it remained about a year ; but then fate compelled us to sell the whole place, but the dial did not go with the land. I took it with me into town and there it has remained in melancholy uselessness ever since, migrating with me from house to house, at first upstairs out of sight. We did not want to see it, for it reminded us too strongly of the pleasant spot that we had left forever ; moreover, we had no sun to give it. Gradually I brought it down into

<sup>1</sup> Beneath the inscription by Whittier these words were also engraved upon the disc : —

“ Relic from old England  
placed here by  
H. I. & O. B.  
July 17, 1855.”





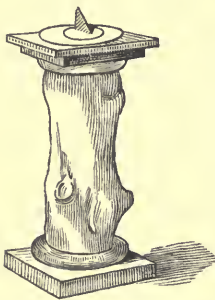




my office, but it was always in the wrong place. Nobody seemed to value it, and I saw no permanent abode for it. The moment after reading the Naushon book I said to myself, "The long-sought-for resting place is found. If Mr. and Mrs. Forbes will take it and value it for Whittier's and Billings's sake, remembering us at the same time, how grateful it will be to us." And so with these hopes we commend it to your kindly keeping.

Sincerely yours,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.



My father afterwards regretted his rather impulsive act of generosity, feeling that, as Whittier had composed the lines expressly for him, he should never have parted with the dial, even when placing it with such dear and appreciative friends. So strong was his desire that it should some day be returned to his family, that his oft-repeated wish was, in the last year of his life, made known. Mr. Forbes, with characteristic generosity and kindness, returned the dial not long after my father's death, only asking permission (which was gladly given) to have a facsimile made "as a memorial to dear Dr. Bowditch," that should always stand in front of the Mansion House at Naushon. The original now rests as of yore upon the old pedestal near other relics of that happy time, carefully cherished in his children's home, a beautiful memento of the "dear Weston home," and of my father's friendship with the old Quaker poet.

## CHAPTER XIII

### LETTERS AND EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL

1851-1857

#### EXTRACT FROM HIS JOURNAL.

HOLMES' HOLE, January 24, 1852.

A WEEK since, tired and worn out with colic and hospital patients, private pupils, etc., I jumped into the New Bedford cars, and was soon flying through Buzzard's Bay, on my way to this place. We grounded once, and thumped hard upon a rock another time, and I was nearly chilled to death before our arrival. Since being here I have been met with a Siberian climate which has frozen up every craft, so that we have had no communication with the mainland, no letters sent to or received from home, though doubtless many are now lying awaiting me at New Bedford. Notwithstanding all this I have enjoyed myself. I have been entirely free from labor, and yet I have worked much on medicine, and I have taken some most delightful strolls alone over the undulating country immediately surrounding the village. The people generally are quite intelligent, and the men, having been all of them more or less officers of ships, have a liberality of thought and a tone of conversation far

superior to what I anticipated. My friend, Jones (the doctor of the village), is my *cicerone* to their good graces, and occasionally takes me for a delightful drive around the island. This P. M., for example, I went to visit a Mrs. Smith, the mother of one of my students, who resides in one of the most lonely spots, distant two miles from any neighbor. Our drive was through a scrub oak and pine country, along the most primitive and perplexing labyrinthine roads. The house small, but situated on a cleared spot about thirty or forty acres in extent and commanding a full view of Vineyard Sound and the distant shore of the continent. This afternoon it was toward sunset when we arrived, and I have rarely been so much impressed. The beautiful rolling sea-green water, dotted here and there with pure white sails, the ceaseless roar of the beach, the quiet Sabbath eve, the balmy winter air, all stimulated my mind to the sweetest reveries. On this occasion, and still more in the earlier part of the week when the wind was stronger, I have repeated with a sort of reverential awe the bold, nervous lines of Mrs. Hemans, when she says : —

“And the sounding aisles of the dim wood rang  
To the anthem of the free.”

At Mrs. Smith's I met her mother, a very intelligent old lady, who remembered the Revolutionary and last wars with England. Her father and mother were evidently fair specimens of the true New England *grit*. Being wholly in the power of the ships of the enemy, it was found necessary on both occa-

sions to make no resistance, and to allow the place to be neutral territory. During the first war the inhabitants were ordered to give up their arms and ammunition. Her father was commander of a provincial company and an outspoken man. She remembers the fear they had that some trouble would arise for the family in consequence, but her mother was shrewd and fearless. She (my informant) could remember the very spot where her mother, with the assistance of the children, carried some casks of powder and broke them open in a bog, saying that the British should never have any of her powder to shoot her sons with. Frequently, the inhabitants were very much distressed by the soldiers carrying off the cattle and poultry. Parties would march up from the ships and take all they could find. If, however, the inhabitants would carry down things for sale, all articles were bought. On one occasion a band had been thus marauding, and had just arrived at the shore and were preparing to carry off their plunder. Her father dressed himself in uniform and showed himself at the top of the bank, and began shouting as if to a company of soldiers to march quickly up and keep, at the same time, in regular firm discipline. The enemy's party being small, and supposing from the boldness of the "colonel" that he must have numerous friends just coming up, hastily took to their boats, and left their booty on the shore. Altogether my visit to this old lady was quite interesting. She still retains the vivacity, and has not the loquacity of many of her age. It was

deeply interesting to meet one who seemed so to connect the present with the past, and I quitted her abode with regret.

During my visit here I have read the history of the Hungarian war, and the speeches of Kossuth in England. What a magnificent specimen of noble love of country and power over man he was! It seems to me that no man ever lived who, from the circumstances of his life and his winning eloquence, had such control over the minds of nations as he. His extraordinary tact, our confidence in his honesty of purpose, his filial religious trust, his sufferings, all made me feel disposed to kiss even the hem of his garment as that of a divinely-inspired being. The seed he is sowing broadcast over the English and American Anglo-Saxon soil must return with a deeply laden crop of high thought and noble purposes engendered in the hearts of nations. My anti-slavery friends shake their heads and ask how I can praise him so when he has failed to speak in behalf of the slave. I answer them thus: "He has suffered for liberty; he emancipated the serfs in his native land; he comes here as a patriot and not as a philanthropist, on a specific mission for his fatherland. He has a glorious aim, and as much as any man could ever hope to attain to; viz., to stir up the deep fountain of the nation's sympathy in behalf of his own land, and incidentally in behalf of European liberty. From that purpose, God given I believe it to be, he will not swerve either to the right or to the left. He is right, I think." But

Garrison, etc., say: "Nay." He fails to reach the height of their humanity. I tell them he is a Magyar, and he seeks to interest us in the Magyar race. I believe if this nation should show a real vital sympathy for that down-trodden people, the fact would rebound in behalf of the slave pining in Carolina and the far South. They will not listen to any of my arguments. So be it. God forbid that I should ever refuse to bow down before such sublime conduct and such transcendent powers as Kossuth's. Our nation is unworthy of him.

The following correspondence between Charles Sumner and my father, although somewhat fragmentary, is interesting as showing not only the cordial regard existing between them, but also my father's habit of giving his opinion freely to his friends, whether in criticism or approval of their course, a trait which, from its very spirit of truth, often endeared him even to those who differed with him: —

FROM CHARLES SUMNER.

COURT STREET, Thursday, 1851. (?)

DEAR BOWDITCH, — I have already read enough in your book<sup>1</sup> to be very much interested in Dr. Twitchell and in your way of treating things. His victory in 1807 over that carotid artery was worthier, in my sight, than that of Jena; but I am prompted particularly to thank you for your personal kindness to me. Your sympathy I value much; I have thought of it often when others have deserted me. Believe me grateful.

But you speak in enigmas. I do not understand the allusion at the close of your note. I am not conscious of possessing the influence to which you refer; nor again am

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Dr. Amos Twitchell of Keene, N. H.*, by H. I. B.



I aware that I am in any way controlled by cautious politicians, so that I fail in my duty to our great cause. I should like to understand this. Tell me the golden opportunity. Let me hear the truth frankly. As you go through Court Street let me see you.

Ever yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO CHARLES SUMNER.

AVON SPRINGS, N. Y., August 30, 1852.

MY DEAR SUMNER, — For many months I have been ailing in consequence of injuries to my right hand received while attending to my professional duties. Had not this been the case, I should have acknowledged the receipt of several documents kindly sent by you. Please now accept my thanks for them all. But I write now chiefly to thank you for the pleasure I experienced while perusing the sketch of your noble speech in the Senate. The hearts of thousands who are silent will bless you for that, and moreover for your conduct during the entire session. With all quiet, honest, and yet “backbone” men of every party there can be but one opinion: that you have done honor to the old Bay State. I am shocked at the vulgarity evinced by some of your compeers (so-called) of the Senate, but can we expect anything better than haughty, overbearing behavior from those who during their whole lives have been accustomed to tyranny on their part, and servility on the part of others? I rejoice to see that even three of Northern blood defended you, and that four votes were given in the Senate in behalf of humanity. John P. Hale, I think, will remember when he stood alone.

There was a time, however, when the Senate Chamber of the United States commanded the respect of those of us who disapproved of its acts. I could not but bow before the great powers of such men as Calhoun and Clay, traitors, as I believe them, to the true interest of the country. They were at least dignified in their deportment, as became the representatives of sovereign States ; but we seem to be gathering from the West and South some men who think blackguardism before the world is quite a reputable way of treating an opponent. By their course they are gradually sapping that respect which the constituency of the nation has heretofore been willing to grant to the Senate as such, and which the House of Representatives lost long ago. That House is well denominated the "bear garden" by some irreverent critics. God forbid that the Senate should ever deserve a similar epithet ; but with such men as ——, of Alabama, and ——, of Mississippi, as seen in his attacks upon J. P. Hale, I fear no long time will elapse ere that will occur. All this may seem treason to you who sit among them, but I tell you the honest opinion of one who cares not a fig for party politics or politicians any farther than they administer justice and are honest, upright men and statesmen. May God long preserve you and keep you strong for the right is the prayer of one who is proud to be among the supporters and (may I add) warm friends of Charles Sumner.

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

HON. CHARLES SUMNER,  
U. S. Senate.

The following letter from Charles Sumner was evidently written in answer to one from my father, which has unfortunately been lost. As it is dated soon after the rendition of Burns, referred to in a later chapter, the exhortation mentioned doubtless referred to that episode : —

WASHINGTON, 17th June, 1854.

MY DEAR BOWDITCH, — I have your fervid exhortation. If you ever find me for one moment halting or hesitating in any true upholding of our cause, then denounce me, and no more call me friend.

Ever yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.<sup>1</sup>

In the following letter allusion is made to the family custom of meeting at Christmas time. In 1838, following the suggestion of my grandfather not long before his death, the first festivity was held at 8 Otis Place. At that time, it must be remembered, Christmas was not celebrated in America as now, and it is probable that the custom of having a Christmas-tree, now so universal, was begun in this country at the old homestead in Otis Place. Since that time, for over sixty years, there has been no break in the annual meetings which were so dear to my father's heart.

At these festivities he gave full vent to his love of fun and frolic, his spirit infecting the whole assembly, and finding a worthy helpmeet in his sister Mary, Mrs. Epes Dixwell, whose love of fun was not surpassed by his.

TO MISS MARY HUDSON.

BOSTON, December 26, 1852.

FRIEND MARY, —

Yesterday was our beautiful annual festival. We gathered all around the "greenwood tree" in the

<sup>1</sup> The facsimile of a letter from my father to Charles Sumner, dated February 19, 1856, will be found in the Appendix.

library at the homestead, and none were absent. We were all boys again, and we tumbled about, with our children to help us ; played "snap-dragon," etc., all approved Christmas games ; and finished off with presents and jokes cracked at each other's expense. I was prostrated upon the floor two or three times in a most irreverent manner by youngsters. Nat, my eldest brother, was swung aloft in Sancho Panza style, although not exactly in the same way. Perhaps you can imagine how we all behaved from your (possible) reminiscences of my first introduction to you years ago upon the greensward at Needham. "*Vive la Gaïeté*," was the motto with all, and triumphantly we acted up to the thought. I feel all the better for the taste of the burlesque in which we reveled.

Olivia is just playing that most magnificent Funeral March by Beethoven, on the death of a hero. It is one of the times that say to me there is something divine in man. Olivia plays it to my taste exactly. I would like to hear its noble strains at the hour of death. They would give what Herder asked for when dying, — noble, great thoughts. It is just dying away, and my letter must close with the player's and my love. God bless you and yours.

H. I. B.

TO DR. WILLIAM HENRY THAYER.

BOSTON, March 27, 1853.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, — I received your kind letter on my return from Gloucester, where I had been to

visit the son of a brother doctor, who was very ill with double pneumonia. I had, while there, seen one of my earliest and best friends, one too whom I have never written to, and whom I had seen but once for thirty-six years. A very delightful shake of the hand I had with the old man, and my heart has been attuned to the sweet harmonies of friendship by the renewal of one of my earliest boyish affections. It is one of my earliest reminiscences, this intercourse which I had, in those boyish days, with one who was then a man grown, and who seemed to me then as old as he does now. He was an honest silversmith who kept a shop near my home, and it was the delight of my heart to be with him, either tumbling over his tools or blowing his furnace. I was so small that he used to put me upon a stool in order to raise me sufficiently to be able to blow. It was a pure, mutual love of an honest, just, and benevolent man and a little child. I well remember his treatment of me when, upon a certain occasion, I broke one of his crucibles while blowing. My consternation knew no bounds, when I learned that the silver had all gone. It of course was scattered through the furnace when by dint of blowing I had ruined the vessel containing it. But that most excellent man, feeling that I had really done no wrong, and that he was to be blamed for not overlooking my work, comforted me by the assurance that he was alone the sufferer, so he alone deserved blame. The instinctive sense of justice, which always rises purely in the mind of a child, told me he was right; and yet, somehow or

another, I felt that he was very good to be so kind to me, when I had, in fact, caused him so great a loss. I clung to him still stronger than before, and I well remember it as one of my earliest and deepest sorrows when he told me one day that he was going to reside in Gloucester. I well remember that beautiful wooden clock which he had prepared as a sign. It seemed to me more gorgeous than anything ever before made. He left at length and never knew, till a few nights ago, how I missed him. As I was strolling through the streets of Gloucester (unable to see either Hildreth or Mountfort, and unwilling to return to the house of my rich patient) I remembered again my old friend. I entered a shop. It is queer, with my tendency to forget names, that I remembered his; but so it was that, without the least hesitancy, I asked if a watchmaker of that name lived anywhere near. "Close at hand," said the shopman. "Yonder is the place; I see the old man's light; I suspect he has not gone home yet." I crossed the street and entered the shop, and found an old, honest-looking but wrinkled face bending over a watch. "Did you ever live in North Street, Salem?" said I. "Yes," replied the old fellow, at the same time dropping his eyeglass and looking me full in the face. Bodily we were total strangers, yet in our hearts we were friends beloved. Spiritually we had been and were much to one another; physically nothing. "Do you remember a boy named Henry Bowditch who, in old times, blasted all your silver away?" "Indeed I do," he answered.



“Give me your hand,” said I, “for I am he, though gray-headed I may be.” The man grasped my hand most cordially. He remembered all the circumstances, and related them as I had them locked up in my soul. We fought all our battles over again, and then told of subsequent experiences. He had been married and had had children, and now again was alone, his wife was dead, his children separated to the four winds. The world had gone somewhat hard with him, yet he thanked God he had always continued to get along. His greatest evils had always been those of anticipation rather than those of reality. I told him of my course, and made him promise that if ever he came to Boston he would come, as one of my best friends, and dine with me. He had been one of my best friends because in an hour of vexation he had been just to me. He seemed gratified by my visit and promised to call if he ever came to the city. It was a pleasant visit, was it not?

Subsequently to that, at early dawn, I wandered out upon the beach and listened to the deep and eternal roarings of the sea as it beat upon the sand. The illimitable and all-encompassing love of the Almighty seemed to speak to me in articulate sounds with each roll of the surf. Like a boy I ran along the hard sand. My heart was buoyant and bright as it was when, as a child, I played with the old man. How benign are all the influences which nature throws around us, and it is my faith a golden age will some time come when all the social influences



of life will be as holy as those [with] which nature, even in her roughest mood, encompasses us. In those days friendship will have its perfect work to do.

I scarcely know, my dear Doctor, whether you see the drift of all my egotism. Please take it as a proof that I fully appreciate the value of your true friendship. May ours never be less! I have many friends, and every hour of the day I thank Heaven for them; yet I can scarcely tell why they love me, for I rarely write, and sometimes I fear they must think I have forgotten them. Be assured, my dear Doctor, if I never should write a line to you again, I never shall forget the warmth with which, while a pupil and since becoming a brother in a most noble profession, you have always greeted me. I reciprocate with all my heart all you say, and I say but the truth when I declare that if I should lose your friendship a bright light of my life would go out. Commend me to dear Ellen. I wish I could say anything to alleviate the deep sorrow she must feel at the loss of so excellent a father; yet I know that she has good sense enough and genuine piety enough to be able to draw from this apparent loss a great spiritual blessing. God bless you and yours.

Ever your friend,

H. I. BOWDITCH.

TO THE SAME.

BOSTON, December 5, 1857.

I cannot tell you how delighted I was to receive your letter. It brought back old times. It carried

me out of the vortex into which I seemed whirling and showed me by means of memory's fairy fingers the great landmarks of our common life of friendship. How far she pointed backward! even to the early years of your student life. I remember one little act of confidence and respect (perhaps now forgotten by yourself) which convinced me that there were elements in the student's heart that would bind the man to me in after years, and now the prophecy has become a fulfillment. Thank God for that! And yet, my dear Thayer, I have a tinge of sadness always creeping over me when I think I perhaps have done you as much harm as good; nay, I am not sure that it would not have been better for you had I never been your friend. The very element of your character which ought to have been pruned and restrained, I unwittingly have sometimes stimulated. You ought to have been intimate with Dr. (Samuel) Parkman, than whom I know no one wiser among the members of Young Physic. I never shall forget him, because he by his early wisdom once restrained me from doing what I afterwards felt would have been a rash act on my part. At his death I mourned the loss of one who was truly my friend, for he corrected my fault in the most faultless manner. I always loved him better after the probing than before. Your remark that you have always sought to be a man in preference to being a mere physician contains the germ of a noble truth. If a man sink his manhood in the profession, he commits an act of high treason to his soul. But I fear we

have both of us at times magnified our love of manly honor until it has been somewhat of a caricature of chivalric manhood, rather than that gentle courtesy which fears nothing, but is mild in its self-reliance. Out of our mouths have leaked words of truth and fire, but not of soberness. And so at times they have failed to produce the desired effect, even if they have not perchance recoiled on our own too-late repentant heads. Also, how often does this very statement prove a reality to me, even at the present day! Am I wrong in judging that you have at times suffered as I have suffered in this particular? It is one of my most fervent daily vows that I will curb myself. Daily do I fail. So we go — eternally striving, eternally failing — and yet I think always progressing forwards, at least intellectually, and I fain would hope morally; at least, as far as seeing the difference between right and wrong, although perhaps in action mightily faulty. Here I have been as usual running on as if speaking to myself; a kind of thinking on paper.

Let us now look to the actual. Ellen may tell you of my business occupations. I have more than I had any right to ask for, and yet with it comes unrest, little quiet, and less real study. I cannot ever have an overflowing purse, so that as my family expenses increase, receipts are absorbed and debts always look me in the face; but I am in the race-course and, living or dying, I must remain there. . . . Enough of this. . . . God be with you and bless you.

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE RENDITION OF BURNS — LETTER FROM WHITTIER — THE “ANTI-MAN-HUNTING LEAGUE”

1854

IN 1854 occurred the rendition of Burns, the last slave ever returned from Massachusetts to the southern slaveholder. The following extract from my father's journal and the letters from Whittier serve to show, not only the marked change in the spirit of the North since the rendition of Sims three years before, but also the burning enthusiasm of the Quaker poet, who, although opposed on principle to war and bloodshed, yet could, as occasion required, send forth a ringing note to arouse his countrymen.

EXTRACT FROM JOURNAL, JUNE 1, 1854.

#### BURNS'S RENDITION.

After a rest of more than three years, our city has been desecrated by the foot of the slave hunter. Contrary to my hopes, the poor victim has been returned, not, however, as Sims was, at the break of the morning, and with a volunteer corps of the young aristocrats of the city, and a set of hired wretches with their double-edged swords, as his body guard. In full broad daylight, in the middle of the day, in front of the assembled merchant princes of State Street, with a right royal cortége of two com-

panies of United States troops, and cannon loaded with grape, and all the military of Suffolk County, the poor slave was escorted, as with regal splendor, to the end of Long Wharf. There he was received on board the revenue cutter *Morris*, and is now probably far away towards the hell that is prepared for him in Virginia. The reason for these unusual preparations was from the fact that a vast number of people sympathized with the slave ; even John H. Pearson was aroused, and has labored very much in his behalf. The enslaver of Sims is now a hater of slavery. Willis, the broker, who became bail for —, offered one of our men to provide a ship for the rescue of the present victim. There was never, in fact, in the history of Northern sentiment, such an entire change as has occurred since the passage of the Nebraska Bill, with the overthrow of all compromises, and during the events of the past week in Boston. It seems to be generally admitted that this precise time was chosen by the Virginians in order to insult us the more grossly while smarting under the infliction of the Nebraska Bill. The arrest was made about a week ago, instead of three weeks since, when the papers were ready. On Wednesday night, under a lie, he was arrested. The next morning I received news of it, and since I have been occupied about all the time. The committee met, and kept in permanent session during the day, and in the evening there was a meeting in Faneuil Hall, full to overflowing, and with scarcely a dissenting voice, for all the earnest words of the “golden-mouthed Phil-

lips " and the terse, epigrammatic Theodore Parker, and the earnest, devoted Swift. Before this meeting sundry discussions took place in the Vigilance Committee about resorting to force, but coming together anew after a three years' separation, each man wanted to talk, and no man entirely trusted his neighbor or himself apparently. This was the bane of everything. No leader, no head, and consequently anarchy was the result. Every plan failed of being fully carried out. The rescue attempt made on Friday evening was premature, contrary to agreement, and undertaken apparently by men who, sneering at the previous cowardice of us Boston recreants, had come from Worcester with the avowed purpose of doing what Boston could not or would not. I felt all the while as T. W. Higginson, in his calm but enthusiastic manner, talked of his 200 good and true men from the heart of the Commonwealth, that he was but little aware of the toughness of the head of the old Bay State. It is easy to do anything when all are agreed, but for a small minority, as the Abolitionists of Boston are, to attempt to break stone walls is another matter. It is true that probably, had the crowd wished on that evening, they would have carried all before them. For my own part, I knew nothing, save in general, of the proposed attack; and when young Swift met me in descending from the hall on the sudden breaking up of the meeting, and prepared to run and excite the people towards Court Square, I felt that indecision of which I spoke. Parker and Phillips had evidently done what they



could to restrain the people. I supposed that the attack was made by foolhardy individuals who had not calculated the cost. I, however, rushed towards Court Square. Mingling in the crowd in the darkness, I lost Swift. A large body was on the east side, but the persons seemed collected without any purpose. I was alone; I knew not whether they were police or friends of the slave. Soon I heard the crack of what seemed a pistol-shot on the west side, and immediately a loud pounding as if doors were being battered down. I ran round, but all was over, and the multitudes were flying, apparently from the very spot. Only two or three, apparently, had hold of a beam; but before I reached them it was dropped, and one or two had gone in, but the door was immediately closed from within. I walked near, and certainly I never had more mingled emotions of shame and horror. Was I called upon to rush in after and give myself up in hopeless conflict, or should I pass out from the square? I chose the latter alternative. I am now glad I did so. It could have done no good to do otherwise. I heard afterwards that Kemp and others of our best men were trying to check the too ardent and premature movements of Higginson and his party, for I suppose I do them no dishonor in thus writing the truth. It was noble on their part. Would to God we had more like them! When Massachusetts is filled with such, then slave hunting will be impossible. I felt I was really unworthy of them when I passed away. Generous impulse told me, "If you can't succeed,



at least suffer with your friends." Prudence said, "Beware, you are lost without doing good." And so I followed Prudence and blushed while doing so. Perhaps it is well.

After this attack, of course all guards were placed. The United States Marines and a set of bloody vassals kept watch. There were, however, traitors in the camp, and for one or two nights we hoped to bring the fugitive out by means of the "golden key." Freeman, however, had eight men and himself to sleep in the room on the night after the plan.

After this we met indefinitely; no regular meetings. Everybody talked. All proposed all sorts of expedients, and the public at large knew our inmost thoughts. Meanwhile the case went on and the alibi witnesses came along, much to the joy of our law-abiding citizens. Little did any one think that Loring, the gentle and merciful as he seemed to be, would render such an infamous verdict.

I went to the Governor to see if he would aid in serving the writ of personal replevin. He was cold as an icicle, though coming from Worcester. No hope save in the Commissioner. Mayor Smith brought out the military, under pretence of preserving the peace, and thereby increased the excitement at the same time in his "blow hot, blow cold" mode of proceeding, pretending to have a regard for Burns. Out on such unmanliness! Better at any time have an open devil to deal with than a hypocrite.

Finally, on Friday, June 2, at nine A. M., all were in

deep anxiety to hear the result. The cannon of the United States forces were planted in Court Square. A whole regiment of state forces paraded in State Street. I was in the court-room. The Commissioner, in a most cold-blooded manner, rendered his decision. Deep silence prevailed. I shook hands with the slave. The room was cleared. At eleven I sent for Nat to be with me in State Street. All day excitement prevailed, but then a miracle had been wrought. All condemned the proceeding. "Hunker Whigs" and Democrats vied with each other in cursing the whole affair. During the whole day I met with but two persons who upheld the proceeding. We formed a ring around these and hissed and hooted them. One was disposed to show fight, but he soon slunk off. About one o'clock an order for thorough clearing of the streets was given; even alleys were guarded by armed men. The mayor had (contrary to law) given discretionary orders to General Edwards. Martial law was proclaimed. Good fortune alone prevented the people from being shot down. Twice I saw the troops charge bayonet, and once (in Parisian style) the cavalry charged with drawn swords. My hours were spent in hissing. I heard no cheers save against the militia or police. Hisses and groans saluted them in every [place]. Officers were called out by their names, and their ears were filled with cries of "Shame!" I am satisfied that the state militia alone preserved the slave. The small corps of marines would have been overwhelmed.

Finally came along the body-guard. At a quick pace they again tramped over the place where Attucks fell. I was in Samuel May's building, corner of State and Broad streets. Bloody desperadoes, armed with cutlasses and pistols, surrounded poor Burns. It was a damning sight, but I thought we had progressed.

The people now are more ripe than ever for revolution. Peaceful I believe it may be, but bloody I fear it will be. "No slave hunting in Massachusetts" is the muttered oath under every one's lips. Tar and feathers are common talk for Commissioner —, and every one engaged in the business of slave catching must be abducted and treated as they deserve.

God save us if something like it be not done. We are doomed. I again gird myself for the fight.

FROM JOHN G. WHITTIER.

AMESBURY, 26th Day, 5th Month, 1854.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — That man *must* not be sent out of Boston as a slave. Anything but that! The whole people must be called out, the country must precipitate itself upon the city — an avalanche of freemen! Where are your circulars and your expresses? In the name of God, let the people be summoned! Send out the fiery cross without further delay! Tell us what you want and what we can do! Thousands are waiting for the word from you.

Is it not possible to keep the matter open until next week? If so, will not some of the Anti-Nebraska pulpits speak out? I write in great haste, as I have just seen the "Commonwealth," and the mail is about closing. If

you want the country to march into Boston, say so at once. If another man is to be sacrificed to Moloch, let the whole people witness it. Thine truly,

J. G. WHITTIER.

From the letter which follows, it is evident that in quoting Whittier's words at a meeting of colored people, my father unconsciously gave a wrong impression of the poet's sentiments as to the character of the demonstration he wished made. With characteristic devotion to principle, even when deeply stirred, Whittier wrote again as follows :

AMESBURY, 2d Day, Morning, 29th, 1854.

DEAR FRIEND, — I am sorry to see such a spirit of violence manifested, as it is useless and wrong in itself. I wish the demonstration of feeling to be deep and serious, but earnestly pray that there may be no resort to force. Cannot the man be *bought*? He must be saved if possible. I regret the use of my letter to thee at a meeting of our colored friends. Surely no one who knows me could suppose that I wish to have any violent measures adopted. Pray see to it that no such impression was left in the minds of our colored friends. Oh, let them beware of violence! Let them not injure a holy cause by wrong action. God reigns, and if we are true to his laws we shall do more for liberty than by the use of the devil's weapons, of brute force. Nothing but great illness prevents me from coming down to use my influence on the side of freedom and *peace*. Dear Doctor, act for me, then, and tide back all as far as possible from anything like violence. Beg our colored friends to *bear* and *forbear*.

Thine truly,

J. G. WHITTIER.

P. S. Be good enough to obtain possession of my letter to thee and *keep* it. It was written in haste, and should not have been used by others, as I see it was by

a paragraph in the "Times." I wished only that the people of Massachusetts could be witnesses of this awful sacrifice, in the hope that the peaceful, moral demonstration might be of service, if not to the poor victim, yet to the cause of freedom. God bless thee, my dear friend, and give thee wisdom and strength for the occasion.

In consequence of Burns's rendition, the result of the Fugitive Slave Act, the temper of the Abolitionists showed itself in the formation of the Anti-Man-Hunting League, an extraordinary organization, which in our later times, with the burning questions of that day satisfactorily settled forever, doubtless may seem to many a farcical, almost insane outgrowth of fanatical ideas.

To justify such procedures, we must recall the fact that in the progress of every great reform extreme measures are often an inevitable necessity for accomplishing the desired end. Doubtless even the chief supporters confessed that the plan was justifiable only because of the nature of the conditions then existing. That such measures were advocated by my father only as a desperate remedy for existing ills is proven by his often outspoken and well-known strong antipathy to the idea of secret organizations, which he believed, as a rule, to be contrary to the spirit of our institutions.

Frequent allusions to the league are made in my father's journals and letters. They are all vivid proofs of the intense excitement which existed throughout the North in the few years preceding the civil war.

In the "Thirty Years' War of Anti-Slavery" (chapter vi., page 78), after alluding to the departure of the revenue cutter Morris, with Burns on board, he says, —

Immediately after the vessel left the wharf, many of us Abolitionists went, by one consent, to the

“Liberator” office, and there again, as with one heart, we joined in prayer as our first act, and we soon separated to our homes. Some time during the day, I said to my brother William, who had been with me a witness of all these scenes, and exasperated as I was at the deed which had been so haughtily performed: “Let us have an association to take hold of the slave hunter. He comes here and has supreme control. Let us have a society in the different towns of the State, with secret lodges, and let us seize the hunter and make him, not by doing harm to him, but by holding him captive and carrying him to different places, give up the slave.” If necessary for success in freeing the slave, we were ready to pay. We hoped, however, to get freedom without payment of any money, or by the use of a small sum. From this conversation, I have reason to believe, arose the league.

Later, in chapter vii., he says, —

The Anti-Man-Hunting League was the final effort of Massachusetts to defeat the slave hunter in Boston. To those living now (1889) it may appear either as a grotesque folly born of fanaticism, or a high crime, according to the temper of the reader, and in proportion to his interest in the anti-slavery struggle going on more than quarter of a century ago. In the eyes of some, we leaguers were specimens of human nature ludicrous in the extreme, while to others we seem to have been traitors worthy of the severest penalties. This being the case, and such



diverse opinions being held of our actions, perhaps it will be well to recall to mind the various events and their results upon the minds of most (not all, as for instance Garrison, the "non-resistant," and perhaps others indisposed to use any arguments but "moral suasion") if not all of the most earnest of the Abolitionists. [We argued] "Let us now try another method with the slave hunter, and make, as it were, a 'flank movement' upon our enemy, leaving it to others to argue before the courts or make speeches in public halls. While we attack the man hunter himself, they may argue and eloquently declaim, as all up to that hour have done!" The leaguers argued that we had tried all measures possible to free the slave. We had been mobbed in early days and held up as traitors to the country and God. Law had been vainly tried. The Supreme Court was against us. It had decided that a black man or any one claimed as a slave under the form of the Fugitive Slave Bill had no more rights than an ox or a horse, and the whole power of the Federal Government was wielded in support of this accursed doctrine. Politicians bowed to the mighty power. "Cotton was King," well and firmly (as was thought) on the throne, compelling Congress to pass the Fugitive Slave Act, which was carried out in Boston with a proud overwhelming military force; the State and the Nation apparently vying with one another in determination to enforce the accursed statute! Sad and distressed beyond measure were we Abolitionists all during those dreadful days; but we were short-



sighted and did not see that in the performance of such acts in order to crush a liberty-loving people, the slave oligarchy overreached itself, and that Burns was the last slave to be returned from old Boston, and [that] if any came they would be quickly forwarded to Canada. Fearing, however, that we should be still further tried, and although hating all secret associations, I gladly accepted the thought of a secret league in Boston with affiliated leagues in various towns of the State to entrap and "kidnap" (if you wish to use the word) the slaveholder. We meant to frighten him by taking him from his hotel and carrying him to confinement at our country lodges, and thus perhaps to persuade him to give up or sell the slave. Each member of the league was to be sworn to perfect secrecy, even from his intimate relations. Our plan was as follows : —

Immediately on the arrival of a slave hunter and arrest of a slave in Boston or any of the large cities, the various lodges were to be notified of the fact. All leaguers were forthwith, if possible, to appear in Boston, and as many as possible were to take rooms at the hotel at which the scoundrel, as we deemed him, had taken rooms. If possible, we meant to fill up all the spare rooms of the building. We wanted to have the public opinion of the place as far as possible in our favor. They were to be there, however, seemingly as individuals engaged in business, and were to converse with one another upon every topic, but above all things to avoid speaking of the slave case. At headquarters a general meeting

would be held, and the matter would be fully discussed and all the facts about the hunter, his residence in the city, etc., would be made known. This having been done, a committee of six brave and prudent comrades should be chosen. The majority would be young and stalwart, and above all true, from long trial, to anti-slavery. An older man, but one not wanting in physical and moral strength, would be selected as chief leader and speaker for the committee, and ready to give the sign for physical force tactics if moral and reasonable influences had no effect towards gaining the immediate freedom of the runaway. If the slave hunter should be reasonable and willing to give free papers, the committee was to be prepared to pay a small sum and leave the agent in peace after he had given the necessary legal documents. To buy a slave, even for the very purpose of freeing him, was abhorrent to some of our most earnest Abolitionists. The majority of us deemed such supersensitiveness about purchasing a human being, with the end of perfect freedom, absolutely nonsensical. No leaguer held up such absurd doctrine. If, however, as we anticipated, the Southern blood should arise and the hunter should haughtily refuse all offers looking to freedom, then on signal from our chief the process of "snaking out" the miscreant would be promptly carried out. While the committee would be having their interview, our numerous friends, the leaguers, would quietly assemble in the entry or reading-room, and while conversing perhaps on indifferent topics would narrowly

watch the committee's movements. In order still further to deceive all bystanders who were ignorant of our plan, they would crowd around the committee, forming a compact mass in the entries and halls, of the Revere House, for example, where these hunters usually stayed. At a signal from the chief of the committee, his five companions were to seize the legs, arms, and head of the hunter, and rapidly carry him, without injury to him, to a carriage to be kept in readiness (as if waiting for a passenger) in front or at the side of the building. Having secured him, he was to be driven out of town to one of our lodges, and thence transferred secretly, with frequent changes from town to town, if necessary for concealment, to other lodges, all of whom would be prepared to receive him. Our men, who were to be in the halls during the consultation, and at the time of the kidnapping were to form a body around the committee, and while apparently astonished and indignant at the struggle going on, and pretending to be trying to rescue the victim, would indirectly help the committee by keeping off all strangers or opponents. We well knew that the affair would become bruited abroad, and probably all the committee would be arrested ; but by our solemn promise given " before Almighty God and this company," the minions of the law were to get no answer from any of us, even with penalties of contempt of court being inflicted. We knew very well, too, that the concealment of any stranger in a country town would be well-nigh impossible unless a change every twenty-four hours, if

not more frequently, of domicile was made. We considered all these liabilities, but at the same time we knew that throughout the land the simple fact that a slave hunter had been "kidnapped" in Boston would check the ardor of all seekers of runaways, and at the same time leave non-slaveholding people to think seriously upon the whole matter. We were willing to try the effect of "insulting a slave trader" or his employer. As I think now of our plan, preposterous as it may seem to some, and having a "serio-comic effect" in Mr. Wilson's eyes,<sup>1</sup> I think it was a feasible one. When I remember that for more than two years we drilled every two weeks for this object, I am sure that, had the league been in existence when Tuttle came, and we had immediately applied our tactics on him, we should probably have prevented the terrible scenes presented at the return of Burns. Be that hypothesis tenable or not, certain it is that men of all professions and trades, and those of no trade, but simply laborers by the day, met fortnightly for several months, and as dear friends animated by the same holy cause, and drilled as follows: Every evening we chose our most stalwart member. If possible, a huge laborer or farm hand from the country; at any rate, the strongest man present. And he was to take the part of a slaveholder. Around him the committee appointed to call upon the man hunter would collect as if around a real slave catcher. After a short speech from the chairman and one from the opposite party

<sup>1</sup> *Rise and Fall of the Slave Power*, Henry Wilson.

showing an indisposition to agree to the freedom of the slave, the whole committee, on a preconcerted signal, would proceed to do their part of the work of "kidnapping" him. The six members of the committee would each have his specific duty to perform in conjunction with all the others, according to the plan given below. They were to arrange themselves as if accidentally and informally, but with the purpose of laying the individual flat on the floor in the shortest time possible. We told our imaginary slaveholder that he was at liberty to use his hands and feet as vigorously as he chose, in order to prevent us from seizing him. Let us imagine them, in the Revere House parlor, grouped as a committee, somewhat as in this diagram:—

Head.

Right Arm.

Left Arm.

Man Hunter.

Right Leg.

Left Leg.

Chairman.

We found that however obstreperous our "manikin" slave hunter was, we could lay him powerless on the floor in much less than a minute. If we could do so with a man prepared beforehand as he was, we knew we could handle an unsuspecting person still more readily. In the case of our comrade, our custom was to carry him around the rooms amid roars of laughter, he all the while making every effort to escape. Having done this, we allowed him to be free, and perhaps selected one or two more of

our most stalwart comrades, and for the purpose of practice the committee was often changed, so that all might become accustomed to the "drill" to be applied to the man hunter. The only difference was that the man hunter was to be publicly carried to our carriage, to be driven out of town to one of our lodges, or to another carriage with another driver whom the first would not know. Of course there would be some row and disturbance in doing all this, and then our comrades from out of town would surround the carriers.

It was evident that everything must be done with the utmost secrecy, for various reasons, chiefly for these two ; viz., first, to be able more safely to take and securely keep the slave hunter ; second, to prevent, if possible, our conviction of any conspiracy in the affair of the kidnapping. We kept our records in several books instead of one, as is usual, and by peculiar methods, so that if any or even all of our books should be seized by the law officers, they would be utterly incomprehensible save by the initiated into their mysterious numbers, etc. They were to contain, moreover, not a word indicating the association of which they told their obscure story. I think that they usually must have been in the possession of several persons, one or more in the hands of different members of the league ; for if one of them escaped the vigilance of the law officers, there would be an utter impossibility, even for one of the initiated, to understand all their meaning.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> They are now in the possession of his family.



Meanwhile, I had kept a box of "billies" in my garret. They had been provided for members of the league for self-defense, and made after the pattern of oak billies loaded with lead, prepared by one of our members for the police of Lynn, he having been mayor of that city. After a time Mr. George Atkinson transferred the trunk and its contents to me, on the ground that I "knew more about them than any one else!" They were significant tokens of what preceded the war, and of the terrible means we felt obliged to resort to in order to fight off the encroachments of the slave power even in Massachusetts. They proved, moreover, that the league meant to avoid the use of firearms in all its doings.

We fortunately never had any opportunity of trying our plan. Burns's rendition produced so much excitement North and South that no Southerner or slave driver wished to come to Boston, for fear of something worse, perhaps, happening to him.

Later, in reviewing the origin, action, and final extinction of the Anti-Man-Hunting League, he says, —

We have seen it arise, as the culmination, so to speak, of our anti-slavery work, *physically considered*. It had no opportunity for the real exercise of the thought underlying it, although for months it was ready for action. Fortunately, perhaps, for us and for the slave trader, not one of the tribe came among us after that terrible rendition of Burns, and finally it was submerged in the civil war. It arose at a time when Massachusetts, under the baleful influ-



ence of extreme slavery conservatism, led by Daniel Webster, supported by the press and public opinion generally, was devoted to carrying out in its most offensive features that most accursed of all laws against liberty, the Fugitive Slave Law. The "compromises of the Constitution" required us, as Daniel Webster proclaimed in his "God-like manner" in Boston, and within sight of Faneuil Hall and Bunker Hill, that we "must conquer our prejudices," ignore the "higher law," and infamously submit to this vile act passed by the slave power. He urged this course, as his friends claimed, to "save the Union;" but to do so we were to meanly forswear, and, as it were, spit upon our birthright of liberty, and basely become mere satraps of the slave power, and to join in slave hunting in the old Bay State. Massachusetts had followed so vile a leader, some of us thought, already far too long a period. We had no fear of the Union being destroyed; but in the sight of high heaven and of the people of the whole earth, Massachusetts had declared to be right and nobly Christian the ignoble part she had so deftly played in the rendition of Sims and Burns. Our "personal liberty bill" and the "Latimer petitions and law" had apparently effected nothing. Alas! what a fall was that from the storied memories of the tea destroyers or those of the victims of March 5, of Lexington and of Concord!

Later he wrote:—

It is impossible even for us who were living and acting in those days to bring up fully at this

time (1888) before our minds all the varied horrors of that time. Those born since will never know or be able to conceive of the feelings that arose in the minds of the few Abolitionists after the rendition of Burns. But what could we, a despised set of "fanatics," hope to do in order to rectify public sentiment and to "nullify" the Fugitive Slave Law in Boston? Nevertheless, as I now (February 18, 1888) look back upon our league, it seems to me a most natural "evolution" (to use the modern scientific term) of the anti-slavery idea. For the return of the slave, the United States law was supreme, and it found willing sycophants to do its bidding, and its own jails in our State. For the "preservation of peace," to prevent riot and probably bloodshed, the governor of Massachusetts would order out again if need be its whole militia force to make a pathway for the slave to be carried back to stripes and the auction block! It was vain to try to rescue again as in the Shadrach case, and all legal efforts had proved fruitless in preventing a return.

Meetings were held occasionally at varying intervals, for several years after Burns's rendition, the last one a day or two after the fall of Fort Sumter. With the abolition of slavery naturally the league ceased to exist.

To enable those of us who were not living in those days of feverish excitement to better comprehend deeds and utterances which may to some seem extravagant and ill-judged, I cannot do better than quote from a book<sup>1</sup> writ-

<sup>1</sup> *John Brown*, by Hermann Von Holst. Edited by Frank Preston Stearns. Cupples and Hurd, 1889.

ten many years later by Mr. Frank Preston Stearns, in which he gives the German historian Von Holst's estimate of conditions preceding the war of the rebellion.

In an appendix he says, —

. . . “Now, however, as usually happens, we have an ebb tide again. The opposition, who were formerly constrained to silence by public opinion, come forward now to argue their views before a younger generation, in which there dwells a different spirit from that of the war period. Take any man out of his own time and place him in another and he will appear to great disadvantage. . . . If we take him out of the element in which he lived, and study him with the peaceful and commonplace life of to-day as a background, his actions may appear monstrous, his character inhuman, his endeavor a failure. That is not the way to study an historical character.”

My father used to speak often in a similar strain when recalling those stirring times, and I have not infrequently heard him say, during some political discussion in later years, “Why, these are summer breezes compared with what we went through in anti-slavery times!” He confessed, too, that often in the excitement of the moment he would pass harsher judgment than was warranted upon the actions of men who, acting according to the dictates of their consciences, felt obliged to obey laws the spirit and letter of which they utterly disapproved. If he had reason to change his opinion, however, I never knew my father to fail to acknowledge his error.

## CHAPTER XV

### VOYAGE DOWN THE PENOBSCOT — TRIP TO APPLEDORE

1856-1858

IN the summer of 1856 my father made a holiday trip with my eldest brother, Nathaniel, three of his nephews, and a friend, Mr. John W. Browne, into the wilds of Maine; the first of a series of similar trips made in later years to the Adirondacks with my brother Edward and myself. This form of vacation was always most grateful to my father, offering, as it did, perfect relaxation from his medical work and entire freedom from the conventionalities of city life, under which he often seemed to chafe.

This journal of their voyage down the West Branch of the Penobscot in birch-bark canoes, over forty years ago, is replete with charming and interesting incidents, all showing his love of fun, his intense love of nature, and his interest in all subjects brought to his attention.

After describing a miserable night on the Bangor steamer, he thus proceeds in his journal: —

. . . . .  
We arrived at Bangor late on the evening of August 6th, just one hour after the morning cars from Boston! Twenty-four hours of purgatory! Let no man try the Bangor steamer if the wind be from the northeast. Nice clean sheets, pure water, excellent food at the Bangor House; above all, gentle

thoughts of home, mixed with high anticipations of the delightful trip we were entering upon, — all these circumstances soon refreshed us. I called it a “glorious” beginning, and Browne, in his quiet way, said it was “not bad.” Browne and I slept in the same room, in two large, commodious beds. Soon after we were safely ensconced in our respective quarters, a ludicrous, nay farcical event took place, in which I was the principal actor. We were just preparing to drop to sleep, when we were aroused by the sound of music. It proved to come from a political procession, and a large crowd gathered and halted directly under our windows, in front of the hotel. The spirit of broad farce seized upon me, and having perceived that anything white waved from the window while a political gathering is passing in the evening will always excite the enthusiastic cheers of the multitude underneath, I determined to try an experiment and to get, if possible, three hearty cheers for Fremont. Accordingly, sheltering myself under the obscurity of the night, I thrust my head out of the window and, flinging out my white drawers to the wind, shouted, as I made them flutter from the window, “Three cheers for Fremont and victory!” My success was complete. It so happened that the body was composed of Fremonters; and no sooner did I commence my first cheer than a hundred joined with me, and a succession of “Hurrahs” answered the invitation. “Well,” said I, “who would have thought it: that a pair of breeches would have produced so much commotion?” “And why not?”

said Browne. "Are you not a 'medicine man' and a prophet, and did not the Holy Breeches of Mahomet and Joe Smith, and even the breeches of Marcy cause much commotion? Then wherefore did you lack faith in your own? Surely there is faith to be attached to breeches." Laughing heartily at myself, and rejoicing that I still had the desire of occasionally becoming not a fool of a man but a laughter-loving boy, I tumbled again into bed and soon fell fast asleep.

. . . . .

After a dreary journey in a drizzling rain, to the foot of Moosehead Lake, they arrived at Greenville, and he then continues:—

We heard that old "Uncle John Ellis," the guide, the pathfinder and hunter of fifty years in the woods, was at the rival hotel, and was disturbed at finding that he was not to be with us, as he had engaged himself to another party. I learned that Mr. Barrows had retained a young man at Kineo for our guidance, and as he had advised our bringing canoes with us, we bought one beautiful birch which we subsequently named Minnehaha, and we hired another. We likewise engaged Z. D. Mitchell, or "Zeb Mitchell," as he was familiarly styled by his other companions, to go with us as the other guide. With these two guides we started at nine A. M., August 8th, in the little steamer for Kineo House. The sail up the lake was pleasant, and Browne had some conversation with "Uncle John" about the

Indians. "I have always found them more honest than white men ; they never steal from my traps ; nay," added he, "they have done for me what I should not have done for them, for often have they saved for me a bear-skin ; they have taken the animal from a trap, and stripping off his hide have hung it out of harm's way to dry and be ready for me on my return along the trail."

Later they arrived at a lodging-place not uncommon in such regions, — a dirty log cabin, and he thus describes its effect upon the spirits of his companions : —

It seemed a sorry place with which to commence our "life in the woods." As we sat by the open door, just far enough from it to get some air and yet avoid the rain, we looked sad enough, and doubtless many of us felt the despair of men who have made a mistake and yet are unwilling to confess the fact to themselves or to others. The lack-lustre eye, the enforced cracking of a joke, the miserable thin laugh, the occasional sigh of some of the party, the sad countenance of one who felt really ill, but who was unwilling to add the smallest portion of his heavy burden upon his comrades, — all these things, I must say, oppressed me deeply. To drive away care and to afford some occupation, I proposed that we should arrange our enamel cloths with strings, so that they could be tied around our necks and act the part of umbrellas by day, as they would be our coverings by night. So we all sat down, six



tailors in a row, and passed quite happily an hour. All the while I was revolving in my mind how I could avoid sleeping in the dirty hole. There was one apartment which I have not described ; viz., a magnificent barn half filled with hay. It suddenly occurred to me that there we had a most appropriate place for all of us ; and on the return of "Sabbatus," as he was familiarly called (Simon Wakefield, the landlord), I told him we wanted to lodge there and have a supper and an early breakfast from him. In the haymow, therefore, we passed our first night, and we named it "Camp Carry." Our sleep was delicious ; each one laid himself down on his camp blanket and slept as soundly and as well as a brood of swallows, that had evidently become too large and too many for their little homestead, would allow us. . . . With all the noises, we enjoyed our camp mightily. The sweet odor of the hay, the fresh clear air of the night, the freedom from the thralldom of forms, all won us completely ; and when we awoke in the morning with the light of day peeping through the cracks of the barn, we by general consent allowed that we never had slept sounder and never had felt brighter on first awaking.

Before quitting this camp, however, I desire to tell something of our house companions. The woods are now "full of Indians," and four of them were with us. The oldest, a tall man with quiet but intelligent face, I conversed with for some time. He was verging upon sixty years, all but a few years of which had been spent in the roving Indian life.

These few years were passed previous to 1812 in the preparatory school at Dartmouth College. He was fifteen years of age when the war between England and America broke out. He was recalled as a British subject to Canada, but, as Browne says, though he then gave up his literary career and joyously returned to his free wild-wood life, "the grasp of logic had seized him." In spite of his wanderings he had continued to read and to reflect on things to which the untutored Indian never listened. He made some interesting remarks on the Indian tongues compared with the English. He spoke of the early traditionary songs, which in his young days he had often heard sung by his old grandmother or aunt, accompanied by another upon the cedar flute. He thinks even now in Canada some of these songs are sung. I urged him to collect them and to write them down, as everything of that kind relative to his people was deeply interesting to many of our people. He promised that he would try to do so. "It is astonishing," said he in his quiet, grave way — "it is almost like a miracle to observe how really limited the human mind is. For instance, the Indian people know, perhaps, in the estimation of some, but very little; and yet, after all, perhaps we know, though in a different way, as much as the white race. Our life teaches keenness of observation and skill in many things that tend to develop the individual character, and with none of which accomplishments are the whites acquainted. On the contrary, your people have resources that are unknown to the Indian. The

individual man, however, is not so very different. We observe; you reflect." I wish I could remember one half the interesting conversation I had with him. The above, however, will afford a specimen of it. I quitted him with regret. Louis Assance is his name. For some time, as I learned, he attended Dr. [Charles] Jackson in his geological survey of Maine. Thus it happened that what appeared at first sight a very unpromising place for camping, became really a most delightful one from the sweetness of the haymow and the conversation with the Indian old man.

During the afternoon another occurrence took place which interested me. We saw our old friend Ellis coming back from his morning trip up the West Branch. Wet and dripping, he entered the house. No luck in hunting; waters from above falling, and waters below swollen and rapid. No moose to be seen. Altogether, the old man looked quite miserable, and uttered several ill-timed oaths. I opened my knapsack and brought out "Hiawatha," and read to him and others who gathered round me Longfellow's description of the Building of the Birch Canoe. I glanced occasionally at the small, pine-knotted face of the old man, and saw it relax with serenity and finally clothe itself with smiles. At the termination of the chapter he clapped his hands and laughed aloud, exclaiming: "I swear that is a good story, and the best of it all is that every word is true." I was delighted to have this spontaneous tribute from the wild huntsman to the genius of our

American poet. Afterwards I read "Hiawatha's Wooing." The love song evidently did not touch him quite so much as the birth of the birch canoe, and the reason is self-evident. His whole life had been spent with birchen craft, and his soul had been but little attuned to love, save of the chase. . . .

August 10, Sunday morning, seven o'clock. We prepared to break up our camp. One little incident occurred before quitting the log cabin to which I will briefly allude. In starting on my journey I took my little pocket Bible given me by my mother. It had been my companion in all my wanderings through Europe. I had now taken it with the feeling that the proper time would come for its use. I carried it in a pocket, especially devoted to it, in my flannel shirt. Like the red cross of the Crusader, it was a holy amulet over my heart by day; at night it was placed safely in my knapsack under my pillow. I was sitting at the open door of the cabin when, for the first time, I was entirely alone with the boys. The hour had come, and I said, "Come, boys; sit down and listen to my story." I then drew out the Bible, told them of its reception by me from my mother, of its various travels, and that now it was again on further rambles, and I wanted them now to let me open it and read a few words to them in commemoration of the day. Silently they sat and listened, while, opening the volume, I read as follows: "O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth." Chosen by chance! How fitting it was! . . .

Just started. The sun is shining for the first time in many days, and it comes to us glittering over the surface of the now swift-running Penobscot. All hail to him as the representative of that Divine Being who has heretofore guided and guarded us. The stream is about fifteen rods wide. Tall trees, — elms, poplar, spruce, and fir, — rising out of deep green shrubbery, line its borders. Nothing is seen save the woods, water, and sky. There is entire silence save the sound of our paddles and of our own voices, all of which are subdued into harmony with the divine loveliness of the hour. A crane, engaged in his morning excursion for prey, sails sluggishly on before us.

The landscape changes constantly with each turn of the winding river. Our canoes float gracefully, each having its peculiar characteristics. Leading the van goes our beautiful Minnehaha. Its perfectly new yellow bark striped in its seams with dark pitch, its high prow and stem, its delicately rounded form and loftier gunwale, points it out as the most fitting leader. Browne watches her with admiration, and declares she floats along like an antique Grecian galley. Following, about five or six rods astern, comes our Nokomis, with its cerulean color, tight, and light as a feather, guided by our bright and roguish "Tim," and bringing up the rear comes "Jack" in his little, rounded, plump Hiawatha. Its hue is of purple, and, like its helmsman, seems bursting with new wine. It is smaller than the others and sits like a duck upon the water ; its form, though

graceful and peculiar, is less fitted for speed than either of the others, as I found to my cost at the latter part of my journey.

Now the banks appear covered with the same eternal verdure of the lofty trees, and added thereunto are long trailing branches of clematis and the beautiful squaw [?] bush, with its clear white clusters of berries dropping almost into the water, and growing with the utmost luxuriance. Tall dead trees stretch out their leafless branches from amid the general verdure, and from them drop delicate pendants of gray moss. Some of these dead monarchs of the forest arise stately and solemn; others lean over towards the stream, while others still seem tottering towards their final fall. Echo answers to our cheer. The whistle of the boys comes back to them with renewed sweetness. The joyous clap of our hands sounds like the distant woodman's axe. A solitary kingfisher flits across our way, and soon after a couple of ducks attract our notice, and we long to try our guns upon them. . . . Four ducks seem swimming across our bow; all excitement — calls for guns — all of them loaded with balls. Little zeal for the hunt evidenced by our guides. Some of us, perhaps, were willing to have the birds escape. I had a sort of peckish feeling in my teeth!

Meanwhile we gave chase, with our paddles flying vigorously. When one of the guns had been reloaded and we came sufficiently near, the birds suddenly arose upon the wing; and if they had had



thumbs to put to their noses in silent contempt for us, they would certainly have used them as they flew down the river. . . .

Ten A. M. We all prepared our tackle and I commenced my first fly-fishing! Frank did splendidly, and in a few minutes took eleven chubs! I was last, and, after much endeavor, I arranged my rod and line with many struggles of benevolence and conscience against the idea of fishing "for fun." I met with my usual luck and got no bite save some straggling eel grass. At last, by chance, I observed the private mark that was written on my reel, and which mark had previously escaped my notice. Was it an omen, or how happened it to have remained unseen until that moment? Whatever was the cause of my previous blindness, I took it as a significant indication that I must cease fishing when I saw upon my reel, written as if by the hand of magic, the expressive letters "Ass."

. . . . .

An attempt to ascend Mount Katahdin was made during this trip, which might have ended disastrously for the party, who had not realized the difficulties which lay before them. Not only did the guides lose their way, but no water was obtained for many hours and the supply of food was short. The consequent exhaustion of some of the party was such as to give my father naturally the keenest solicitude lest any disaster should befall those intrusted to his care. He thus alludes to the trip, which contained much to interest and delight him even in the midst of anxiety.

. . . . .



Long will the Rapagenus "carry" be remembered with a kind of horror by all of us. Guides and travelers alike were thoroughly weary when, after a whole day's work upon the three miles, we finally laid ourselves down in a camp of wet leaves by the side of roaring falls. We lost our way at times while following the wrong or obscure trail, which the wild Indian and logmen had left along the track. These Indian trails are deeply interesting to me ; they consist of very narrow paths on each side of the Penobscot from its sources down to the regions of civilization. At times they are hidden by bushes, but generally, by keeping the eye fixed about ten feet in advance, we could recognize the old marks of depression below the adjacent soil. The guides were very keen in recognizing where men had passed, and we became much more skillful in consequence of this day's journey. These trails are interesting to us as the relics of the Indians, and as they usually follow the shortest courses, may be presumed to have been used as pathways for centuries before the white man began to tread them. Our party sought them as the sole way for transportation. For days to come we shall have no other tracks save those trails and the course formed by our birches in the waters of the Penobscot.

August 13. The more I look at it, and consider the birch canoe in its relation to the Indian, the more I am charmed with it. I have fallen in love with it. It is as beautiful an object to my

mind as the nest of the robin or of the bluebird, and an offspring of the instinct of man, as they are the results of the instinct of the bird. The Indian, surrounded by almost impenetrable forests, finds the running stream, which offers her bosom to convey him from one hunting ground to another. He needs something to float upon; he sees the leaf, laden, it may be, with a tiny cargo, floating down the stream, and the thought of a leaf large enough to carry him naturally suggests itself. He has no implements, but he gazes around, and he sees the huge trunks of birch everywhere peeling off their barks as if offering themselves to him. He strips the bark in one piece from around the whole circumference of one of the largest trees. The cradle of the canoe is thus given ready-made to his hand, and he has only to unite the two ends to make a perfect boat, which he finds will sustain a heavy weight. He knows the toughness and pliability of the root fibre of another forest tree, and with sharp thorns he pierces the delicate bark and sews up the bow and stern, and by and by nicely fits the seams so as to make the curves more graceful; and lo! while sewing, perhaps, he perceives the pitch from the fir-tree, and with this he closes up all leakages. He scratches his cabalistic mark upon the sides, and to make it more firm he places strips of ash and ribs of walnut, all of which he sews nicely to the covering. Rejoicing, he takes it upon his head, and leaving the door of his wigwam, launches the new being upon the adjacent stream, and, trusting to the Great Spirit, wends his

way. Truly if the bird is taught immediately by God how to build her nest, so is the Indian led by the same power to build his canoe. Everything that is necessary is there ; all superfluity is despised. The treatment which the canoe necessarily received from its wild owner, it would seem, must tend to develop in his nature a certain chivalrous delicacy of feeling which, without his canoe, he might not have. The Indian is taught gentleness by every hour spent in his canoe. He places it with all gentleness on the water ; he lifts it upon his back as Paul did Virginia, and replaces it with the greatest care upon the greensward. From all rough sand or rock he preserves it. When preparing for the voyage he steps with the greatest caution and lightness into the very centre of it, and during his whole course he keeps his body well balanced and vertical, resting not at all upon one side more than the other. Whenever he stops, he draws his birch ashore and gently presses all the wounds that were received, or again spreads pitch over its bruises. He seems to fondle over it. Ferocity and delicacy join hands in the treatment of this exquisite little offspring from the simplest instincts of man. Blessings on the beautiful Minnehaha, for during my voyage she has constantly been pouring into my soul some of the purest of my thoughts !

. . . . .

One of these spots was very beautiful as we paddled slowly past. A narrow opening led into a space nearly a mile in breadth of perfectly level

green, except that here and there water was perceptible in it, and surrounding it were lofty forest trees, through long vistas of which we could occasionally get a glimpse of impassable wood. They seemed fitted by their glorious sylvan arches for the residence of the gods, and I could comprehend quite easily how the ancients were led to believe in wood nymphs and water deities, and more modern times peopled such places with fairies. There was no sound of living things except the chirp of one solitary bird heard during the whole passage. The solemn silence of the place had a similar effect upon the whole party. One after the other felt an irresistible impulse to sleep, although desirous of keeping awake to enjoy the scene. We seemed drugged by some fairy potion. For myself, in my endeavors to resist, I fell into a kind of enchanted sleep; I seemed to be floating amidst green fields and over tranquil waters, drawn by fairy fingers in beautiful rainbow skiffs. "Jack" became a jolly river god. Our beautiful Minnehaha was a nautilus shell, and the scarlet jackets of the boys, as they flitted dreamily before my eyes, were the delicate-tinged propellers of the little navigator. Surely that experience of an hour was a unique hour of my life!

Later he speaks of his experience while reading from his mother's Bible.

. . . . .  
By the dim twilight I had chosen three passages; viz., 4th chapter of Proverbs, 133d Psalm, and also the 121st. Of course I had felt anxious.

The responsibilities of getting the youths committed to me safely home were accumulating upon me, and I thought to gain strength and to give strength. Much to my surprise, I had not proceeded farther than the third verse in the Proverbs, "For I was my father's son, tender and only beloved," etc., when all the delightful recollections of my childhood and all the actual burdens resting upon me, together with the possibility of some fatal termination to our course, completely unmanned me. Tears choked me as I ceased. Finally I said, "My boys, the thought of my early days and of my sweet mother prevents me. Let us leave it." I then turned to that beautiful passage where the Psalmist describes "How good and pleasant it is for brothers to dwell together in unity," etc., and I read it with freedom; but when I suddenly passed to that sublime strain "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help," etc., I felt the divine influence of the Almighty resting upon me. No fear or doubt stayed with me, but instead, a holy trust. I committed my boys and myself to his keeping, and I arose strong as a lion and with full confidence in his guidance. With elastic step and bright voice, I sprang to my feet, and crying out, "Come, boys, we are now ready for anything," ran rapidly to our canoes. As a religious experience, I would not for anything have missed the reading and the influence of that hour.

Our path led along swift and falling waters. Zeb reconnoitred and ran through safely. Tim and Jack shipped seas and wet all our luggage, and

amongst other things all of Browne's allowance of bread. We soon, however, came out into a quiet open lake at 6.10 A. M. Then a golden sight! On our left far to the southeast we saw rising from amid the trees on the borders of the lake a little blue smoke. All hearts were gladdened as we passed the word from one birch to another. Zeb, leading us, steered directly for the point. We all hurried after him, rounded a promontory in the lake, and were delighted at perceiving a *bateau* at the shore and four men encamped near by eating their breakfast. Never were we so rejoiced to see the face of human beings. . . .

In conclusion, I will say that having traveled thousands of miles in the fairest portions of Europe, having listened to the still voice of Nature as it speaks to my own heart in the highlands of Scotland with Burns and Scott for my companions, in the mountains of Switzerland with their Alpine grandeur, along the fair fields of Normandy, and finally amid the ruins of ancient and of modern Italy,—at no time and in no place and under no circumstances have I heard that voice sound so solemnly or so sweetly as during this voyage down the Penobscot. It comes up before me now like the cadence of a great choral hymn. Thanks be to God for this richest experience of my life! Thanks be to Him that the memories of it will always form a part of my future being.

In 1858 he made his first visit to the Isles of Shoals with my brother Edward, the beginning of a series of sub-



sequent visits and a warm friendship with the Leightons and Mr. and Mrs. Levi Thaxter. His love of fun and frolic are well shown in the following letters to his wife:—

APPLIEDORE, August 14, 1858.

To-day Mr. Leighton told me two facts that are curious, and seem to indicate that the island on which Appledore House is situated was at some previous time beneath the waves. In digging his cellar he found, four feet below the surface, a regular marine beach, with all the usual shells and *algæ* commonly found in such places. This sea beach was at least ten feet above the present high-water mark. It was covered with the shells, muscles, and cockles like what are now found in the islands. This fact proves the gradual rising, within a period less than a geological period, of the whole land. Again, ten years ago, while painting the balcony on top of the hotel, Mr. Leighton remarked that he could just see a certain part of the meeting-house of Gosport over the summit of Appledore on Hog Island. Two years afterwards the villagers wanted to know what he had been doing to his cupola, for instead of seeing only the top of it, they were able to see considerably more. Mr. Leighton immediately examined and found that he could see the ledge on which the church stands. Now, the trouble about this fact is that perhaps there were a few bushes on the top of Appledore at the first looking out, which bushes had been destroyed before the second observation. Mr. Leighton does not believe it to have been so, but he



is unwilling to declare it was not so, although from the fact that no shrubs can grow now on the top of the ledge he does not believe they could have existed at his first observation. Be that as it may, the whole matter presenting a subject for interesting investigation, I propose to-morrow to carry up some stones left by United States officers, and place them on the summit of part of our island, and get a certain point of our cupola in a direct line with that and the ridgepole of the church. So you see, wherever I am I find something to interest and instruct me.

August 17, 1858.

. . . . .  
Yesterday I created, with the aid of Mr. Richardson and Dr. Clarke, a cairn upon the summit of our island in a direct line between our hotel cupola and the top of the church at Gosport. We erected it in order to measure if any change occurs from year to year in the relative elevation of the two islands. The whole distance from our hotel to the church is about a mile and a half, air-line; something curious may result in future years.

. . . . .  
And now for the sea serpent. Mr. Leighton has seen him twice and swears by him. The first time, the animal passed him in the morning while in a fishing-boat. The head was seen only at its back part, but the body, as big as a hogshead, was distinctly seen, and even so near as to show the special muscular motions, as with a vermicular movement

the creature went through the water at about twenty miles an hour. At first the party was rather terrified. The snake veered off as it approached the boat, giving it a wide berth. The creature surprised the crews of several craft the same morning. Among these was a poor tin peddler, who was so frightened by the head being erected above the water, that he vowed he would not return by the same route, and did actually return by the way of Gloucester. Subsequently Mr. Leighton saw the snake again, and the same results followed both visits; viz., there was a total destruction of the mackerel fishing from four to six weeks after the visits of the monster. . . .

On Thursday we mean to have a Venetian meeting. The whole party of forty or fifty will embark in our flotilla of boats, with the singers in two of them to respond to each other. We shall have Roman candles and fireworks and committees and lord high admirals, etc. We mean to have a glorious time. I only wish you were here to enjoy it with me.

August 18.

. . . . .

But the evening burlesque capped the climax. News came of the transmission of the messages of the Queen and the President, so forthwith we dispatched a special messenger to Boston to get rockets and Roman candles and tar barrels for to-morrow evening, and Miss Barbara got up a spontaneous *bal masqué et paré*. I, having appealed in vain to Cedric to get sufficient kelp to cover me as Nep-

tune, decided to appear as simple *bourgeois*. I was requested, however, to inform the company of the existence of a certain witch and of the possibility of her appearance ; and while telling of her terrible deeds and of there being no running stream between her house and our hotel, in rushed a fantastic looking personage, who made sundry solemn and awful grins, and opened her great black eyes over us in a most savage manner and gradually glided away. She shortly reappeared in the shape of a pretty little sailor boy. Miss Barbara was perfect as an Italian lady in a black domino and full suit of black and silk mantilla headdress. We had a beautiful Spanish bride and her pretty page, a young princess and her lover, a Neapolitan girl with her jaunty headdress, formed evidently from a common towel. The dancing commenced quickly. *My* time had not yet come. But suddenly appeared, sailing into the salon, an immensely fat "lady of the olden times," that is, a gentleman dressed up in Mrs. Leighton's clothes. The gown hung loosely, and altogether there was so much of laughter-loving farce about the whole deportment, that I most gallantly invited the divine creature to dance ! I did so with my hand upon my heart and in the most tender and delicate tones I could summon. She politely informed me that she danced only the Virginia Reel. I of course was delighted. She was very much overcome by the heat and her exertions, and I fanned her with my coat tails and called upon the company for smelling bottles, as she was faint. With that, half a dozen vol-

unteered to fan. Finally we resumed the dance and I went into the "light fantastic toe" style of dancing. Nearly lost one slipper and wholly lost my breath, retaining only enough to enable me to escort my *inamorata* out of the room. It was capitally done by Mr. Parker. I actually roared and screamed with merriment.

. . . August 20. The glorious *fête* for the Atlantic Telegraph has gone off with perfection in all its parts, excepting the usual croaking of a few of the company. F——, for instance, when I asked him to subscribe for the fireworks, said he would give two dollars to stop the whole matter; and another croaking lieutenant talked of being so tired that he felt more like going to bed than going on the water. I quietly remarked that I thought he would do well to go to bed, as doubtless he would not be absolutely necessary. All these little mosquito troubles, however, were nothing in comparison with the really pleasant helping forward of the matter evinced by others. The host and hostess also did everything in their power to aid us. You will see by our programme that we intended to make a display in fun and frolic, and at the same time some beauty. Fortune favored us at first with a perfectly smooth sea and a full tide. The "Commodore's" boat leading the fleet, we proceeded from the wharf, and a choir of voices commenced singing "God save the Queen." The signal candle from the commodore set all of us at work with our Roman candles. Tar barrels were lighted and rockets were sent up. Responsive

illuminations on Hampton Beach and Rye appeared soon. Boats from Portsmouth and Newburyport saluted us. The latter, a schooner, bore down and joined its fireworks with ours. Altogether it was a magnificent scene. Rather terrific at one time it became. It was quite dark, the moon being gradually obscured, when all at once the boat under Commander Daniel Clarke, U. S. Senate, appeared on fire! There were no ladies in it. The Roman candles by some unfortunate accident caught fire and the magazine exploded. For a moment there seemed danger, but the sailors seized the whole bundle, and after shooting in fiery indignation a few moments about the prow of the vessel, the light sank into the waves. We remained out, singing and rowing, for about half an hour. We returned, and as we came to the wharf, Mr. Bigelow christened the barge by the appropriate title of Neptune. It is a great eight-oared boat usually employed for landing passengers. A champagne bottle of salt water was broken over her bow. The whole party then marched, rather tumultuously, it is true, to the hotel, singing Yankee Doodle. As soon as we were fairly in the salon, a Mr. B. B. French, formerly clerk of the United States House of Representatives, read a song in favor of the Telegraph, to the time of our march. We gave three cheers for Mr. French and had the song sung, all joining in the chorus. We cheered the "commodore," etc., and were soon in quite boisterous mirth. Suddenly the horn of the hotel sounded, and Neptune, Mrs. Neptune, and their

three young Neptunes as sea deities, of whom our Ned was one, appeared. Neptune, by Mr. Gilbert of Boston, was a work of art. His beard, of long and finely-formed trailing kelp, hung down upon his breast, and his whole form was covered by various kinds of seaweed, lobster, starfishes, etc., so that with his trident tipped with lobster claws he looked quite as if just arrived from coral groves. Mrs. Neptune, in the form of Mr. McGuinness of St. Louis, personated his (her) part admirably. The three kelpies or young Neptunes roared occasionally in most unearthly style. My gallantry was again aroused to the highest pitch, and with hand on my heart I begged the pleasure of a dance with her Majesty. Owing to her extreme frailty of form and general constitution of dress, it was evident that the broad flourish of my mode of dancing was liable to greatly incommode her Majesty's robes; and as she assured me that any undue energy on her (his) part might cause a catastrophe to her light habiliments, I was compelled to restrain my zeal. After dancing a short time, the Hon. Daniel Clarke of the United States Senate came in and made a speech to Neptune; asked him why he had broken the cable twice and bothers so much. To this Neptune replied that he had done so to try human patience. Mr. Clarke then proceeded, and hoped that he would let it lie quietly, etc., etc. Neptune solemnly replied, "So long as it is used for the purpose of peace, so long shall it lie and bless the world; but if at any time war is to be promoted, then shall men hear my



thunder." With that the three kelpies roared a most Neptunian growl. Subsequently we resumed dancing, and I "let on" in the broad farce *extra-ordinaire* till ten o'clock. I flirted with Mrs. Neptune, cast "sheep's eyes" at her, till the company roared with laughter. I finished with a most flighty Virginia Reel with Mrs. Clapp, a bright old lady, whom I chased around through the figure, nearly losing all my breath and my dignity at the same time. Mrs. Leighton, fat and merry, laughed till I thought she would have an attack of apoplexy, and the Star Islanders, who had all gathered in the adjacent room, looked on in mute amazement, with occasional bursts of unsuppressed laughter. I forgot to say that my dress as commander of one of the boats was kelp down each leg of pantaloons, the same around the waist in the form of a sash; a large shell rested as breast pin on my white shirt bosom. A Scotch plaid, arranged in Highland fashion, covered my shoulders; no vest or coat. My hat, trimmed with seaweed, bore on each side a little lobster's body and open claws! Admiral of the Red! At ten I was in bed with Ned. The next day I prepared to return to my own sweet home, ready for work, all the better for the week of folly (as most people would call it) I had spent. I call it no folly, but a wise and genial philosophy that compels a man to play at times as well as work.

About two months later, in October, 1858, the family removed to a house just around the corner of Otis Place, at 15 Winthrop Place, now Devonshire Street, previous



to the demolition of the old house for the purpose of opening a new street to Franklin Street. He writes to Dr. Thayer : —

BOSTON, October 26, 1858.

We are now at 15 Winthrop Place ; “ No. 8 ” has been razed. Nothing is left of the library in which I passed some of my happiest hours. So everything passes away, and we are ourselves all unconsciously gliding rapidly onward toward the time when others will take our places and we shall be known no more save in the recesses of a few friendly hearts. There is something melancholy in this rapid course of time, yet time has done more for me than I had ever hoped. My life has been and still is a beautiful mystery. I have been eternally anticipating evil, yet good has always come, even from what seemed the greatest evil. Among the sweet experiences of my life have been my friendships. Among these I cherish that of Ellen and yourself as among the brightest of my pearls. I often send off to you both spiritual messages, and I suppose you receive them, for you seem to love me. Olivia sends much love, and believe me ever affectionately the friend of both of you.

H. I. B.

## CHAPTER XVI

### TRIP TO EUROPE

1859

IN 1859 my father went abroad with my sister, and, leaving her with my uncle in London, visited the continent, where he wished to show the instrument devised by Dr. Wyman for tapping the chest.

It was during this visit that he first met Dr. William T. Gairdner of Glasgow,<sup>1</sup> an acquaintance which ripened into a warm friendship. Later he also met Dr. Budd of King's College, London. He always alluded to them as the two who at that time received his views upon paracentesis with courtesy and interest. Although several years his junior, they were both at that time giving evidence of the eminence which they have since attained in the profession.

In marked contrast to their behavior was that of two of the most celebrated professors of Vienna who, upon being shown the instrument, roughly turned their backs, sneered, and refused to listen to my father's views, behavior which made my father ever after feel the greatest contempt for the character of these men justly celebrated for their medical knowledge.

Later he went to the north of England with my sister and aunt, and during this time visited the house of Miss Harriet Martineau and made a pilgrimage to the former

<sup>1</sup> Recently Sir William T. Gairdner of Edinburgh.

home of Wordsworth, for whose memory, both as man and poet, he had the deepest reverence.

## JOURNAL LETTER TO HIS WIFE.

LEIPSIC, April 21, 1859.

I was received like a prince at the Hôtel du Nord (Berlin). How could they tell that I was *not* Prince Schloucherambourki? Doors were opened, waiters bowed, a lackey, half bent to the floor, preceded "*mein Herr*" to his sleeping apartment, and his Serene Highness, after blandly ordering tea in French and waving blessings from his delicate and perfumed fingers to the obsequious menials, prepared to retire. He, it is true, had by that time arrived at such a pitch of delicate sensibility, owing to the extreme tenderness of all who surrounded him, that he was quite sure that he should feel the wrong twist of every feather in his bed upon which he was destined to lay his wearied limbs. But Heavens, what is this? Is he to be left to sleep between *two* feather beds? Is it literally so, then, that in Germany men sleep *between* feather beds? The prince had heard of such things, but they were a myth and therefore unintelligible; nay, wholly improbable. In fact, he had thought it all a lie. But, sure enough, here was one feather bed, with soft, luxurious pillow, and only one large billowy gathering of the lightest and softest eiderdown as the sole covering!! Now I fear that even *her* Serene Highness, the Princess Schloucherambourki, who, I remember, always desired more clothing than her august spouse, — even

that most excellent lady would have been startled ; but the sight was nothing to the feeling ! The prince quickly disrobed himself. It is his peculiarity always to do so ; he never allows his attendant to aid him on such occasions. He sank deeply into the nice, warm, soft couch and then took hold of the supposed heavy feather bed that was to be his covering. It yielded not like a feather, but with the ethereal lightness of gossamer it fell gently down on all his graceful limbs and stalwart figure, even insinuating itself amid his venerable beard. For a moment it was Elysium, and amid soft and heavenly visions of warmth he fell asleep. But what is this ? About midnight, as he judges, and in total darkness, he awakes, sweating at every pore. Has he got a fever ? Is he destined to leave his bones in a foreign land ? What is the matter ? Being somewhat medically inclined, he revolves a variety of diseases in order to decide what is the matter. It is vain ! He moves his limbs (the prince never says “ legs ”), trying to find a cooler place. He thinks himself in purgatory, for the cool place becomes instantly warm. He at length decides that it is a genuine attack of the feather bed fever, a disease very prevalent among strangers on their first arrival. He had two distinct paroxysms, one on two successive nights. It was in vain that he attempted to push the feathers into one side of the coverlid ; they would float back again upon his devoted body. On the third night, the prince desired the attendant to give him a covering suited to his Anglo-Saxon propensities, for although

he has a Russian name, he was born in Yankee land. Now what a fool I am to write all this to bother you to read it ! . . .

DRESDEN, April 22, 1859.

Having seen the review long enough, we went to the hospital. I introduced myself. I thought the attendant young men might have been a little more graceful. Polite enough they were, but they allowed me to stand. They were, it is true, doing the same thing. Dr. Traube, the successor of Schoenlein (I think Ellis will recognize the name), arrived. He stands very high in pulmonary complaints. I had long chats with him. Told him of the Camman stethoscope, which he desired to see and hear about. He also was interested in the trocar for tapping the chest. Passing one case he remarked as follows: "It is remarkable, doctor, how many of these cases of rupture of the *appendix cæci* we have at Dresden. They are marked with very distinct signs: pain and local inflammatory signs near the cæcal region, suddenly occurring in perfect health, and finally, if they get well, as they *usually* do, a discharge of purulent matter from rectum." He had at least three a year for the past ten years. Thirty cases had occurred during that period. He also said that consumption was very rife there, and a vast deal of pneumonia.

. . . . .  
 Later he writes of his experience in Vienna, and, in enlarging somewhat upon the discourtesy shown him by two of the medical men there, says:—

MUNICH, May 30, 1859.

——'s treatment of me (and ——'s was the same) was as follows: He did not take the least notice of the fact of our introduction; did not even deign to look at me, much less to smile, but quietly and doggedly walked away!! What think you of that for a German professor? What a difference from a Frenchman. How little do we appreciate the little acts of courtesy until we find some brute who cares nothing for them. However, —— is prone in his deportment, and there let him lie. But I shall mourn when Oppolzer falls because, though both may be learned, Oppolzer appeals to my heart; but ——, the famous ——! I ought not to be so severe on him, for he stood doggedly through a long-winded article which drove many away, and all apparently to hear me and see the instruments. Nevertheless, he is without a spark of real mannerly courtesy about him. I thought Dr. J. B. S. Jackson was rather severe, but he was right when he described —— as a smoking, beer-drinking German. I do not know his capabilities in these respects, but any man who will actually turn away, even if a dwarf hideous as Quasimodo is introduced to him, is a brute. You cannot make more or less than that. Of course I never entered his room but once in Vienna. . . .

Having said thus much of these two great men, let me gratefully and affectionately turn to one who has long been the able and admired assistant of ——, and who has an unbounded admiration for



his master, and thinks his views are correct and the only ones that can be correct. I mean the whole-souled, kind-hearted Drasche, who with words that burn would fain compel his hearers to believe what he believes to be the exact truth. This young physician, who is destined to high dignity, I know, in our profession, should he live, I found could not understand a word I said, or almost but a single word; nevertheless, by means of a young Bavarian who had studied English a very little and spoke as badly, almost, as I did German, we contrived to have a very valuable course of two weeks of lessons on all the topics of auscultation. At the end of the course we were very good friends. The only trouble I had was a ludicrous one. I have noticed it in one or two others who, finding I did not exactly understand, seemed to think me deaf in my old age and so, therefore, roared in my ears their Viennese dialect. I have learned enough of German to see that the people of Vienna do not speak purely. I can understand almost everything said clearly in pure German, but the *patois* is like Greek. Enough of Drasche. . . . Rokitanski, the most learned man in the world for pathological anatomy, I listened to once only. I understood not a word. He had a few very interested students; more than a few were reading books directly in front of him. His manner is very dry. He has the appearance, as I told —, of having lived in a dissecting-room and growing old there; the fire of youth is dying out. Nevertheless, he has the true working head of a German, — a more learned



head than any I have seen, — a head to be looked at ; a massive skull with a quiet, dull eye, but indicating solid strength of intellect.

I continue my Vienna professors and finish them with Klob. He is a young man of the highest promise, the assistant of Rokitanski. He is the Ellis of Vienna ; that says all. He has a fine countenance, a clear intellect, I suspect a kind heart, gentle, manly deportment ; and when he speaks on his specimens, he is prompt, clear, and precise, and commands silence in any society at which he may be present. There is, in fact, the most full parallel between him and Rokitanski and that between Ellis and Jackson, and you might say the two older ones were as fair counterparts of each other as their younger assistants mutually correspond in qualities that command respect, and that, too, apparently with a total unconsciousness and simplicity of deportment truly admirable on the part of both. There, now, you have Klob in your mind's eye !

And now for the whole effect of my visit to Vienna (I have not yet done with it in other respects, but I want to finish chiefly my medical notes on the place). It has been *more* than I expected. I feel myself more the man than I did before going. I have grown *a foot taller*. I have learned much, not, perhaps in particular facts as in more enlightened general views of some points about which I knew little or nothing before. It has brought me in contact with *men*, and I have measured myself by them, and it does one good so to do. I have golden

memories of noble minds and kind hearts where only before I had merely scientific abstract notions of certain medical writers, so that I shall never regret my visit to this place. The cheats will disappear swiftly from my thoughts, or they will recur only for a moment from time to time to excite disgust and to warn me to avoid the shoals of meanness on which the wretches are stranded.

He then describes a visit in Geneva to his former intimate friends during student life in Paris.

LYONS, June 4, 1859.

I am here after a pleasant railroad trip from Geneva. My visit there was delightful. Maunoir and Bizot both recognized me. Bizot and I involuntarily kissed each other. Maunoir is in full practice and has a sweet American wife with three children. His first wife was, or had, I judge, a magnificent intellect and finely cultivated. She was the intimate and dear friend of Marshal Viallant's wife. Bizot is immensely rich (by marriage) and had to give up medicine to attend to his numerous estates. One of the most lovely estates near Geneva and overlooking the city is his usual residence, but he has several country places; among others, one that has the ruins of a robber castle on it. They were both very kind to me. I dined at Maunoir's with several ladies and gentlemen, and got along well enough with French when it was needed, but almost all spoke English, learned at a Swiss pension. Maunoir walked home with me, and I parted from them with

much regret, hoping, however, that some time I should be able to present to them your own sweet self when we visit Switzerland together. Oh, I should so love to do that one thing, — to go into Chamounix and see with you the wonders of the Alps. I am still very well, and blue only at times when I think of your being at home while I am playing.

After a short visit in Spain, my father went to Paris, and while there revisited the scenes of his student life.

HÔTEL DE L'ODEON!! PLACE DE L'ODEON,  
PARIS, June 3, 1859.

I left the Perrys on Wednesday evening and came by express day and night. Save about three hours in bed at Bayonne, I was nearly three nights and two whole days in a dirty Spanish *diligence imperial*! Fortunately I met an excellent friend in a major domo of a marquis who was traveling in the same *diligence*. He spoke French and English, and really took to me and ordered around the servants on my account in the most savage way. I could tell any number of droll and distressing (hot and dusty as it was) events of our journey, but suffice it to say I arrived here at nine A. M. Found my old garçon, John, who remembered me well, and am now ensconced for five or six days. But the pearl of the day was my early ramble to "No. 1 bis."<sup>1</sup> I walked from the Station House Café, where I stopped temporarily, and by the side of the Jardin des Plants came in sight of the old gate — you remember it,

<sup>1</sup> The *pension* in Rue d'Aubenton, where he first met my mother.

don't you? — with the identical old *concierge* within the railing. I came to the corner of La Pitié. Was rejoiced to see that the hand of man had not materially changed things, but I did not remember the high wall (old as any near). Still it all looked as of old, and above, by the right side of the gateway was “*1 bis*.” How my heart leaped as I rang the bell! . . . A young girl came to the gate. I observed others, and soon a very benevolent-looking aged woman came. I told her I had just arrived; I was an American; that in that house I had, twenty-five years before, spent one of the happiest years of my life, and asked if she would allow me to look into the place. “Ah,” I exclaimed, “I remember the dear old path, the front door, and the green plants!” She seemed to enter fully into my heart and asked me cordially to come in. . . . I approached the door. The house seemed larger than formerly, but the lady said it had not been altered. I asked her if I might see three rooms in it — of course you know what I went to see. . . . Your room is now used as a working-room of the establishment. I send in this letter a few threads taken from a ball I found on the table. I went into my old room. It had been altered, I presume. I looked down into the yard on the same view we saw there. In imagination I saw the strange but pretty English girl coming up the path with her proud-looking companion. I wondered what could induce the two to be in that strange place. . . . I descended to the *salle à manger*, looked at the very spot, it seemed to me, where we

used to sit side by side. . . . I brought up again your aunt and the company assembled there. Did I not think, too, of those sweet little *billets doux* slipped from hand to hand under the table? How I should like to look at those notes now! They are gone. What a loss to the human race!! I remember several figures, but not their names. Madame G  roux I asked about, but nobody knew about her. Everybody had passed away. I shall still try to find them out. I begged the lady to excuse me for thus troubling her, but explained that I had a sweet wife — an English wife — whom I had gained there, and that we both had sweet souvenirs of this spot. She entered cordially into my feelings and allowed me to pluck a bouquet of flowers for you. I shall send some of them to you in this letter. . . .

LONDON, July 13, 1859.

On the Friday before leaving Paris, I visited again Madame Laplace, wife of the great Laplace. I told you, I believe, of her kind reception of me at first and of the dinner at her house. I had partially promised to dine again, but, being unable to do so, I called. She received me in a manner truly delightful. If I had been her son, she could not have been more pleasant. She was unwilling to let me go; she sent a shawl to Livy and a pleasant note to her, and assured me that, if Nat should ever visit Paris, she would treat him as one of her own children; that she felt, and she thought we ought to feel, as if our families were united, etc.

Now you may think that these were merely the flatteries of a French lady ; I think not. She is past ninety years of age. She is as bright as Aunt Eliza (Ingersoll) ; that is, she has ten times more life about her than the majority of human beings would have at her age. I could not get away. She talked of her husband, of the delightful days of their married life, and I seemed a link of the chain that carried back her fond memories of the past. She also wrote on her note sending Livy's shawl how much pleasure our renewed acquaintance gave her. On my parting, she asked me to kiss her. The censorious may smile at the old fellow of fifty being asked to kiss the marchioness of ninety. It was the simple expression of her regard for the son of one who had, as she said, so magnificently illustrated her husband's immortal work. I took leave of her, however, with the assurance that I would write to her from London and America. . . .

KESWICK, Sunday, July 17.

I am alone as I write to you about my charming visit of five minutes to Miss Martineau. This morning I addressed a note inclosing a card and stating that I could not pass by without at least an effort on my part to see her, but that, if her health did not allow of her receiving my call, she should simply leave my note unanswered and I should proceed this afternoon to Rydal. In five minutes I received a very cordial note from her niece stating that her aunt, though very feeble, would be "most happy to see me for a few minutes." She usually, as I am



told, declines all calls. About ten I strolled through the village towards its outskirts by the side of pretty cottages of stone slate, most of them surrounded by shrubbery and overrun with woodbine and ivy. I found the entrance to "The Knoll" was through a short curving graveled road, shut in on each side by thick shrubbery and numerous cultivated flowers. At the end of this I came upon a smooth level large enough for a coach to turn and overlooking a beautiful sylvan scene. "Fox How," Dr. Arnold's place, is in the distance, embosomed in trees.

Though somewhat older, Miss Martineau has the same beautiful smile and bright, intellectual eye as formerly; the same old ear trumpet; nay, she has the large open-mouthed tin tube instead of the elastic tube. She has organic disease of the heart, and does not move from her house and has not done so for four years, but she still is continually writing, and even on subjects which are statesmanly; for example, leaders in the London papers, a work on the English Army. She says she must give up such topics hereafter, they distress her so much; "but," added she, "there are thousands of pleasanter subjects on which I can think and write with pleasure." She talked with me about the "infamous Louis Napoleon;" says the Queen, though formerly liking him, now hates him; that he commenced the war to overcome [illegible] and that now Garibaldi has to lead the Italians to fight again for their lost liberty.



The king of Sardinia is about to abdicate, so says our friend. I listened in order to know what her views were. After about five minutes' talk and reference to my own journey, and the pleasure it gave me to meet her again, I arose and took my leave just as her niece entered, evidently for the purpose of checking further conversation. We parted very cordially; she thanking me for remembering her. I then took a stroll with her niece in her little garden, planned by herself. The house is all covered with flowering shrubs, and the garden has many pretty flowers. From her window she can look over to "Fox How" and opposite mountains. Her niece says that she has never lost a friend in consequence of her atheistic views, though some cowardly person held herself aloof for some time. She still holds to the same views, that is, as I think, of the entire annihilation so far as the person is concerned. "Dust we are, to dust we return," is interpreted literally by her. I cannot think that she is right. God never made such souls as even her own for mere annihilation; and if He made them for that, while implanting in us the hope of a future, He is a monster and not a Father. Now this is a view of God I get neither from my own consciousness nor from the external world. One cannot help admiring the bravery of a spirit that does avow such a doctrine in the teeth of a superstitious world.

I have thus given you a brief account of my visit. . . .

KESWICK, July 18, 1859.

The anniversary of our marriage day was kept most delightfully by visits to Miss Martineau (as I have already told you in my last) and to Rydal Mount, the scene of Wordsworth's labors and of nearly his whole life. Mary and dear Livy went to church at Ambleside ; and having taken an early dinner, we took a carriage for Keswick, with the understanding that we were to be allowed as much time as we chose to see everything of interest on our route. The day was lovely, though rather warm at first, but soon the sun became obscured by light clouds. Arrived at Rydal, we passed a small road by the side of the noble estate of the unhappy misanthrope, Lady F——, the owner of the estate on which Wordsworth lived so long. The time for afternoon services had not yet arrived when we came in sight of the dear little, quiet, infinitely small church where Wordsworth attended. I wanted to hear the services there. It is situated on a little knoll, prettily planted with trees in the background, but the wild rocks are allowed to crop out here and there as nature made them, only the hand of man has evidently spread, as if by accident, the appropriate wild flower. I sat down in a little quiet nook where the shrubs overshadowed me. Mary and "Le" preferred the hot church. I preferred, until services fairly commenced, to hold my evening hymn with the quiet tranquilizing beauty I saw around me. I sat listening to the buzzing of flies that alone was heard. They rather harmonized with the influences of the place. The

church is of the simplest kind and very small. A little belfry with a tiny bell surmounts it. One door, one aisle, and only six windows are its complement. The windows are diamond shaped, a few panes tinted with yellow and purple. The whole interior corresponds with the exterior, plainly painted, chestnut-colored pews, and altar of the smallest and plainest kind.

I met an old servant, and he told me about Wordsworth: that he was a kind man, with love for all and wishing to be at peace with all; a kind neighbor and master. His pew was directly under the pulpit, a larger and more commodious one than the little slips which was the form of all the rest. He offered to put me into it, but I shrunk from so conspicuous a position. There, near us, was a rough, coarse, farmer-looking face, and his sermon, I am sorry to say, I was oblivious of. The prayers were well read by one who subsequently told me that he, too, was a pilgrim to the shrine of Wordsworth, although I do not believe (from his manner after church at the visit to the house) that he was capable of understanding or appreciating the writings of such a man. He read the evening service, however, pleasantly and profitably to me. It was one of those pleasant, thoughtful, quiet hours that seem to give repose to the anxious soul in this world's pilgrimage. The clerk, with sonorous voice and gray locks, responded as I imagine the clerks in olden times did, and thereby "magnified their office," seeming to be half priest, half layman. He gave out the hymns.

One of them was to an old familiar air, and the last was the evening hymn of praise to God and prayer to forgive all the misdeeds of the day. You can imagine how delightful was the influence upon me. I could see the venerable face of the poet, philosopher, and friend still present near the sacred desk, and to my mind's ear his responses arose as distinct as my own. As I told the old servant, Wordsworth, by his writings, had been to me "one of the best friends of my life;" and it was true, for I never have read and never shall read him without gaining, from his mild, genial philosophy, especially as brought out in his "Excursion," "a peace of mind that passeth all understanding."

Having listened to the service (there were perhaps about forty present; I doubt whether one hundred and fifty could squeeze into the place), I determined to try and see his house. I found James, his old gardener, who had resided with him thirty-seven years! He was really charming. There was an air of quiet respectable dignity about him far above his station. He evidently reflected his master's influence. He was dressed in simple black, and his sad, rather intellectual but deferential countenance won me entirely. I told him of my desire to see the memorial of Wordsworth. He said that he could do nothing. Since the widow died, Lady F—— had taken possession and would allow no visitors whatsoever. He found I was in love with his former master, and said that he would go home and get some anemone seeds that he had gathered from the gar-

den, and perhaps I would like them. I told him how much pleasure they would give me, and we parted. Nothing daunted, I determined to see Lady F——. I accordingly walked up the passageway to her ladyship's abode, and appealed to the old domestic whom I had first seen at the church. He in an undertone, as if afraid to talk aloud, assured me he dared not ask, and that he really thought it would be useless. Finally the lady's maid came by, and I appealed to her, told her who I was,—that I was an American who had known Wordsworth by his writings twenty-five or thirty years, that I was going to Keswick and should never return,—and I asked her to tell her mistress this much. She said she would, and in about ten minutes returned with a message that I might consider that the lady paid me a great compliment. She would allow me as a special favor to go into the grounds. Of course I was rejoiced. We passed through the quiet-looking old wooden gate, and walked up a short passageway, just wide enough for a carriage, each side thickly embowered in shrubs, and came upon the small open space in front of the house. There were the marks of renovation going on. The windows were broken, and there was lime and new house-paper in bits on the steps. The noble old fuchsias hung wildly out by the side of the little porch, evidently [illegible] and uncared for. The sweet ivy was climbing, in its wild luxuriance, over to the chamber windows, with its tiny diamond panes, where the faithful pair, the poet and his Mary, had lived and loved and

died. It was a nook just fitted for a poet to dwell in.

Our old servant led me to the open spot arranged by Wordsworth, and where he often walked, whence he had a glorious prospect of Windermere Lake and the distant hills, at least fifteen or twenty miles off, while beetling out directly in front at his right was a noble-looking precipitous crag. On the left, too, was a grand sweep of hills. Between the two, lay spread out numerous pretty slate-built cottages of quiet hue, but covered with vines, and the village of Ambleside, with its pretty spire rising a little farther off.

I wish I could give you even the faintest idea of the combined grandeur and loveliness of the spot. I sat on one of the little old blocks of wood, seeming trunks of small trees, where perhaps Southey, Hartley Coleridge, Christopher North, Tennyson, etc., had often sat with the master of the house to enjoy at evening or at noonday the magnificent view. I plucked a bit of ivy for Ned and Vin, and followed our guide back to the house, and to a longer walk leading to a bower of sylvan structure lined with cones of pine. Here, it is said, the poet used to walk when engaged in poetic thought, and from the arbor he could look down upon the sweet little Rydal Lake with its heron isle, and surrounded by mountains. Retracing our steps, we prepared to enter the house. The old mosaic pavement with the hospitable "SALVE" still is there. Under a little lattice overrun with roses, we entered the low-studded



rooms. The house is capacious, antique, low, with rafters I could touch. I sought the bedroom where the faithful couple died. Two pretty little cottage windows gave it light, and from one of them the poet must have each morning and evening looked on the loveliness of Windermere and grandeur of Lough.

I learned that James had left for me what I supposed to be merely a parcel of seeds. To my amazement, with the anemone seeds I found a pretty paper knife of wood, evidently, as I supposed, made from wood from Wordsworth's estate. Was he not kind? And why did he give me those things? Because the love of his master drew us together. A curious and beautiful incident, and showing how love is the golden charm that binds all humanity.

Getting again into our carriage, we drove by Rydal near Rydal River; saw Marstone cottage, where Hartley Coleridge and De Quincey formerly resided. It is a pretty little slate cottage, overrun, as all of them are, with green vines, and close upon the roadside. We not long afterwards arrived at Grasmere, and saw the plain one-story white cottage where first Wordsworth brought home his Mary. Somewhere he has a sonnet, or lines addressed, I think, to this very spot, as he was quitting it previously to bringing home her who was so long and dearly loved. . . . Truly this lake district of England is charming.

. . . . .



EDINBURGH, July 30, 1859.

I called on A. K. Johnston, the map-maker and engraver, to show my map.<sup>1</sup> He is the only one who has attempted a similar investigation of the world. He was deeply interested, but said I had opened a new path. (Louis also said the same, and complimented me very sweetly, which, perhaps, I forgot to tell you.) At one, I returned to dine at our lodgings, and afterwards we took a carriage and drove to the castle.

. . . . .

GLASGOW, August 4, 1859.

Breakfasted with Dr. Gairdner, and afterwards visited the hospital with him. He asked my advice about tapping three patients; said my statements modified his views. He also taught me many things of interest. He had made one of my thoracentesis instruments, and we parted as great friends. He has a fine head, and has sent through me to Dr. Jackson a fine likeness, which he thinks much better than that previously sent. Please mention this to Dr. Jackson, and say how much delighted I was with his young friend. He is about thirty-three to thirty-five, full of generous enthusiasm, has a fine keen intellect, and the highest morals.

. . . . .

DUBLIN, August 9, 1859.

Having written you a little note in which I have given you my inmost thoughts and hopes, I now

<sup>1</sup> A map showing the distribution of consumption in Massachusetts.

tranquilly, or at least as tranquilly as I can, resume my journal.

I said that Livy would tell you about our delightful visit to Professor Nichol. I must, however, refer to it. Professor Nichol told us several anecdotes of De Quincey, who, being invited to spend a few days, remained on one occasion *three months*, and at the end of that time the annual cleaning came on and all fled! Professor Nichol's first introduction was as follows: Being in Edinburgh, he said to a large publisher that he would like to see De Quincey. The reply was that the author had been invited, with several literary friends, to dine at the publisher's, and that Professor Nichol should come. Dinner time arrived and no De Quincey. "Well," said the publisher, "we will begin, because there is no saying when he will arrive, even if he comes at all." When dinner was far advanced, the bell rang and a little, dried-up, parchment-skinned-face old gentleman was ushered in, bowing and bending with utmost politeness; but he was dressed in a most filthy and torn coat and shabby pants, and altogether was the most curious object Professor Nichol had ever seen. The object soon found his appropriate place, and although at first almost disgusting from this want of neatness and his extraordinary visage, in less than ten minutes everybody was charmed with his gentlemanly demeanor and the exquisite tone and character of his conversation. Dinner wore on with increasing delight, and finally the party arose. De Quincey and the professor were somewhat sepa-

rated from each other, when suddenly he found the queer little figure by his side, and, looking up into his face with a most singular expression, said, with a peculiar voice as he extended his hand, "Professor Nichol, can you lend me a twopence?" "Twpence, my dear sir, what do you want that for? I will lend you anything, but why do you want so small a sum?" "My dear sir," he replied, "unfortunately I came away from my lodgings without any laudanum, and I want very much to step out and get twopence worth of laudanum. I have left my purse at home." "I will go and get some for you," replied Professor Nichol; "it is too late for you to start." So the professor left the company (it was late), and after waking up an apothecary, procured the drug and returned. The poor victim of opium eating seized the bottle with avidity and swallowed the contents! During De Quincey's stay at Professor Nichol's he took a *pint of laudanum daily!* Only think of it!

He has gradually become desperately emaciated, and his head looks like a skull without any fat, but merely a shriveled parchment over it stretched tightly — all the aspect of the opium eater. About three years ago, finding that opium was killing him, he determined again to give up the use of it. Imagine the horror of the fact staring before him that he must give up this delicious draught which he had been using for so many years. He was over seventy years old. Nevertheless he did omit it wholly and suddenly, and became immediately a victim to the

most horrible nervous trouble and distressing pains all over his body, which he overcame only by means of long and fatiguing walks. It was truly pitiable to see the old man walking and walking, when it seemed as if his legs would hardly support him. This was continued for about two years, I think, and finally the pains subsided; but the fine ethereally toned mind sank, and there was a prospect of entire mental annihilation and imbecility. Again his physician advised recourse to laudanum in small quantities, and he now takes it moderately. Professor Nichol says he is one of the most delightful of men in conversation, but that formerly when visiting at any one's house he would drink laudanum all day and never arise to take food. Professor Nichol gave me a ludicrous account of a transcendental merchant of Manchester having invited him by letter to visit him. Personally they were unacquainted. One day a little dried-up old man, with a crushed and dusty hat and slovenly dressed throughout, appeared at his counting-room and asked for him. He introduced himself as Mr. De Quincey. He was shocked, but of course offered him his arm to walk to the station. His friends were amused and astounded to see him going with such a looking character, but De Quincey's polished manners were those of a perfect gentleman, and his delightful conversation soon won all at home. On retiring for the night the merchant said, "Well, Mr. De Quincey, I am obliged to breakfast at eight and a half; you may have breakfast when you like." "My dear sir, let me not trouble you.

Please call me at eight ; I will breakfast with you." At eight the servant knocked. " It is eight o'clock, sir." " Oh, thank you ; please hand me that bottle." He took a dose. Eight and a half came ; no Mr. De Quincey. Again the master sent the servant, who met with the same response : " Oh, thank you ; have the kindness to give me that bottle." And again he relapsed. And so it went on through the day, several doses being taken as each person entered the room. But I must leave De Quincey and go to other things.

On the morning after arrival, we took a drive to see the museum of William Hunter. It gave me a vastly greater idea of his power than I had ever had before. I could not but think that if it had been placed in London it would necessarily have been much augmented, as his great namesake in the metropolis. It was not confined by any means to morbid anatomy, but some of the finest works of art he evidently had appreciated. A library of fine old works, paintings some of which were excellent, and all superior to the common run of modern things.

. . . . .

SALISBURY, August 18, 1859.

This is a place associated in my mind with my earliest days with my sainted, excellent mother. Holy woman that she was, she desired to lead us all in the right way, and the " Shepherd of Salisbury Plain " was one of the little tracts that she put into my hand. I have no recollection of him save that he was a poor, excellent, and pious man, living upon

hard fare, and yet looking up always with a pious trust in the Father of all. I imagine him now, perhaps incorrectly, but the general impressions are as I have sketched him. How delightfully now return to me all the scenes of my most happy youth! Again on a Sabbath afternoon I sit by my mother's knee and lean my head upon it, and try to sit demure while she or Nat or Ingersoll read aloud from the Bible. I remember, if the truth be told, with much keener delight the glorious romping time that we boys used always to have immediately after reading and repeating our prayers and the creed. Peace to the ashes of her who gave me my happy life!

My father returned from Europe in the early autumn of 1859, and several weeks later removed to his new house opposite Arlington Street on Boylston Street.

In his reminiscences, Dr. Thayer writes as follows:—

“At the close of 1859 Dr. and Mrs. Bowditch removed to the house they had built, No. 113 Boylston Street [afterwards No. 324], which soon came to have the home look of the Otis Place house. The valuable library, largely mathematical, of Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch, his children gave to the Boston Public Library. Here they passed the remainder of their lives—thirty-two years in the doctor's case. At this time his great investigation of the relation of soil moisture to tubercular consumption, upon which he had been working for a number of years, was about complete, and it was finally published in 1862.”

TO DR. THAYER.

BOSTON, January 6, 1860.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—Many thanks for your kind letter of the 1st. I will be glad to aid you in all



your plans. The horizon is bright, and I trust you will have no very dark cloud in the future. If in trust and hope we energetically work on our way, God eventually gives success to every human soul. It may not always be in the precise way we have marked out for ourselves, but nevertheless it comes ; so I bid you Godspeed, and hold it for certain that wherever and whenever I can speak a good word for Henry and Ellen Thayer, that good word will be heartily spoken. I rejoice with you, my dear doctor, that you are again enrolled in the list of teachers. It is a sacred office which we both hold. It seemed almost too much for me to bear when I commenced. My real deeds were so wretched in comparison with my ideal. I seemed so very ignorant that I could not bear it. I chafed and fretted like a wild unrestrained horse, and almost swore aloud that I would resign. But as I become acquainted with the faces of my 180 and learn to love them all more or less, and as I feel that they understand me a little better, I pace along quite gently and at times feel *almost* self-complacent. Do you understand all this, my youngster ?

In regard to thoracentesis (tapping the chest), — *go it*, doctor ! There is no need of an expensive apparatus. Have a simple stop-cock fitted to any breast-pump that has a syringe. In case of necessity I should use one of the gum-elastic syringes.

Give my love to dear Ellen. What blessings these wives ! Olivia, with Vin, leaves on Wednesday next in the Canada. . . . She goes as my representative,



and I stay to keep the pot boiling. We have just flitted to our new house — not yet nestled there, however.

P. S. Do you think that the New Hampshire Society would like to have me show my map on consumption at the annual meeting? If so, perhaps I would do so, provided I could have half or three quarters of an hour and people would not be bored.

His allusion to teaching refers to the fact of his appointment as Jackson Professor of Clinical Medicine at the Harvard Medical School in 1859, a position which he held until 1867, when he resigned owing to the pressure of other duties.

END OF VOLUME I.

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